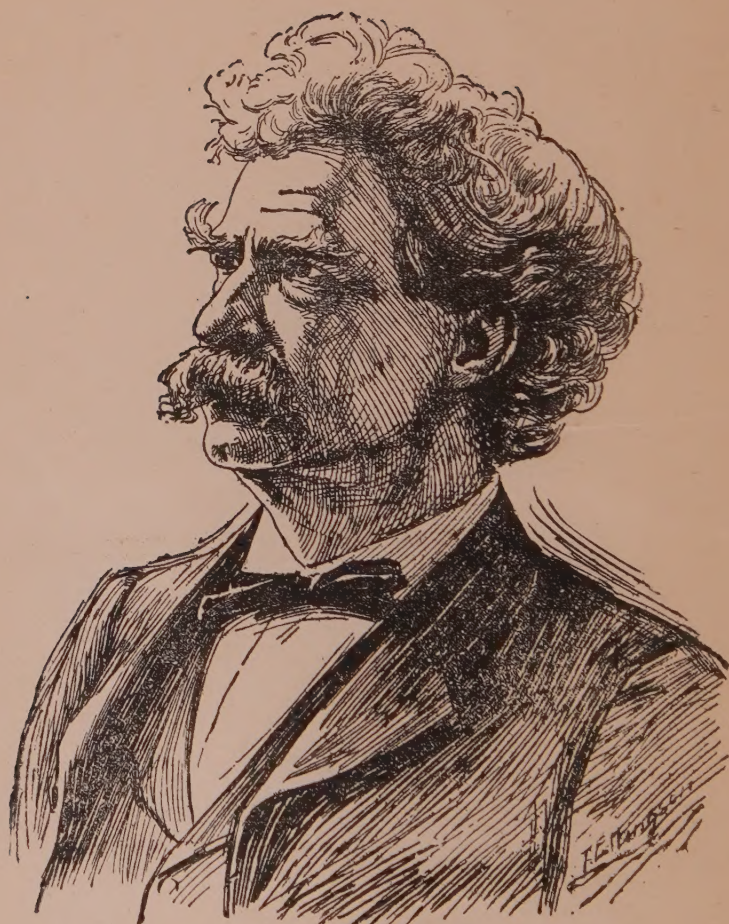


COMICAL HITS by FAMOUS WITS





Mark Twain

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS
From a Late Photograph

COMICAL HITS

BY

FAMOUS WITS

COMPRISING

WIT, HUMOR, PATHOS, RIDICULE, SATIRE

BY

MARK TWAIN
JOSH BILLINGS

ROBT. J. BURDETTE
ALEX. SWEET

ELI PERKINS

WITH

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WIT AND HUMOR

BY

MELVILLE D. LANDON, A. M.

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CHICAGO

THOMPSON & THOMAS

267 WABASH AVE.

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MARK TWAIN
BOB. BURDETTE
ELI PERKINS
JOSH BILLINGS
ALEX SWEET
LEWIS
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HUMOR.

Philosophy of Wit and Humor Explained.

What is wit and humor?

Melville D. Tautou, A.M.

This is a question often asked, but it has never been truly answered. Humor is always the absolute truth, while wit is always an exaggeration. Humor occurs, while wit is the pure fancy or imagination of the writer. Wit and humor are often used as synonymous, but they are really at antipodes. Humorous writings are absolutely true descriptions of scenes and incidents really occurring, while witty writings are purely fanciful descriptions of scenes and incidents which only occur in the mind of the writer. To illustrate: Dickens was the King of the Humorists, but his writings are, in almost every instance, true descriptions of scenes and incidents which really occurred. The stories of "Little Nell," and "Smike," and "Oliver Twist" are true to life for they were real, living characters. Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp" is another bit of pure humor—absolute truth. To illustrate the difference between wit and humor Mark Twain wrote a chapter on building tunnels out in Nevada. He described the miners truthfully, and as close to life as Dickens described Pickwick or Fagan or Bill Sykes. He went on with pure humor—pure truth for four or five pages. But soon his humor blossomed into wit. He departed from his truthful description and began to exaggerate. He began to describe a miner who thought a

good deal of his tunnel. They all told him that he had better stop his tunnel when he got through the hill, but the miner said it was his tunnel and he would run it as far as he wanted to, so he continued his tunnel right on over the valley into the next hill. You who can picture to yourselves this hole in the sky held up by trestlework will see where the humor leaves off and the wit begins.

So I say the humorist always takes some pleasant scene and describes it close to life, while the wit takes that same scene and exaggerates it. The humorist describes an ordinary scene like cording a bedstead or putting up a stovepipe. If he does it truthfully it will be humor. If he sits down and thinks,—thinks, cogitates, and adds a thousand imaginary incidents to these scenes—multiplies them by twenty, it will be wit. You do not laugh at pure humor. You enjoy it; you say how truthfully the writer has described a certain scene, what a master he is, but you do not laugh; but when the wit comes with his exaggerations, with his imagination added to the truth, then you laugh outright.

The humorous artists do not produce laughter. The best they can do is to paint a humorous object just as it is. Laughter only comes with the witty caricaturist who exaggerates some feature. To illustrate: A humorous artist can paint a picture of a mule—a patient mule. A mule is patient because he is ashamed of himself. And if he paints that mule true to life, you will not laugh. You will say: “What a splendid picture of a mule!” “What a master is he who can paint a mule so close to life!” Why, I saw a mule painted in St. Petersburg, by that great animal painter, Schryer, which sold for \$15,000. A single mule eating a lock of hay, while the original mule from which he painted it could be bought for \$1.30! Now, the people did not laugh at that mule. They stood in front of it almost as religiously as they stand before a Greek Madonna. They said: “What a great master is Schryer!” But another artist, a witty artist, painted that same

mule as truthfully as Schryer did, then, like the witty writers, he commenced to exaggerate it. He ran one of his ears up through the trees, and the chickens were — roosting on it! He spread the other ear around on the ground, and the boys were — skating on it! Then he set that mule to kicking. He made him seem to kick a thousand times a minute. Now, no mule can kick over seven, or eight, or nine hundred times a minute. The people all laughed at the exaggerated mule, but not at the true mule.

So, I say, the caricaturists like John Leach and Cruikshanks are wits, while the true artist like Schryer can never be anything but a humorist, as long as he sticks to the absolute truth.

Irony, satire and ridicule are a species of wit, because they are all untrue. The ironical Antony says:

“Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(*For Brutus is an honorable man*).”

Antony’s statement every Roman knew to be untrue. It was wit — the wit of Ridicule.

“Ridicule” is the strong weapon of the lawyer. To ridicule an opposing lawyer’s serious speech, you have simply to exaggerate it. So ridicule is simply exaggeration. It is simply deformed truth, or lying. Take pure pathos anytime and multiply it by twenty, exaggerate it, and it becomes wit. If one lawyer makes a pathetic speech, and a true speech, the only way to ruin its effect on a jury is to ridicule it. For instance, I heard a lawyer trying to win the sympathy of the jury for his client. It was a homicide case. A man had killed his best friend in a moment of anger:

“Oh, my client felt so bad when he killed his friend,” began the lawyer, “for he loved that friend as he did a brother. And when in a fit of passion he struck him, it broke his own heart. When he saw that friend fall down, he knelt down by his expiring form. His tears fell down on the face of his dead friend, and a feeling of remorse broke his heart.”

Well, he won the sympathy of the jury, for what he said

was true. Now, the opposing lawyer was not foolish enough to deny these statements. He would not impeach his own veracity before the jury by doing so. So nothing was left but to ridicule them, which he did in this manner:

"Yes," he began in weeping tones. "Yes, he did feel bad when he killed his friend. The tears did roll down his cheeks. Rolled clear down into his boots. Then he took off one boot and emptied it. Then he cried some more. Then he took off his other boot. Then he tied his handkerchief around his trousers. Cried 'em full. Bohoo! Bohoo!"

When he got through with his mock pathos the jury were all laughing, and the effect of the solemn speech was ruined. Not only that, but whenever during the trial the grief of the murderer was referred to by the opposing counsel, it invariably brought a laugh of derision throughout the court-room.

Any scene or incident in real life, if described truthfully, will be humor. Take the simple scene of two married women taking leave of each other at the gate on a mild evening and describe it truthfully and it will be humor. To illustrate, two women shake hands and kiss each other over the gate and then commences the conversation:—

"Good-by!"

"Good-by. Come down and see us soon."

"I will. Good-by."

"Good-by! Don't forget to come soon."

"No, I won't. Don't *you* forget to come up."

"I won't. Be sure and bring Sarah Jane with you next time."

"I will. I'd have brought her this time, but she wasn't very well. She wanted to come awfully."

"Did she now? That was too bad! Be sure and bring her next time."

"I will. And you be sure and bring baby."

"I will. I forgot to tell you that he's cut another tooth."

"You don't say so! How many has he now?"

"Five. It makes him awfully cross."

"I dare say it does this hot weather."

"Well, good-by! Don't forget to come down."

"No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up. Good-by!"

“Good-by!” (*louder.*)

“Good-by!” (*very loud.*)

The above simple dialogue is pure humor. The same truthful dialogue, if it ended in a point, might be wit. In one of my Saratoga letters I gave this dialogue ending in a point:

A New Yorker was introduced to a Cleveland gentleman to-day, and not hearing his name distinctly, remarked:

“I beg your pardon, sir, but I didn’t catch your name.”

“But my name is a very hard one to catch,” replied the gentleman; “perhaps it is the hardest name you ever heard.”

“Hardest name I ever heard? I’ll bet a bottle of wine that my name is harder,” replied the New Yorker.

“All right,” said the Cleveland man. “My name is Stone—Amasa Stone. Stone is hard enough, isn’t it, to take this bottle of wine?”

“Pretty hard name,” exclaimed the New Yorker, “but my name is Harder—Norman B. Harder. I bet my name was Harder, and it *is*!”

It is a very easy matter to separate the humorists from the wits or rather the humor from the wit. Dickens, except in cases like the speech of Buzfuz and the Pickwick proposal, was a humorist. Dean Swift, Juvenal, Cervantes and Nasby are satirists or wits. Josh Billings, Twain, Artemus Ward, Orplis C. Kerr and John Phoenix are sometimes wits and sometimes humorists. Max Adler and Bill Nye are both Baron-Munchausen liars or wits. Adler’s wit consists in simple exaggeration, as is illustrated in his account of accurate shooting. The *Danbury News* man is a pure humorist, while Aleck Sweet and Mr. Lewis, the *Detroit Free Press* man, are wits, humorists, and sometimes satirists. Nasby has never written anything but satire. His Confederate Crossroads satires, and they alone, have made him famous in America.

How Stammering William Sanders Wanted Free Speech.

Eli Perkins.

William Sanders, the chairman of the Champion Lecture Association, in Stevens Point, Wis., is the joker of the Northwest. He is not a joke-teller, but a joke-perpetrator, and his

stammering jokes are familiar to everyone in the country. Last week Bill disappeared from the Point, and this week the villagers heard of him down at Madison, the state capital. They said he was getting some kind of a bill through the Legislature.

When I asked Bill where he had been he puckered up his mouth and replied:

"I-I-I've been down to M-M-Madison, the c-capital."

"What have you been down to the capital for, Mr. Sanders?"

I asked.

"I-I-I've been down to see the memoers of the l-leg-legislature."

"What did you want to see the members of the legislature for?"

"W-w-why I wanted to get them to change the s-s-state con-con-constitution."

"Why, what's the matter of the state constitution?" I asked, in amazement.

"Why, its a lie, s-s-sir, and I want it c-c-changed."

"What! the Wisconsin State Constitution a lie? How is that?"

"Well, the Con-Constitution guarantees to every man fr-fr-free sp-sp-speech, don't it?"

"Yes, the Constitution guarantees free speech to every citizen in Wisconsin, I believe."

"Well, do-do-dog on it, then I wa-wa-want fr-fr-free sp-sp-speech, or I want the d-d-dang thing ch-ch-changed!" exclaimed Bill

Bailey On Hooping a Barrel.

Putting a hoop on the family flour barrel is an operation that will hardly bear an encore. The woman generally attempts it before the man comes home to dinner. She sets the hoop up on the end of the staves, takes a deliberate aim with the rolling-pin, and then shutting both eyes brings the pin

down with all the force of one arm, while the other instinctively shields her face. Then she makes a dive for the camphor and unbleached muslin, and when the man comes home she is sitting back of the stove, thinking of St. Stephen and the other martyrs, while a burnt dinner and the camphor are struggling herocially for the mastery. He says if she had kept her temper she wouldn't have got hurt. And he visits the barrel himself, and puts the hoop on very carefully, and adjusts it so nicely to the top of every stave that only a few smart knocks, apparently, are needed to bring it down all right; then he laughs to himself to think what a fuss his wife kicked up for a simple matter that only needed a little patience to adjust itself; and then he gets the hammer, and fetches the hoop a sharp rap on one side, and the other flies up and catches him on the bridge of the nose, filling his soul with wrath and his eyes with tears, and the next instant the barrel is flying across the room, accompanied by the hammer, and another candidate for camphor and rag is enrolled in the great army that is unceasingly marching toward the grave.

Burdette's Life Pictures.

A boy asks questions. If there was any truth in the theory of transmigration, when a boy died he would go into an interrogation point. A boy knows where the first snowdrop lifts and where the last Indian paint lingers. His pockets are cabinets. He drags from them curious fossils that he don't know the names of. He knows where the herbs grow that have marvelous medical properties, and he nearly sends the rest of the family to the graveyard by making practical tests upon them. The boy has his superstitions, and he carries in his pocket one particular marble—be it brummie, agate or blood alley—which when he loses, he sees panic and bankruptcy coming, and retires before the crash comes with his pockets full of shillings and a creditors' meeting in the back room. He has a charm to cure warts on the hand; he has a marvelous in-

stinct for the woods. As he grows older he wants to be a missionary or a pirate, and so far as there is any preference, he would rather be a pirate—a profession in which there are more opportunities for making money and fewer chances of being devoured raw. He hates company, for it carries him to the second table and leaves him no pie. He never walks downstairs, but adopts the single-rail, narrow-gauge passenger tramway and soon cures the other members of the family of the practice of setting the water-pitcher on the baluster post. He asks with alarming frequency for a new hat, and wears it in the air or on the ground ten times more than on his head. Poor Tom loves as he makes mischief. He musses his sister's ruffle and gets severely reprimanded.

But some neighbor's Tom comes in and makes the most helpless, hopeless, abject, chaotic wreck of that ruffle that it can be distorted into, and all the reproach he gets is, "Must he go so soon?" But poor Tom gets weary and drops off into the wonderland of a boy's dreams, and no mother who has not dragged a sleepy boy off the lounge at nine o'clock and led him up-stairs can understand the Herculean grasp with which a square sleep takes hold of a boy, how fearfully limber and limp it makes him, and how it develops innumerable joints that work both ways. He never relates his dreams till every one else in the family has told theirs, and there and then he comes in like a back county with the necessary majority. In time Tom comes to desire a tail-coat and glove-fitting boots. Before he has worn his father's arctics—on his feet, and his mother's slippers—on his jacket. It dawns upon Tom that he has hands—a pair, a good hand. And when he goes to the first church sociable with his sister, on account of the absence of some other Tom, he finds that he has eleven hands, and he wonders where the eleventh one came from. Now his mother never cuts his hair with a pair of scissors that have cut miles and miles of calico, and vast eternities of paper, and snarls and tangles of string, and have snuffed candles, and pear-

apples, and trimmed lamp-wicks, and pried up carpet-tacks, and trimmed the family nails, and have done their level best at the annual struggle of cutting stovepipe lengths in two. Now he knows that man's upper lip was destined by nature to be a moustache pasture. How exquisitely reserved he is; with what delicate action does he make the first preliminary investigation in order that he may detect the first symptoms of a velvety resistance. And when he has found that it is there and only needs to be brought out, how he walks down to the barber's shop, gazing anxiously into the window, and—walks past.

At last, when he musters up courage enough to go inside and climbs into the chair, and is just on the point of whispering to the barber that he would like a shave, in comes some modern Esau, with beard as long as Tom's arm, and frightens it out of him, and he has his hair cut again, for the third time that week, so short that the barber holds it in his teeth, cuts it with a file, trims it with a smoothing plane, and parts it with a straight edge and a scratch awl. Nobody ever did know how a boy gets hold of his father's razor, and when the boy gets it he hardly knows what to do with it. In the course of a few minutes the blade buckles on him and cuts every one of his four fingers. Then he cuts the strop with it, and would cut it oftener if the strop lasted longer. Then he knocks it against the side of the mug, drops it on the floor and steps on it; but is pleased to find that none of the nicks in it are as large as saw-teeth. Then he wonders that a man's nose is so put upon his face that a man cannot get at his own with a razor without standing on his head. He slashes his nose, cuts the corners of his mouth, and makes a disagreeable cut on his lip that makes it look as though it had just come out of a free-fight with a straw-cutter. But he learns just before he cuts his upper lip clear off and his moustache comes on again. Although without color, it can be felt—very soft felt. And then Tom has to endure in quiet every sort of attack from the other members of the family about his face being dirty; that he had better use

a spoonful of cream and a piece of the cat's tail to lather his upper lip ; and the taunts of his sister and younger brother, who ask him and cry to the company respectively, "Tom's raisin' a moustache." But it grows — short in the middle and very no longer at the ends. Don't laugh at it ; encourage it ; coax it along ; draw it out ; speak kindly of it. Even after it has grown long enough to be felt it causes trouble. It is more obstinate than a meerschaum pipe in taking color.

'Squire Skaggs and the "Pharaoh Men."

"You see," said the 'squire, pitching his voice to an exegetical altitude, "it wuz sorter this way. Last Chuesday was a week ago, I sailed down from Gwinnett to Atlanty with seven bags of cotton. Arter I sold 'em I kinder loafed roun', lookin' at things in general, an' feelin' jest as happy as you please, when who should I run agin but Kurnel Blasengame. Me an' 'he kurnel used to be boys together, an' we wuz as thick as ive kittens in a rag basket. We drunk outen the same goad, an' we got the lint snatched outen us by the same bandy-legged school-teacher. I wuz gitten as lonesome as a rain-crow afore I struck up with the kurnel, an' I wuz glad to see him. We knocked aroun' town right smartually, an' the kurnel interjuiced me to a whole raft of fellers—mighty nice boys they wuz, too. Arter supper, the kurnel says :

" 'Skaggs,' says he, 'les' go to my room whar we kin talk over old times sorter comfortable an' ondisturbed like.'

" 'Grecable,' says I, an' we walked a square or so an' turned into an alley, an' walked up a narrer par of stars. The kurnel gin a little rap at a green door, an' a slick-lookin' mer-latter popped out an' axed us in. He was the perlitest nigger *you* ever seen. He jest got up an' spun aroun' like a tom-cat with his tail afire. The room wuz as fine as a fiddle, an' full of pictures an' sofys, an' the cheers wuz as soft as lam's wool, an' I thought to meself that the kurnel wuz a lugsuriant cuss. 'Thar wuz a lot of mighty nice fellers scattered roun' a-laffin'



"We hev had a pleasant evenin', 'Squire." (See page 19.)

an' a-talkin' quite soshabable like. Aperiënt, the kurnel wuzent much sot back, for he sorter laffed to himself, an' then he says :

“ ‘Boys,’ says he, ‘I have fetcht up a fren’. Jedge Hightower, this is ‘Squire Skaggs, of Gwinnett. Major Briggs, ‘Squire Skaggs,’ an’ so on all roun’. Then the kurnel turns to me an’ says :

“ ‘Really, I wuzn’t expectin’ company, Skaggs, but the members of the Young Men’s Christun ‘Sosashun make my room their headquarters.’

“ ‘I ups an’ says I was mighty glad to meet the boys. I used be a Premativ’ Baptis’ myself afore I got to cussin’ the Yankees, an’ I hev always had a sorter hankerin’ arter pious folks. They all laffed an’ shuk han’s over agin, an’ we sot thar a-smokin’ an’ a-chawin’ jest as muchuel as you please. I disremember how it come up, but presently Major Briggs gits up an’ says :

“ ‘Kurnel, what about that new parlor game you got out the other day ?’

“ ‘Oh,’ says the kurnel, lookin’ sorter sheepish, ‘that wuz a humbug. I can’t make no head nor tail outen it.’

“ ‘I’ll bet I kin manage it,’ says Jedge Hightower, quite animated like.

“ ‘I’ll show you how, Jedge, with pleasure,’ says the kurnel, an’ then he went to the table, unlocked a box, an’ tuck a deck of keerds an’ a whole lot of little what-you-may-callems, similarly to horn buttons, some white an’ some red.”

‘Squire Skaggs paused, and supplied his tireless jaws with a fresh quid of tobacco.

“ ‘It ain’t no use to tell you any more. When them fellers got done larnin’ me that game I didn’t have money enough to take me down stars. I say, I looked a leetle wild, for when the Jedge closed the box he said :

“ ‘We hev had a pleasant evenin’, ‘Squire. You’ll find the kurnel waitin’ for you on the steps, and he’ll give you your money back.’

“I ain’t never laid eyes on the kurnel sence, an’ when I do thar’s goin’ to be a case for the Kurriner—you mind my words. I seed Rufe Lester next day—you know Rufe; he’s in the legislatur now, but I used to give him pop-corn when he wuzn’t so high—I seed Rufe an’ he sed I wuz tuck in by the Pharoah men. Tuck in ain’t no name for it. Derved if I didn’t go to the bottom an’ git skinned alive.”

Eli Perkins’ Book Agent.

A Philadelphia book agent importuned James Watson, a rich and close New York man, living out at Elizabeth, until he bought a book—the “Early Christian Martyrs.” Mr. Watson didn’t want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then, taking it under his arm, he started for the train which takes him to his New York office.

Mr. Watson hadn’t been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbor’s. The book agent saw her, and went in and persuaded the wife to buy another copy of the same book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came back from New York at night Mrs. Watson showed him the book.

“I don’t want to see it,” said Watson, frowning terribly.

“Why, husband?” asked his wife.

“Because that rascally book agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we’ve got two copies of the same book—two copies of the ‘Early Christian Martyrs,’ and ——”

“But, husband, we can ——”

“No, we can’t, either!” interrupted Mr. Watson. “The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow, I ——”

“Why, there he goes to the depot now,” said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book agent making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and ——"

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Watson pounded on the glass in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.

"Here, Stevens," he shouted, "you're hitched up; won't you run your horse down to the train and hold that book agent till I come? Run! Catch 'im now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted "all aboard!"

"Book agent," he yelled, as the book agent stepped onto the train. "Book agent! hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" repeated the seemingly-puzzled book agent. "Oh, I know what he wants! he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that is all he wants," said Mr. Stevens, driving up to the car window, "I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Two dollars for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book agent, as he reached for the money and passed the book out through the car window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens; "just got it, and that's all."

"Got what?"

"The book — 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and ——"

"By — the — great — guns!" moaned Watson, as he placed his hand to his brow and fell exhausted onto a depot seat.

Josh Billings on Courting.

Courting is a luxury, it is sallad, it is ise water, it is a beverage, it is the pla spell ov the soul. The man who has never courted haz lived in vain : he haz bin a blind man amung land-skapes and waterskapes ; he has bin a deff man in the land ov hand orgins, and by the side ov murmuring canals. Courting iz like 2 little springs ov soft water that steal out from under a rock at the fut ov a mountain and run down the hill side by side singing and dansing and spatering each uther, eddying and frothing and kaskading, now hiding under bank, now full ov sun, and now full ov shadder, till bimeby tha jine and then tha go slow. I am in faver ov long courting ; it gives the parties a chance to find out each uther's trump kards, it iz good exercise, and is jist as innersent as 2 merino lambs. Courting iz like strawberries and cream, wants tew be did slow, then yu git the flaver. I have saw folks git ackquainted, fall in luv, git marrid, settel down and git tew wurk, in 3 weeks from date. This is jist the wa sum folks larn a trade, and akounts for the grate number ov almitey mean mechanicks we hav, and the poor jobs tha turn out.

Perhaps it iz best i shud state sum good advise tew yung men, who are about tew court with a final view to matrimony, az it waz. In the fust plase, yung man, yu want tew git yure system awl rite, and then find a yung woman who iz willing tew be courted on the square. The nex thing is tew find out how old she is, which yu kan dew bi asking her and she will sa that she is 19 years old, and this yu will find won't be far from out ov the wa. The nex best thing iz tew begin moderate ; say onse every nite in the week for the fust six months, increasing the dose as the pasheint seems to require it. It is a fust rate wa tew court the girl's mother a leettle on the start, for there iz one thing a woman never despizes, and that iz, a leettle good courting, if it is dun strikly on the square. After the fust year yu will begin to be well ackquainted and will begin tew like

the bizzness. Thare is one thing I alwus advise, and that is not to swop fotograffs oftener than onse in 10 daze, unless yu forgit how the gal looks.

Okasionally yu want tew look sorry and draw in yure wind az tho yu had pain, this will set the gal tew teasing yu tew find out what ails yu. Evening meetings are a good thing tu tend, it will keep yure religgion in tune ; and then if the gal happens to be thare, bi acksident, she kan ask yu tew go hum with her.

Az a ginral thing i wouldn't brag on uther gals mutch when i was courting, it mite look aztho yu knu tew mutch. If yu will court 3 years in this wa, awl the time on the square, if yu don't sa it iz a leettle the slikest time in your life, yu kan git measured for a hat at my expense, and pa for it. Don't court for munny, nor buty, nor relashuns, these things are jist about az onsartin as the kerosene ile refining bissness, liabel tew git out ov repair and bust at enny minnit.

Court a gal for fun, for the luv yu bear her, for the vartue and bissness thare is in her ; court her for a wife and for a mother, court her as yu wud court a farm—for the strength ov the sile and the parfeckshun ov the title ; court her as tho she wan't a fule, and yu a nuther ; court her in the kitchen, in the parlor, over the wash-tub, and at the pianner ; court this wa, yung man, and if yu don't git a good wife and she don't git a good hustband, the falt won't be in the courting.

Yung man, yu kan rely upon Josh Billings, and if yu kant make these rules wurk jist send for him and he will sho yu how the thing is did, and it shant kost yu a cent.

Lewis on Mean Men.

At 9 o'clock yesterday morning an old woman sat in the Michigan Central station wiping the tears from her eyes. It was nobody's business in particular to inquire whether she had fallen heir to a million dollars or was travelling through life with a broken heart, but one certain man stepped forward after

a time and made some inquiries. Then he passed around among the crowd and said :

“Gentlemen, here is a poor old woman who wants to get to Columbus. Let’s take up a collection.”

In the course of four or five minutes a purse of \$3 was made up, but when he had counted it the man said :

“Gentlemen, let’s chip in enough more to buy her a new dress. I’m a poor man, but here’s a quarter for the old lady.”

The purse was now increased to nearly \$7, and the woman had just pocketed the money when a man stepped forward and said to the collector of the purse :

“Why, Banks, is this you ?”

“Of course it is.”

“And that woman is your own wife ?”

“Well, Mr. Knickerbocker,” replied the man as he buttoned his coat, “it’s a mighty mean man who won’t chip in a quarter to buy his own wife a dress and help her off on a visit !”

Mark Twain at the Tomb of Adam.

The weeping Twain stood with bowed head before the grave of Adam. As the tears rolled down his cheeks he thus mourned :

“The tomb of Adam ! how touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home and friends ! True, he was a blood-relation ; though a distant one, still a relation ! The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume. Noble old man—he did not live to see his child ; and I—I—I, alas ! did not live to see him. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born,—six thousand brief summers

before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain."

Max Adeler on Going to Sleep.

Mr. Butterwick, of Roxborough, had a fit of sleeplessness one night lately, and after vainly trying to lose himself in slumber, he happened to remember that he once read in an almanac that a man could put himself to sleep by imagining that he saw a flock of sheep jumping over a fence, and by counting them as they jumped.

He determined to try the experiment, and closing his eyes, he fancied the sheep jumping, and began to count. He had reached his hundred and fortieth sheep, and was beginning to doze off, when Mrs. Butterwick suddenly said :

"Joseph !"

"Oh, what ?"

"I believe that yellow hen wants to set."

"Oh, don't bother me with such nonsense as that now. Do keep quiet and go to sleep."

Then Butterwick started his sheep again, and commenced to count again. He got up to one hundred and twenty, and was feeling as if he would drop off at any moment, and just as his hundred and twenty-first sheep was about to take that fence, one of the twins began to cry.

"Hang that child !" he shouted at Mrs. Butterwick. "Why can't you tend to it and put it to sleep? Hush up, you little imp, or I'll spank you !"

When Mrs. Butterwick had quieted it, Butterwick, although a little nervous and excited, concluded to try it again. Turning on the imaginary mutton, he began.

Only sixty-four sheep had slid over the fence when Butterwick's mother-in-law knocked at the door and asked if he was awake. When she learned that he was she said she believed

he had forgotten to close the back shutters, and she thought she heard burglars in the yard.

Then Butterwick arose in wrath and went down to see about it. He ascertained that the shutters were closed as usual, and as he returned to bed he resolved that Mrs. Butterwick's mother would leave the house for good in the morning, or he would.

However, he thought he might as well give the almanac plan another trial, and setting the sheep in motion he began to count. This time he reached two hundred and forty, and would probably have got to sleep before the three hundredth sheep jumped, had not Mix's new dog in the next yard become suddenly homesick, and began to express his feelings in a series of prolonged and exasperating howls.

Butterwick was indignant. Neglecting the sheep, he leaped from the bed, and began to bombard Mix's new dog with boots, soap-cups, and every loose object he could lay his hands on. He hit the animal at last with a plaster bust of Daniel Webster, and induced the dog to retreat to the stable and think all about home in silence.

It seemed almost ridiculous, to resume those sheep again, but he determined to give the almanac man one more chance, and so as they began to jump the fence he began to count, and after seeing the eighty-second safely over, he was gliding gently into the land of dreams, when Mrs. Butterwick rolled out of bed and fell on the floor with such violence that she waked the twins and started them crying, while Butterwick's mother-in-law came down-stairs, four steps at a time, to ask if they felt that earthquake.

The situation was too awful for words. Butterwick regarded it for a minute with speechless indignation, and then seizing a pillow he went over to the sofa in the back sitting-room and lay down on the lounge.

He fell asleep in ten minutes without the assistance of the almanac, but he dreamed all night that he was being butted around the equator by a Cotswold ram, and he awoke in the

morning with a terrible headache and a conviction that sheep are good enough for wool and chops, but not worth a cent as a narcotic.

Greek Humor.

Eli Perkins.

The writings of Æschines are full of Greek humor which is often spoiled by the translators. Socrates was the founder of the Greek school of humor as well as philosophy. When Socrates died in Athens, Plato, Antisthenes and other pupils opened schools to teach the Greek boys. Much of the humor of the seven wise men of Greece was by proving a lie to be true. For instance, Chrysippus said one day to Cleanthes :

“I can prove you to be a very foul man.”

“How so Chrysippus?”

“This way, listen : Whatever you say comes out of your mouth?”

“Yes.”

“Well, you say snakes ; therefore snakes come out of your mouth.”

Bret Harte on Ah Sin.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name ;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply ;
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequently remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third ;
And quite soft was the skies ;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise ;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand :
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand ;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve ;
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

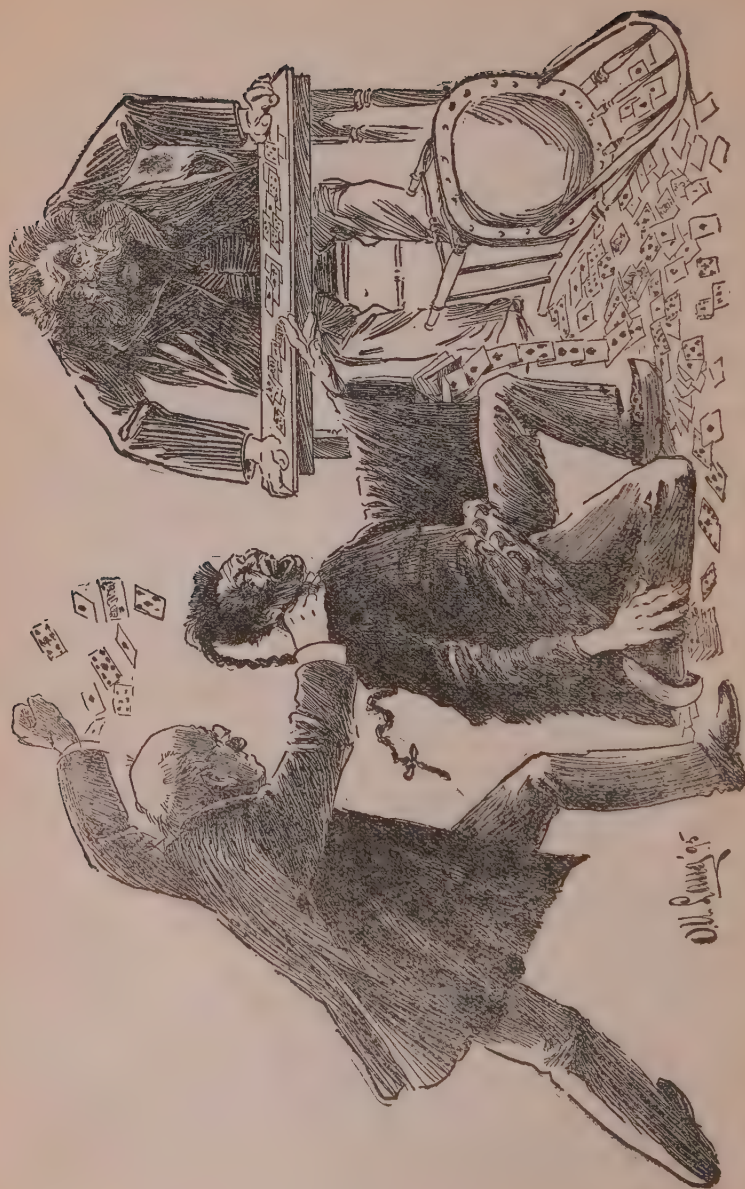
But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me ;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, " Can this be ?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor "—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game " he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts ;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.



"And he went for that heathen Chinese." (See page 28.)

Tim Crane and Widow Bedott.

Frances M. Whicher.

O no, Mr. Crane, by no manner o' means, 'tain't a minnit tew soon for you to begin to talk about gittin' married agin. I am amazed you should be afeerd I'd think so. See — how long's Miss Crane ben dead? Six months! — land o' Goshen! why, I've know'd a number of individdiwals get married in less time than that. There's Phil Bennett's widder t' I was a talkin' about jest now — she't was Louisy Perce — her husband hadent been dead but *three* months, you know. I don't think it looks well for a *woman* to be in such a hurry — but for a *man*, it's a different thing — circumstances alters cases, you know. And then, sittiwated as you be, Mr. Crane, it's a terrible thing for your family to be without a head to superintend the domestic consarns and tend to the children — to say nothin' o' yerself, Mr. Crane. You dew need a companion, and no mistake. Six months! Good grievous! Why Squire Titus didnt wait but *six* weeks arter he buried his fust wife afore he married his second. I thought ther wa'n't no partickler need o' his hurryin' so, seein' his family was all grow'd up. Such a critter as he pickt out, tew! 't was very onsuitable — but every man to his taste — I hain't no dispersition to meddle with nobody's consarns. There's old farmer Dawson, tew — his pardner hain't ben dead but ten months. To be sure he ain't married yet — but he would a ben long enough ago if somebody I know on 'd gin him any incurridgement. But tain't for me to speak o' that matter. He's a clever old critter and as rich as a Jew — but — lawful sakes! he's old enough to be my father. And there's Mr. Smith — Jubiter Smith — you know him, Mr. Crane — his wife (she 't was Aurory Pike) she died last summer, and he's ben squintin' round among the wimmin ever since, and he *may* squint for all the good it 'll dew him so *far* as I'm consarned — tho' Mr. Smith's a respectable man — quite young and hain't no family — very well off tew, and quite intellectible — but I'm purty partickler. O, Mr. Crane! it's

ten year come Jinniuary sence I witnessed the expiration o' my beloved companion! — an uncommon long time to wait, to be sure — but 't aint easy to find anybody to fill the place o' Hezekier Bedott. I think *you're* the most like husband of any individdiwal I ever see, Mr. Crane. Six months! murderation! curus you should be afeard I'd think 'twas tew soon — why I've know'd —”

MR. CRANE. “Well, widder — I've been thinking about taking another companion — and I thought I'd ask you —”

WIDOW. “O, Mr. Crane, egscuse my commotion, it's so onexpected. Jest hand me that are bottle of camfire off the mantlettry shelf — I'm ruther faint — dew put a little mite on my handkercher and hold it to my nuz. There — that 'll dew — I'm obleeged tew ye — now I'm ruther more composed — you may perceed, Mr. Crane.”

MR. CRANE. “Well, widder, I was agoing to ask you whether — whether —”

WIDOW. “Continner, Mr. Crane — dew — I knew it's turrible embarrissin'. I remember when my dezeased husband made his suppositions to me, he stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flustered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world, and I s'pose it's ginnerally the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me — you see they're ginerally oncerting about what kind of an answer they're agwine to git, and it kind o' makes 'em narvons. But when an individdiwal has reason to suppose his attachment's reperated, I don't see what need there is o' his bein' frustrated — tho' I must say it 's quite embarrassin' to me — pray continner.”

MR. C. “Well, then, I want to know if you're willing I should have Melissy?”

WIDOW. “The dragon!”

MR. C. “I hain't said anything to her about it yet, — thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Trypheny, we were engaged some time

before mother Kenipe knew anything about it, and when she found it out she was quite put out because I didn't go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Melissy, thinks me, I'll dew it right this time and speak to the old woman first—"

WIDOW. "*Old woman*, hey! that's a purty name to call me!—amazin' perlite tew! Want Melissy, hey! Tribble-ation! gracious sakes alive! well, I'll give it up now! I always know'd you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but I *must* confess I didn't think you was *quite* so big a fool—want Melissy, dew ye? If that don't beat all! What an everlastin' old calf you must be to s'pose she'd *look* at *you*. Why, you're old enough to be her father, and more tew—Melissy ain't only in her twenty-oneth year. What a reedickilous idee for a man o' your age! as gray as a rat, tew! I wonder what this world *is* a comin' tew! 't is astonishin' what fools old widdiwers will make o' themselves! Have Melissy! Melissy!"

MR. C. "Why, widder, you surprise me—I'd no idee of being treated in this way after you'd ben so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and the girls."

WIDOW. "Shet yer head, Tim Crane—nun o' yer sass to me. *There's* yer hat on that are table, and *here's* the door—and the sooner you put on *one* and march out o' t' other, the better it 'll be for you. And I advise you afore you try to git married agin, to go out west and see 'f yer wife's cold—and arter ye're satisfied on that pint, jest put a little lampblack on yer hair—'twould add to yer appearance undoubtedly, and be of sarvice tew you when you want to flourish round among the gals—and when ye 've got yer hair fixt, jest splinter the spine o' yer back'—'t wouldnt hurt yer looks a mite—you'd be intirely unresistible if you was a *liddle* grain straiter."

MR. C. "Well, I never!"

WIDOW. "Hold yer tongue—you consarned old coot, you. I tell ye *there's* your hat, and *there's* the door—be off with yer-self, quick metre, or I'll give ye a hyst with the broomstick!"

MR. C. "Gimmeni!"

WIDOW (*rising*). "Git out, I say—I ain't a gwine to stan' here and be insulted under my own ruff—and so git along—and if ever you darken my door agin, or say a word to Melissy, it'll be the woss for you—that's all."

MR. C. "Treemenjous! What a buster!"

WIDOW. "Go 'long—go 'long—go 'long, you everlastin' old gum. I won't hear another word (stops her ears). I won't, I won't, I won't."

[*Exit Mr. Crane.*

(*Enter Melissa, accompanied by Captain Canoot.*)

"Good evenin', cappen! Well, Melissy, hum at last, hey? why dident you stay till mornin'? purty business keepin' me up here so late waitin' for you—when I'm eny most tired to death ironin' and workin' like a slave all day;—ought to ben a bed an hour ago. Thought ye left me with agreeable company, hey? I should like to know what arthly reason you had to s'pose old Crane's was agreeable to me? I always despised the critter; always thought he was a turrible fool—and now I'm convinced on't. I'm completely dizgusted with him—and I let him know it to-night. I gin him a piece o' my mind 't I guess he'll be apt to remember for a spell. I ruther think he went off with a flea in his ear. Why, cappen—did ye ever hear of such a piece of audacity in all yer born days! for *him*—*Tim Crane*—to durst to expire to my hand—the widdler o' Deacon Bedott! jist as if *I'd* condescen' to look at *him*—the old numbskull! He don't know B from a broomstick; but if he'd a stayed much longer, I'd a teached him the difference, I guess. He's got his *walkin' ticket* now—I hope he'll lemme alone in futur.

Synopsis of the Play.

The following synopsis of the play as given in the dialect of a New York newsboy is a bit of pure humor. There is no exaggeration in it—no wit, but it is pure unadulterated humor. It is a picture drawn close to life:

Two small boys were looking at the black and red posters

on the boards of a Bowery variety theatre. The larger of the boys wore a man's overcoat, the sleeves of which had been shortened by rolling them up till his red and grimy hands protruded. The big coat was open in front, revealing a considerable expanse of cotton shirt. His hands were thrust in his trousers pockets. The visor of his heavy wool cap had come loose, except at the ends, and it rested on his nose. His smaller companion wore a jacket and trousers that were much too small even for him. His hat was of black felt and of the shape of a sugar loaf. His eyes were round with wonder at the story his friend in the big overcoat was telling him. It seemed to be a synopsis of the play,—scenes in which were pictured on the boards.

“This duffer,” said the boy, taking one hand from its pocket and pointing to the picture of a genteel man with a heavy black mustache, “is the vill’n. It begins wid him comin’ on the stage and sayin’ :

“ ‘ Wat, ho ! Not here yet ? ’

“Then an Eyetalian covey wid big whiskers—he’s the vill’n’s pal—comes on, an’ the vill’n tells him that the girl mus’ be did away wid, so he can git the boodle.

“ ‘ How much-a you give-a ? ’ says the Eyetalian.

“ ‘ Five tousand dollars,’ says the vill’n, an’ they makes the bargain. The Eyetalian is goin’ to make b’lieve that the girl is his’n ; that he’s the girl’s father. Then he is goin’ to try to git her away f’m her friends an’ kill her. While they is makin’ the bargain a Dutchman and a darkey is listenin’, an’ when the vill’ns goes away, the Dutchman comes out, an’ says he :

“ ‘ Maybe yer don’t was tink I hab heard sometings. don’t it ? I vill safe dot girl ! ’ ”

“The next scene is in a big, fine house. An old woman, all dressed up swell, is tellin’ a young prig that the girl is heir to fifty tousand dollars, an’ dey don’t know who her fader an’ mudder was. She was picked up on the steps when she was a

kid. The young feller tells his mudder that he don't care who her folks was, an' that he'll marry her anyway, even if she is blind. The ole woman goes out an' a be-youtiful girl comes in, pawin' the air 'cause she's blind an' can't see, an' says she to the young chap :

“ ‘It can't never be !’

“ ‘The feller he don't b'lieve her, an' tells her she's givin' him guff. After a lot of coaxin' she owns up that she likes him, an' he spreads out his fins an' hollers :

“ ‘Then you do love me, Marie !’ an' she tumbles.

“ ‘Then an ole man wid a white wig comes in—he's the doctor—an' he looks at the girl's eyes an' says that he can cure 'em, but it may kill her. He takes out two bottles and says :

“ ‘In this is sump'n' that'll put yer into a sleep like death, will yer risk it ?’

“ ‘Be this me answer,’ says the girl, an' she swallows the bottle, an' tips over on the lounge.

“ ‘Jest before the doctor is goin' to fix her eyes the Eyetalian jumps in an' says :

“ ‘Where is mai poor childa ?’ an' he won't let the doctor do anythin'. There is a big row, an' the Dutchman comes in an' says :

“ ‘She don't vas his child.’

“ ‘But the Eyetalian lugs her off, an' the vill'n—he turns out to be her cousin—gets all the money.

“ ‘The next scene is in the street. The Eyetalian an' the be-youtiful young girl all dressed in rags comes along, an' says she :

“ ‘I'm so-o-o tired.’

“ ‘How mucha money you gota ?’ says the Eyetalian, an' she says she hain't got no money. Then he goes to kill her, an' the Dutchman hops out an' yells :

“ ‘You macaroni son of a-gun !’ an' the Eyetalian lights out.

“ ‘The Dutchman he takes the girl into his house an' comes out in the street. The girl's feller comes along, an' while they

is talkin' the Eyetalian comes back an' sneaks in an' steals the girl away. But the Dutchman's dog follers him an' shows the way to the cop an' when gets there they finds out that she's gone. They find her in a dive where lots of Eyetalians is playin' whisky poker for the drinks. There's a big row agin, an' the girl is took out an' carried back to her home. In the row the Eyetalian gits all clawed up by the Dutchman's dog, the cop lugs him off, an' he's sent up for ten years.

"In the last act the girl's eyes has been fixed, an' she's sittin' on the piazzer. The papers has been found, an' the vill'n has hollered, 'I'm lo-host, I'm lo-host!' The girl is sayin' how glad she'll be to see her feller an' look into his eyes, when the Eyetalian, who has cracked the jug, comes cre-e-e-pin' along in striped togs, an says he to hisself:

" 'I will now have mia r-r-revenge!'

"The lights is turned down, an' the big fiddle goes zub-zub, zub-zub.

"Then the Eyetalian creeps up an grabs the be-youtiful young girl an' hollers, 'I will killa you!' an' pulls a big knife out of his breeches pocket. The young girl yells, an', jest as he's goin' to jab her wid the knife, they all rushes in, an' the darkey pulls out a pop an' lets the Eyetalian have it in the ribs. an' the Eyetalian tumbles down an' squirms, an' the be-youtiful young girl faints away in her feller's arms, an' down goes the curtain."

Mark Twain and the Interviewer.

The nervous, dapper, "peart" young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with the *Daily Thunderstorm*, and added:

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"Interview you."

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes."

I was not feeling well that morning. Indeed, my powers

seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the book-case, and, when I had been looking six or seven minutes, found I was obliged to refer to the young man. I said :

“How do you spell it?”

“Spell what?”

“Interview.”

“Oh, my goodness! What do you want to spell it for?”

“I don’t want to spell it. I want to see what it means.”

“Well, this is astonishing, I must say. I can tell you what it means, if you—if you”—

“Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you, too.”

“In, *in*, *ter*, *ter*, *inter*”—

“Then you spell it with an *I*?”

“Why, certainly!”

“Oh, that is, what took me so long!”

“Why, my dear sir, what did *you* propose to spell it with?”

“Well, I—I—I—hardly know. I had the Unabridged; and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might see her among the pictures. But it’s a very old edition.”

“Why, my friend, they wouldn’t have a *picture* of it even in the latest e——— My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world; but you do not look as—as—intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm,—I mean no harm at all.”

“Oh, don’t mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes—yes; they always speak of it with rapture.”

“I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom now to interview any man who has become notorious.”

“Indeed! I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do with it?”

“Ah, well—well—well—this is disheartening. It ought to

be done with a club, in some cases ; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history ? ”

“ Oh, with pleasure—with pleasure. I have a very bad memory ; but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory, singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes into a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me.”

“ Oh ! it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can.”

“ I will. I will put my whole mind on it.”

“ Thanks ! Are you ready to begin ? ”

“ Ready.”

Question. How old are you ?

Answer. Nineteen in June.

Q. Indeed ! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born ?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write ?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be if you are only nineteen now ?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does, indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met ?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr if you are only nineteen years — A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for ?

Q. Well, it was only a suggestion ; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr ?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day ; and he asked me to make less noise, and—

Q. But, good heavens ! If you were at his funeral he must

have been dead ; and, if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not ?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of a man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead ?

A. I didn't say he was dead.

Q. But wasn't he dead ?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q. What do you think ?

A. Oh, it was none of my business ! It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you— However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask you something else. What was the date of your birth ?

A. Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q. What ! Impossible ! That would make you a hundred and eight years old. How do you account for that ?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that ? (Shaking hands.) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy ; but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing.

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you any brothers or sisters ?

A. Eh ! I—I—I think so,—yes—but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A. Why, what makes you think that ?

Q. How could I think otherwise ? Why, look here ! Who is this picture on the wall ? Isn't that a brother of yours ?

A. Oh, yes, yes ! Now you remind me of it, that was a

brother of mine. That's William, Bill we called him. Poor old Bill!

Q. Why, he is dead, then?

A. Ah, well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. Buried him! Buried him without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead—

A. No, no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see! He came to life again.

A. I bet he didn't.

Q. Well, I never heard anything like this. Somebody was dead. Somebody was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. Ah, that's just it! That's it exactly! You see we were twins,—defunct and I; and we got mixed in the bath tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill: some think it was me.

Q. Well, that is remarkable. What do you think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark, a large mole on the back of his left hand: that was me. That child was the one that was drowned!

Q. Very well, then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

A. You don't? Well, I do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But, 'sh! don't mention it where the family

can hear it. Heaven knows they have heart-breaking troubles enough without adding this.

Q. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present; and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?

A. Oh, it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over, and the procession all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the scenery; and so he *got up, and rode with the driver.*

* * * * *

The young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company; and I was sorry to see him go.

The Kicking Mule.

One morning 'Squire Johnson was riding his kicking mule to market when he met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old and concealed grudge. The 'Squire knew Boggs' weakness lay in bragging and betting; therefore he saluted him accordingly.

"How are you, Jim? Fine morning."

"Hearty, 'Squire," replied Jim. "Fine weather. Nice mule that you are riding. Will he do to bet on?"

"Bet on? Guess he will. I tell you, Jim Boggs, he's the best mule in the country."

"Great thunder! Is that so?" ejaculated Jim.

"Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, I am taking him down for betting purposes. I bet he can kick a fly off any man without its hurting him."

"Now look here, 'Squire," said Jim, "I am not a betting character, but I'll bet you something on that myself."

"Jim, there's no use — don't bet," said the 'Squire. "I don't want to win your money."

"Don't be alarmed, 'Squire. I'll take such bets as them every time."

"Well, if you are determined to bet, Jim, I will risk a small stake — say five dollars."

"All right, 'Squire — you're my man. But who'll he kick the fly off? There is no one here but you and I. You try it."

"No," says the 'Squire; "I have to be at the mule's head to order him."

"Oh, yaas," says Jim. "Then probably I'm the man. Waal, I'll do it, but you are to bet ten against my five if I risk it."

"All right," said the 'Squire. "Now there's a fly on your shoulder. Stand still." And the 'Squire adjusted the mule.

"Whist, Jervey!" said the 'Squire.

The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a bird and alighted on all fours in a muddy ditch, bang up against a rail fence.

Rising in a towering passion, he exclaimed:

"Yaas, that is smart! I knew your darned mule couldn't do it. You had all that put up. I wouldn't be kicked like that for fifty dollars. Now you can just fork them stakes right over."

"No, sir," said the 'Squire; "Jervey did just what I said he would. I said he would kick a fly off a man without its hurting him, and he did. You see the mule is not hurt by the operation. However, if you are not satisfied, we will try again as often as you wish."

Jim brushed the mud off, looked solemnly at the mule, and then, putting his hand thoughtfully to his brow, remarked:

"No, 'Squire, I don't think the mule is hurt; but I didn't understand the bet. You can keep the money."

Bret Harte's Tragedy at 4-Ace Flat.

There was evidently trouble brewing, and trouble of abnormal interest, for never before in the history of Four Ace Flat had all hands knocked off work for a whole day. When Abe Tucker was hung a committee took charge of the solemnities, and the rest of the inhabitants attended to their business as usual. Even when Bud Davis held four queens over the king full of the 'Frisco man, with six hundred thousand in the pot, the honest denizens of the Flat industriously stuck to their legitimate vocation of gouging each other, and local tradition says that the fight between Mullins and the Kid did not draw a half playing ring side.

But to-day the whole Flat was at leisure, and it was rumored in the morning that Buck Galloway would wear a plug hat and possibly a vest when he appeared on the field. Bill Leffingwell had bought a new blue flannel shirt that morning, and it was said that he had greased his boots, all of which proved to be true, though denounced as canards by the skeptics when first mentioned in their presence.

At the Oriental saloon there was tripe on the free lunch table, and at Palace Garden blue chips had gone to twenty dollars.

And yet it was not a gala day. There was an earnestness in the faces of men that destroyed any idea that a picnic or a lynching matinee was in prospect. Besides, the constitution of the Flat was rigorously in favor of postponing all pleasure until night, and so it was manifest that there was trouble on hand and trouble of a serious nature.

During the morning it was all gossip, but toward noon, when Buck Galloway, in the much envied plug hat, and Bill Leffingwell, resplendent in full blue shirt of dazzling brilliancy, with boots greased to a mirror-like resplendency, passed each other on the street without the customary salutation, all Four Ace Flat knew that the hour had come and braced itself for the excitement.

Pools took a new impetus. Money was placed rapidly, and in the market loans were effected at the heavy percentage of four for one, which made it easy to keep the reckoning.

"Think she'll stay game?" asked Pete Wilder, as he examined his pistol and loaded it with grave solicitude.

"For whatever yer got, she will," responded Mr. David Sampson, who, by reason of his having added some salt cod-fish to his stock of liquors, had become a merchant and been elected mayor. "She'll stick like a tree."

"And the Englishman?" demanded Pete, taking aim at a man who had refused him a thousand dollars.

"Pretty good shot," criticised Mayor Sampson, as the unaccommodating capitalist dropped in his tracks; "took him just under the ear. Yes, sir, I think the Englishman will stay, too."

And they joined the crowd who were pressing toward the outskirts of the town.

"You say along the outside of the weepin, Bill?" remarked a tall handsome girl to Mr. Leffingwell, as she fastened her hat with a steady hand. Life in the silver leads had left its impress on her face, which, in spite of the traces of dissipation, had still soft lines of womanly loveliness in it.

"Right along the outside and for the hip," replied Mr. Leffingwell, who was admiring his shirt with an animated countenance.

"Are we most ready, Buck?" inquired a large, fine-looking Englishman of Galloway. "I don't regret the act. But I may hold to-day in remorse as long as I live."

"Oh, blow that!" retorted Mr. Galloway. "Aim low and let remorse keep shop while you're gone."

Out on the mountain side were congregated the wealth and fashion of Four Ace Flat. Above them the trees waved musically in the summer air, and the broad stretches of sweet grass smiled or looked sad as the great billows of clouds cast shadows upon them.

The Englishman looked around him, and saw that he was no

favorite. The bold, beautiful face of the brave girl had won such prejudice as the Flat thought it good judgment to show on an occasion which demanded the bone and sinew of fair play. And as he looked at her, whom he had never seen before, the Englishman expressed a thrill of admiration.

Mr. Galloway raised his hat to Mr. Leffingwell, and here a complication arose. Mr. Leffingwell's hat was old and misshapen, and Mr. Galloway peremptorily declined to accept the raising thereof as a return of his salutation. Mr. Leffingwell protested, but public opinion was against him, and it was at length decided that he could not, so to speak, put old cloth into a new garment, and therefore, forasmuch as Mr. Galloway had taken off his new hat to Mr. Leffingwell, on the field of honor, Mr. Leffingwell must return the courtesy by taking off his new shirt to Mr. Galloway.

This delicate point having been satisfactorily settled, Mayor Sampson improved the opportunity for a little oratory, saying, in substance, that as how the English bloke had bu'sted a hole in the gal's side pardner, for which she had demanded satisfaction, all he, Mayor Sampson, could add to the preliminaries was goin' in for keeps and may the best man win.

There was not a tremor as Bill Leffingwell placed her in position. Her face was as calm as the air around her, and as she gazed upon her foe, he who had sent her husband home with no recognition for her in his eyes, a smile played around her lips, for she knew he would soon go down among the roots and worms where she had planted the only thing she ever loved.

"What's your weepins! You have the choice," asked Bill of Galloway.

"I'm dogged if I know," replied Buck. "He has got 'em there, but he won't let on to me."

The Englishman had heard the question, and now advanced with a large paper parcel. He was pale, but calm and obviously under control.

"I have one like this," he said quietly. "At the word 'fire' let her open the bundle and I will mine. One of us will fall, if not both."

The girl took the package and held it firmly. Leffingwell had won the word, and at his "One, two, three, fire!" both papers fell to the ground.

The Englishman stood firm, but with a wild shriek that woke every hiding echo in the Sierras the girl dropped — dead!

"It's a lucky thing your Englishman got out," remarked Bill to Buck, as they met at the Oriental during the evening. "The boys would have grafted him if he'd stayed."

"You bet!" replied Buck. "If I'd know'd what it was, he'd have got it from me right there."

"What was the weepin, anyway?" asked the barkeeper, who had not been able to attend because of some financial regulation imperatively demanded by the till in the absence of the proprietor."

"What was it?" sneered Bill. "What was it? It war a dog-goned live mouse! That's what it war!"

Eli Perkins On Preventing Fires.

It pains me to hear of so many people being burned on account of elevators and defective flues. To-day Professor Edson and I laid a plan before the Fire Inspectors, which, if carried out, will remedy the evil.

When I called on Professor Edson at Menlo Park, he was engaged on a new experiment. He was trying to abstract the heat from fire, so as to leave the fire perfectly harmless, while the heat could be carted away in flour-barrels to be used for cooking. Then the Professor tried experiments in concentrating water to be used in the engines in case of drought. The latter experiment proved eminently successful. Twelve barrels of Croton water were boiled over the stove, and evaporated

down to a gill, and this was sealed in a small phial, to be diluted and used to put out fires in cases of drought or in cases where no Croton water can be had. In some cases the water was evaporated and concentrated till it became a fine dry powder. This fine, dry powder, the Professor tells me, can be carried around in the vest-pockets of the firemen, and be blown upon the fires through tin horns—that is, it is to extinguish the fire in a horn.

I examined the Professor's pulverized water with great interest, took a horn—in my hands—and proceeded to elucidate to him my plan for constructing fire-proof flues. I told him that, to make fire-proof flues, the holes of the flues should be constructed of solid cast-iron, or some other non-combustible material, and then cold corrugated iron, without any apertures, should be poured around them.

“Wonderful!” exclaimed Professor Edson in a breath, “but where will you place these flues, Mr. Perkins?”

“My idea,” I replied, drawing a diagram on the wall-paper with a piece of charcoal, “is to have these flues in every instance located in the adjoining house.”

“Magnificent! but how about the elevator?” asked the Professor.

“Why, after putting them in the next house too, I'd seal them up water-tight, and fill them with Croton and then let them freeze. Then I'd turn them bottom-side up, and if they catch fire the flames will only draw down into the cellar.”

Professor Edson said he thought my invention would eventually supersede the Phonograph and do away entirely with the necessity of the Keely-motor.

Artemas Ward.

“I like art. I admire dramatic art, although I failed as an actor. It was in my schoolboy-days that I failed as an actor. The play was the “Ruins of Pompeii.” I played the Ruins.

It was not very successful performance ; but it was better than the 'Burning Mountain.' He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius. The remembrance often makes me ask 'Where are the boys o' my youth?' I assure you this is not a conundrum. Some are amongst you here, some in America, some are in jail. Hence arises a most touching question : 'Where are the girls of my youth?' Some are married ; some would like to be. O my Maria ! Alas ! she married another ; they frequently do. I hope she is happy ; because I am. Some people are not happy : I have noticed that.

My orchestra is small ; but I am sure it is very good, so far as it goes. I give my pianist ten pounds a night and his washing.

"I like music. I can't sing. As a singer, I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing : so are those who hear me : they are sadder even than I am. The other night, some silver-voiced young man came under my window, and sang, 'Come where my love lies dreaming.' I didn't go : I didn't think it would be correct."

Artemas said he had heard of persons being ruined by large fortunes. He thought, if ruin must befall him, he should choose to have it come in this form. He even said plainly, "I want to be ruined by a large fortune."

Artemas said that Brigham Young was the most married man he ever saw in his life. "I saw," said he, "his mother-in-law, while I was there. I can't exactly tell how many there is of her ; but there's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family, unless you are fond of excitement. Some of these Mormons have terrific families. I lectured one night by invitation, in the Mormon village of Provost ; but during the day, I rashly gave a leading Mormon an order admitting himself and family. It was before I knew he was much married ; and they filled the room to overflowing. It was a great success ; but I didn't get any money.

"I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon

of me while I was in Utah. It was leap-year when I was there; and seventeen young widows, the wives of a deceased Mormon, offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day; and taking their white, soft hands in mine,—which made eighteen hands altogether—I found them in tears. And I said, ‘Why is thus! What is the reason of this thusness?’ They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs of different size. They said, ‘Doth not like us?’ I said, ‘I doth, I doth!’ I also said, ‘I hope your intentions are honorable; as I am a lone child, my parents being far, far away.’ They then said, ‘Wilt not marry us?’ ‘Oh, no! it cannot was.’ Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined. Then they cried, ‘O cruel man! this is too much,—oh! too much!’

M. Quad’s Deaf Woman.

A deaf old lady walked into a Main street store, recently, and asked for ten cents’ worth of soap.

“We don’t sell a bit’s worth,” said the polite clerk.

“Yes, I want the yeller kind,” replied the old lady.

“You don’t understand me, madam,” said the clerk; “I said a bit won’t buy any soap in this establishment.”

“Sure enough,” replied the aged customer; “soap isn’t what it used to be in my time; they put too much rozum in it these days.”

“Oh, Lord!” exclaimed the now distracted clerk, in a stage whisper, “will you just hear this old lunatic?” Then placing his mouth to the dame’s ear, he fairly screamed: “We don’t se-ell a bit’s worth of soap he-re!”

“Yes,” said the old lady, “you may put it up in paper and tie a string around it, if you like.”

The clerk rushed to a box, took out a bar of soap, and almost threw it at the poor old woman, exclaiming:

“Take it and get, you old haridan of thunderation!”

The old lady carefully laid her dime on the counter, and, as she did so, remarked to the clerk :

"You're the politest and accommodatin'est young man I ever seed, and I'll call agin when I want some more soap."

Billings' "Probabilities."

Truth iz sed to be stranger than fickshun ; it is to most pholks.

About the hardest thing a fellow kan do iz to spark 2 gals at one time and preserve a good average.

Don't dispize your poor relashuns. They may be taken suddenly ritch sum day, and then it will be awkward to explain things to them .

Next to a klear konshience for solid comfort cums an easy boot.

If a young man hain't got a well-balanced head, I like to see him part his hair in the middle.

I don't take any foolish chances. If I wuz called upon to mourn over a dead mule, I should stand in front ov him and do my weeping.

There is no man so poor but what he can afford to keep one dog, and I hev seen them so poor that they could afford to keep three.

I say to 2 thirds of the rich people in this world, make the most on your money, for it makes the most ov you. Happy thought.

I never argy agin a success. When I see a rattlesnaix's head sticking out of a whole, I bear off to the left and say to miself that hole belongs to that snaix.

The infidel argys just az a bull duz chained to a post. He bellows and saws, but he don't git loose from the post, i notiss.

I thank the Lord that thare is one thing in this world that

money kant buy, and that iz the wag ov a dog's tail Yure unkle.

I have seen mer. so fond of argument that they would dispute with a guideboard at the forks of a kuntry road about the distance to the next town. What fools.

Mark Twain Buying Gloves in Gibraltar.

A very handsome young lady in the store offered me a pair of blue gloves. I did not want blue, but she said they would look very pretty on a hand like mine. The remark touched me tenderly. I glanced furtively at my hand, and somehow it did seem rather a comely member. I tried a glove on my left, and blushed a little. Manifestly the size was too small for me. But I felt gratified when she said:

"Oh, it is just right!" yet I knew it was no such thing.

I tugged at it diligently, but it was discouraging work. She said:

"Ah! I see you are accustomed to wearing kid gloves, but some gentlemen are so awkward about putting them on."

It was the last compliment I had expected. I only understand about putting on the buckskin article perfectly. I made another effort, and tore the glove from the base of the thumb into the palm of the hand, and tried to hide the rent. She kept up her compliments, and I kept up my determination to deserve them or die.

"Ah, you have had experience!" [A rip down the back of the hand.] "They are just right for you—your hand is very small—if they tear, you need not pay for them." [A rent across the middle.] "I can always tell when a gentleman understands putting on kid gloves. There is a grace about it that only comes with long patience." [The whole afterguard of the glove "fetched away," as the sailors say, the fabric parted across the knuckles, and nothing was left but a melancholy ruin.]

I was too much flattered to make an exposure and throw the merchandise on the angel's hands. I was hot, vexed, confused, but still happy, but I hated the other boys for taking such an absorbing interest in the proceedings. I wished they were in Jericho. I felt exquisitely mean when I said cheerfully:

"This one does very well; it fits elegantly. I like a glove that fits. No, never mind, ma'am, never mind; I'll put the other on in the street. It is warm here."

It was warm. It was the warmest place I ever was in. I paid the bill, and, as I passed out with a fascinating bow, I thought I detected a light in the woman's eye that was gently ironical, and when I looked back from the street, and she was laughing to herself about something or other, I said to myself, with withering sarcasm: "Oh, certainly; you know how to put on kid gloves, don't you?— a self-complacent ass, ready to be flattered out of your senses by every petticoat that chooses to take the trouble to do it!"

George Peck on Hugging in the Parks.

The law-abiding people of this community were startled on Tuesday, and the greatest indignation prevailed at an editorial article in the *Sentinel* denouncing the practice of hugging in the public parks. The article went on to show that the placing of seats in the parks leads to hugging, and the editor denounced hugging in the most insane manner possible.

The *Sun* does not desire to enter politics, but when a great constitutional question like this comes up, it will be found on the side of the weak against the strong.

The *Sentinel* advises the removal of the seats from the park because hugging is done on them. Great heavens! has it come to this? Are the dearest rights of the American citizen to be abridged in this summary manner? Let us call the attention of that powerful paper to a clause in the Declaration of Independence, which asserts that "all men are created free and

equal, endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. When the framers of that great Declaration of Independence were at work on that clause, they must have had in view the pastime of hugging in the parks.

Hugging is certainly a "pursuit of happiness." People do not hug for wages—that is, except on the stage. Nobody is obliged to hug. It is a sort of spontaneous combustion, as it were, of the feelings, and has to have proper conditions of the atmosphere to make it a success. Parties who object to hugging are old, usually, and have been satiated, and are like a lemon that has done duty in circus lemonade. If they had a job of hugging, they would want to hire a man to do it for them.

A man who objects to a little natural, soul-inspiring hugging on a back seat in a park, of an evening, with a fountain throwing water all over little cast-iron cupids, has probably got a soul, but he hasn't got it with him. To the student of nature, there is no sight more beautiful than to see a flock of young people take seats in the park, after the sun has gone to bed in the west, and the moon has pulled a fleecy cloud over her face for a veil, so as not to disturb the worshipers.

A couple, one a male and the other a female, will sit far apart on the cast-iron seat for a moment, when the young lady will try to fix her cloak over her shoulders, and she can't fix it, and then the young man will help her, and when he has got it fixed, he will go off and leave one arm around the small of her back. He will miss his arm, and wonder where he left it, and go back after it, and in the dark he will feel around with the other hand to find the hand he left, and suddenly the two hands will meet; they will express astonishment, and clasp each other, and be so glad that they will begin to squeeze, and the chances are that they will cut the girl in two, but they never do. Under such circumstances,

a girl can exist on less atmosphere than she can when doing a washing.

There is just about so much hugging that has to be done, and the *Sentinel* should remember that very many people have not facilities at their homes for such soul-stirring work, and they are obliged to flee to the parks, or to the woods, where the beneficent city government has provided all of the modern improvements.

Hugging is as necessary to the youth of the land as medicine to the sick, and instead of old persons, whose days of kittenhood are over, throwing cold water upon the science of hugging, they should encourage it by all legitimate means.

When, in strolling through the parks, you run on to a case of sporadic hugging, instead of making a noise on the gravel walk, to cause the huggists to stop it, you should trace your steps noiselessly, get behind a tree, and see how long they can stand it without dying. Instead of removing the cast-iron seats from the parks, we should be in favor of furnishing reserved seats for old people, so they can sit and watch the hugging.

It doesn't do any hurt to hug.

People think it is unhealthy, but nobody was ever known to catch cold while hugging. It is claimed by some that young people who stay out nights and hug, are not good for anything the next day. There is something to this, but if they didn't get any hugging they wouldn't be worth a cent any time. They would be all the time looking for it.

Good Morning.

"Madam," he said, "you see before you a blighted fellow-creature! I ain't a tramp, marm, I ain't! I have had my little store of wealth laid away for these rainy days, but, ah! marm, a relative and speculation brought me to this sad state

in which you see me ! I was long on railroad stock, marm, and — eh ? Wood ? Me ? Me saw that wood ? Madam, I feel that you can not realize my situation ! Good morning ! ”

Mark Twain on the First Woman in Navada.

Old inhabitants tell how, in a certain Navada camp, the news went abroad early in the morning that a woman was come ! The miners had seen a calico dress hanging out of a wagon down at the camping ground — sign of emigrants from over the great plains. Everybody went down there, and a shout went up when an actual *bona fide* dress was discovered fluttering in the wind ! The male emigrant was visible. The miners said :

“ Fetch her out ! ”

He said : “ It’s my wife, gentlemen — she is sick — we have been robbed of money, provisions, everything, by the Indians — we want to rest. ”

“ Fetch her out ! We’ve got to see her ! ”

“ But, gentlemen, the poor thing, she — ”

“ FETCH HER OUT ! ”

He “ fetched her out,” and they swung their hats and sent up three rousing cheers and a tiger ; and they crowded around and gazed at her, and touched her dress, and listened to her voice with the look of men who listened to a *memory* rather than a present reality — and then they collected twenty-five hundred dollars in gold and gave it to the man, and swung their hats again, and gave three more cheers, and went home satisfied.

Eli Perkins’ Pedometer.

One of the most curious little instruments brought out lately by Tiffany & Co. is the pedometer, — a small machine about the size of a watch, which you carry in your pocket to denote

the distance you travel on foot or ride on horseback. It is a very accurate machine. A friend of mine put one in his pocket the other day, and walked from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to Central Park and back. Strange to say, it marked the distance as accurately as a surveyor could measure it. The little machine works this way: It tells the number of steps you take, or that your horse takes, during any given time. To get the length of these steps you take an average. That is, you walk two hundred feet; then count the number of steps; divide the number of inches traveled by the number of steps, and you will have the length of your average step. Then set the pedometer and start.

The other morning a young married lady, Mrs. —, who had suspicions that her husband was "larking" too much when he ought to be in his office attending to business, put a pedometer in his pocket-book. Kissing his wife good-by, the innocent husband sauntered out and took the stage for his downtown office. In the stage he met a dashing widow, who took him up to Central Park to see the animals, or rather to carry on a flirtation on some retired, shady seats, roofed with woodbine and ivy. After promenading through the park, visiting the seals, the ostriches, the baby lions, and the museum, the sentimental husband returned home.

"Ah, ducky, where have you been—you look all tired out?" asked the wife, as she kissed him as usual.

"Oh, down to the office; the same old drudgery. Oh, pet, I'm so glad to get back to my little wifey."

"Did you take the stage to the door, sweet?" asked the wife, tenderly.

"Yes, lovey; and I was too tired to walk home. Why, I never went out to lunch, I was so busy."

"Just sat and wrote all day, darling, did you?"

"Yes, daisey, all day long. Oh, I'm so tired!"

"Let me see your pocket-book, precious," continued the

wife ; "I want to put something in it." Then she opened it and took out the little pedometer.

"Oh, Edward !" she screamed as she held it up.

"What ? Caroline !"

"Why, here you've traveled eleven miles since morning. Where have you been ? How could you ? Oh, you wicked, bad man, to deceive your wife so !"

"But, Caroline—"

"Don't but me, Edward ! You've been walking around all day. You couldn't have been near the office at all. Oh, you naughty, naughty man ! I'm going home to my mother ; I won't live with you another day. Now, who was she ? Who was the lady ?"

"Why, Caroline, I met Mrs. Swope, our clergyman's wife, and—"

"No, you didn't ; she's been with me all day ! Oh, Edward !" And then she burst into tears.

* * * * *

That night that poor, heart-broken husband swore by all the pedometers in heaven or earth that he'd never lie to his wife again. He even took a pew in the church next to his mother-in-law, and every Sunday we can now see him with a pedometer in his pocket measuring his way to church.

Politeness.

Ell Perkins.

Every one is effected by politeness. Once a gentleman went to Milton, the author of "Paradise Lost," a man said to be unsusceptible to flattery, and said :

"Mr. Milton, they say you are the only man in England who can not be flattered."

"Do they say that ?" asked Milton, his face beaming with smiles.

Even Milton was touched with flattery.

Mr. Lewis, of the *Detroit Free Press*, gives this instance of flattery :

“Can I see the lady of the house?” inquired a peddler of an old woman.

“Well, yes, you can if you ain’t blind!” snapped the woman who had answered the bell.

“Oh, beg pardon, madam! You are the lady of the house, then?”

“Yes, I am! What d’yer take me for? Did yer think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next-door neighbor, or one of the farm-hands, or the cat, or the ice-chest?”

“I didn’t know, madam, but you might be the youngest daughter.”

“Oh, did yer? Well, that was nat’ral, too,” replied the lady of the house. “What d’yer want, sir?”

Then the peddler displayed his wares, and when he left that door-step half an hour later his face was full of pleasure and his pockets were full of money. He understood human nature and had made a good sale.

Mark Twain’s Baby Speech.

[Mark Twain’s remarks at the banquet of the Army of the Tennessee were in response to the following toast:]

“The Babies: As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities.”

Now, that’s something like. We haven’t all had the good fortune to be ladies; we have not all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground—for we’ve all been babies. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world’s banquets have utterly ignored the baby, as if he didn’t amount to anything! If you, gentlemen, will stop and think a minute — if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life,

and recontemplate your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a good deal—and even something over.

You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere body-guard ; and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for the time, distance, weather, or anything else : you had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you did not dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow ; but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war sounded in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread ; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop, you advanced in—the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing-syrup, did you venture to throw out any remarks about certain services being unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman ? No ; you got up and ' got it ! If he ordered his pap-bottle, and it wasn't warm, did you talk back ? Not you ; you went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself to see if it was right !—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste that stuff yet !

And how many things you learned as you went along ! Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying, that when the baby smiles in his sleep it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but “ too thin ”—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour—half-past two in the

morning—didn't you rise up promptly and remark (with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday-school much) that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? Oh, you were under a good discipline. And as you went fluttering up and down the room in your "undress uniform," you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing, "Rock-a-by-Baby on the Tree-top," for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbors, too, for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three o'clock in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, and proposed to fight it out on that line if it took all night—"Go on! What did you do?" You simply went on till you dropped in the last ditch.

I like the idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself; one baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to; he is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities; do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot; and there ain't any real difference between triplets and insurrection.

Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are. For in one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething. Think of it! and putting a word of dead earnest, unarticulated, but justifiable, profanity over it, too; in another, the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining Milky Way with but a languid interest, poor little chap, and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet-nurse; in another, the future great historian is

lying, and doubtless he will continue to lie till his earthly mission is ended, in another, the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of State than what the mischief has become of his hair so early; and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time! And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth—an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening also turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago! And if the child is but the prophecy of the man, there are mighty few will doubt that he succeeded.

Baley on "Cording" a Bedstead.

It is a little singular why your wife's mother will persist in sleeping on a cord bedstead. But she does. You don't think so much of this until you are called upon to put it up, which event generally takes place in the evening.

The bedstead has been cleaned in the afternoon, and, having been soaked through with hot water, is now ready for putting up.

Your wife holds the lamp and takes charge of the conversation. The rope has been under water several times in the course of the cleaning, and, having swollen to a diameter greater than the holes in the rails, has also got into a fit of coiling up into mysterious and very intricate forms. You at first wonder at this, but pretty soon wonder ceases to be a virtue, and then you scold.

The thread which has been wound around the end of the rope to facilitate its introduction in the holes has come off, and

you have to roll it up again. Then, after you have pulled it through eight holes, your wife makes the discovery that you have started wrong. The way that rope comes out of those holes again makes your wife get closer to the door.

Then you try again, and get it tangled in your legs.

By this time you notice that this is the smallest bedroom in the house, and you call the attention of your wife to the fact by observing :

“Why on earth don’t you open the door? Do you want to smother me?”

She opens the door and you start again, and she helps you with the lamp. First, she puts it on the wrong side of the rail, then she moves it so the heat comes up from the chimney and scorches your nose. Just as you need it the most you lose sight of it entirely, and, turning around, find her examining the wall to see how that man has put on the whitewash. This excites you, and brings out the perspiration in greater profusion, and you declare you will kick the bedstead out of doors if she doesn’t come around with that light. Then she comes around.

Finally the cord is laid all right, and you proceed to execute the very delicate job of tightening it. The lower ropes are first walked over. This is done by stepping on the first one and sinking it down, hanging to the head-board with the clutch of death. Then you step with the other foot on the next line, spring that down, lose your balance, grab for the head-board, miss it, and come down in a heap. This is repeated more or less times across the length of the bed, the only variety being the new places you bruise.

The top cords are tightened in another way, and you now proceed to that. You first put one foot on each rail, which spreads you some, and as you do it the frightful thought strikes you that if one of these feet should slip over, nothing on earth would prevent you from being split through to the chin.

Then you pull up the first rope until your eyes seem to be

on the point of rolling out of their sockets, and the blood in your veins fairly groans, and, on being convinced that you can't pull it any further without crippling yourself for life, you catch hold of the next rope and draw that up, and grunt. Then you move along to the next, and pull that up, and grunt again.

Just as you have got to the middle and commence to think that you are about through, even if your joints will never again set as they did before, you some way or other miss the connection, and find that you have got to go back and do it all over.

Here you pause for a few minutes of oracular refreshment, and then slowly and carefully work your way back. You don't jump down and walk back, because you are afraid to spread out in that way again. You sort of waddle back, working the way inch by inch, and with consummate patience. A man thus stretched across the bedstead never becomes so excited as to lose his presence of mind. It would be instant death if he did.

Then he goes over it again, waddling and pulling, groaning and grunting, while his wife moves around with the lamp, and tells him to take it easy, and not scratch the bedstead any more than he can help, and that she can't tell which creaks the most, he or the bedstead. And after he gets through she has the audacity to ask him to bring in the feather beds.

The New Dodge.

"Can you lend me five dollars for a day or two," asked an impecunious individual of a rich New York merchant.

"O, certainly—glad to do it!" said the merchant, "We always keep five dollars on hand to lend. John," he said, turning to the clerk, "is our borrower's five dollars in now?"

"No, sir," said John, "a poor fellow just borrowed it."

"When will it come back?"

"Tomorrow, sir."

"Then, John, as soon as it comes in lend it to Mr. Borrow. He's the next man you know." Don't forget!"

Mr. Borrow thinks a moment and then sadly walks away.

A Fifth Avenue Episode.

Eli Perkins.

Miss Livingstone was calling on the Fifth Avenue Woffingtons yesterday afternoon. As she stepped out of her bottle-green landaulet to walk up the Woffington brown-stone portico, a swarm of sparrows from Union Square chirped and twittered over her head and up along the eaves. The sparrows were dodging about after flies and worms—something substantial—while Miss Livingstone's mind never got beyond her lace overskirt and the artificials on her Paris hat.

"It's perfectly drefful, Edward!" she observed to the bell-boy as she shook out her skirts in the hall—"howible!" Then flopping herself into a blue satin chair she exclaimed: "I do hate those noisy spaw'ows, Mrs. Woffington. They'r breastly—perfectly atwocious!"

"But you know they destroy the worms, Miss Livingstone: they kill millions of 'em—just live on 'em. Now, wouldn't you rather have the sparrows than the worms, Miss Livingstone? Wouldn't you?"

"No, I wouldn't, Mrs. Woffington. Just look at my new brown silk—the nasty, noisy things! I—"

"But worms eat trees and foliage and fruit, Miss Livingstone. They destroy—"

"They don't eat silk dresses, Mrs. Woffington, and they don't roost on nine dollar ostrich feathers and thirty dollar hats, do they? I'm for the worms, I tell you, and I don't care who knows it! I hate the spaw'ows!"

"Well, I hate worms, I do. I hate—"

Just then Miss Livingstone's brother—a swell member of the Knickerbocker club—Eugene Augustus Livingstone, entered,

interrupting the sentence, when both ladies turned on him and exclaimed :

“Oh, Mr. Livingstone, we are discussing sparrows and worms, and we refer the question to you. Now answer, which had you rather have—sparrows or worms?”

“Well, weally I kont say, ladies. Weally, 'pon m' honor I kont, you kneuw—you kneuw. I never had—”

“But which do you think you'd rather have, Mr. Livingstone? Which—”

“I weally kont say, ladies, for I never had the spawows—at least, not since I can remember ; but the worms—”

“Oh, Mr. Livingstone!” and then poor Eugene Augustus had to open the window and sprinkle ice-water all over two fainting Worth dresses, which looked as if some careless milliner had let them drop—a woman sinker in each holding it to the carpet.

How Englishmen Take Jokes.

Eli Perkins.

The English people, they say, are the slowest people on earth to see a joke. Yesterday I was riding over the Grand Trunk, near Toronto, and the typical Englishman, with eye-glasses, an opera-glass hung around his neck, and a bundle of canes and umbrellas under his arm, got on the train.

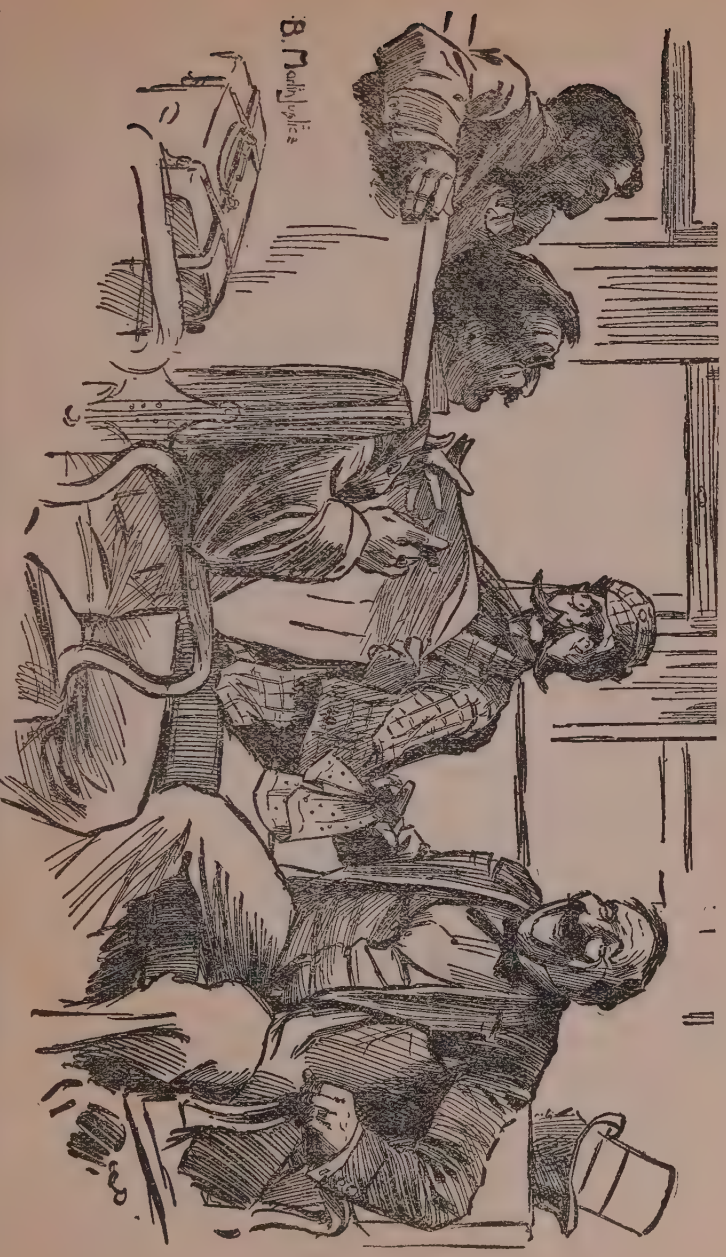
“There is one of those thick-headed Englishmen who can never see a joke,” remarked a bright commercial traveler.

“O I think you could make him see the point to a joke,” I answered.

“I'll bet anything,” said my friend, “that you can't make that man see the point to an American joke.”

“All right,” I said, “I'll try it.”

So, after being introduced to the Englishman, I set out to make him smile. I told him the best jokes I knew. He always listened attentively, but, instead of seeing the precise point, he would ask some explanation, while his face wore an



“Now, I don't see why an Indian is not entitled to a receipt as well as a white man. I entirely disagree with ———.”

expression as blank as a Chinaman when you've paid him \$5 too much change.

Finally I told the Englishman the old story of the Indian who wanted a receipt for money paid to a white man. Said I, "The Indian insisted that the white man should give him a receipt."

"What do you want a receipt for?" asked the white man, "you've paid the money, and that's enough."

"But me must have receipt," insisted the Indian.

"Why, what for?" asked the white man.

"Because," said the Indian, "Injun may die."

"Well, suppose you do die, I certainly can't collect this money from you then."

"But," continued the Indian, "me may die and go to Heaven. The Lord he ask Injun if he good Injun; Injun say yes. He ask Injun if he pay white man. Injun say yes, yes. Then the Lord he say where is the receipt? What Injun do then? Injun can't go looking all over hell after you!"

After I got through, the Americans laughed, as they always will, even at an old joke, but the Englishman looked me straight in the face without a smile. You would think he was viewing the corpse at a funeral. Then he put his front finger solemnly on the palm of his hand, and said argumentatively:

"Now, I don't see why an Indian is not entitled to a receipt as well as a white man. I entirely disagree with"—

But a roar of laughter from the Americans drowned his sentence. It so confused the poor Englishman, to have his honest opinions laughed at, that he turned his back on us and solemnly waded through the dreary columns of London *Punch* all the way into Toronto.

Theory vs. Practice.

A young athlete who had been taking boxing lessons for a year stood on a brown-stone balcony on Fifth avenue, while a peddler was screaming "straw-bu-ries."

"Do you sell any more berries for yelling in that manner?" asked the young man of science as the peddler yelled his berries at the top of his voice.

"Oh, take in your nose!" was the reply.

"Some one will take your whole body in some day!"

"But it won't be a man with a wart on his chin!"

"No impudence, sir!"

"And none from you, either!"

"You deserve a good trashing!"

"And perhaps you can give it to me!"

There was the golden opportunity. The one had science—the other impudence. The one had received thirty-eight lessons in boxing—the other fairly ached to be pounded.

"Don't talk that way to me or I'll knock you down!" said the finished pupil as he gently threw himself into position to to mash a brick wall.

"Oh, you will, eh? Then let's see you do it!"

Even the graduate couldn't tell exactly what took place. He remembered being kicked on the shins, struck on the chin and twisted over a horse-block after he fell, but when consciousness returned his wife and children were crying over him and the peddler was two blocks down the street shouting:

"Straw-bu-ries—great big ones—red as blood—perfect daisies—only two shillings for a heaping big quart!"

Lewis' Lime Kiln Club.

"I would like to spoke a few words to Telescope Perkins, if he am in de hall to-night," said the President, as the meeeting opened.

The brother wiped off his mouth and advanced to the platform, and Brother Gardner continued:

"Brudder Perkins, I met you at 8 o'clock in de evenin' on 'leeshun night."

"Yes, sah."

"You war what de white folks call slewed."

"Ize mighty sorry, sah."

"You were full of glory. You felt dat you had saved de kentry. Your clothes war all mud. Your breaf smelt of skunks, an' you had to jump up and down an' whoop to keep from bustin' yer biler."

"Lots of white folks was doin' de same, sah."

"Sartin—sartin. You, an ole ex-slave, unable to read or write, was only followin' in de footsteps of intelligent, eddedicated white men. Brudder Perkins, I war walkin' round on 'lection day, an' I saw some curus things. I saw citizens who would not swallow ten drops of whisky if life depended on it wote fur men who hev sold the pisened stuff ober de bar fur years. An' dat was savin' de kentry.

"I saw men who would turn a servant gal out doors on a winter's night, if dey heard a scandale 'bout her, walk up to de poles an' wote fur men who rent from two to half a dozen houses to women of bad character. That was gwine it straight!

"I saw men whose wives am breakin' deir hearts ober de wayward course of beloved sons, walk to de winder and stick in ballots fur candidates who am in cahoots wid blacklegs an' de steady patrons of gambling houses. Dat am de glory of politics!

"I saw Christian men, who pray agin vice and shed tears ober de wickedness of society, wote for candidates whose private lives am one long night of debauchery an corruption. Dat was standin' by de party.

"I saw ministers of de gospel cast wotes for drunkards, libertines an' outlaws of society. Dat was supportin' de principle.

"I saw de honest, decent men arrayed on one side, and de

thugs, thieves an' loafers on de odder, and de honest, decent men war swept away like chaff befo' a gale. Dat was an illushun of de beauties of de 'lective franchise!"

"But I won't do it agin, sah," pleaded Brother Perkins.

"You kin sot down," quietly remarked the President. "Dat same night I heard Aldermen bawlin' like mules bekase some favorite candidate had pulled frew wid de aid of money an' whisky. Citizens who wouldn't let you in at de front doah rolled in de mud dat night like hogs. Men who hev sons to bring up met an' shook hands an' rejoiced ober de 'leckshun of candidates who know de way into ebery saloon an' poker-room in Detroit. Blame you, Brudder Perkins—blame you for follerin' de example of leadin' white folks! No, sah! Go an' sot down an' feel proud dat you come so nigh bein' an eminent citizen!"

The Steamboat Race.

Mark Twain.

Presently the pilot said:

"By George, yonder comes the Amaranth!"

A spark appeared close to the water, several miles down the river. The pilot took his glass and looked at it steadily for a moment, and said, chiefly to himself: "It can't be the Blue Wing; she couldn't pick us up this way. It's the Amaranth, sure."

He bent over a speaking-tube and said:

"Who's on watch down there?"

A hollow, inhuman voice mumbled up through the tube in answer:

"I am—second engineer."

"Good! you want to stir your stumps, now, Harry; the Amaranth's just turned the point, and she's just a humping herself, too!"

The pilot took hold of a rope that stretched out forward, jerked it twice, and two mellow strokes of the big bell responded.

A voice on deck shouted:

"Stand by, down there, with that larboard lead!"

"No, I don't want the lead," said the pilot; "I want *you*. Roust out the old man—tell him the Amaranth's coming. And go and call Jim—tell *him*

"Aye! aye! sir."

The "old man" was the captain. He is always called so on steamboats and ships. "Jim" was the other pilot. Within two minutes both these men were flying up the pilot-house stairway, three steps at a jump. Jim was in his shirt sleeves, with his coat and his vest on his arm. He said:

"I was just turning in. Where's the glass?"

He took it and looked:

"Don't appear to be any night hawk on the jack-staff; it's the Amaranth, dead sure!"

* * * * *

George Davis, the pilot on watch, shouted to the night watchman on deck:

"How's she loaded?"

"Two inches by the head, sir!"

"Tain't enough!"

The captain shouted now:

"Call the mate. Tell him to call all hands and get a lot of the sugar forrard—put her ten inches by the head. Lively now!"

"Aye! aye! sir!"

A riot of shouting and trampling floated up from below, presently, and the uneasy steering of the boat soon showed that she was getting "down by the head."

The three men in the pilot-house began to talk in short, sharp sentences, low and earnestly. As their excitement rose, their voices went down. As fast as one of them put down the spy glass, another took it up—but always with a studied air of calmness. Each time the verdict was:

"She's a-gaining!"

The captain spoke through the tube:

"What steam are you carrying?"

"A hundred and forty-two, sir! but she's getting hotter and hotter all the time."

The boat was straining, and groaning and quivering, like a monster in pain. Both pilots were at work, now, one on each side of the wheel, with their coats and vests off, their bosoms and collars wide open, and the perspiration flowing down their faces. They were holding the boat so close to the shore that the willows swept the guards almost from stem to stern.

"Stand by!" whispered George.

"All ready!" said Jim under his breath.

"Let her come!"

The boat sprang away from the bank like a deer, and darted in a long diagonal toward the other shore. She closed in again and thrashed her fierce way along the willows as before. The captain put down the glass:

"Blazes, how she walks up on us! I do hate to be beat!"

The Amaranth was within three hundred yards of the Boreas, and still gaining. The "old man" spoke through the tube:

"What is she carrying now?"

"A hundred and sixty-five, sir."

"How's your wood?"

"Pine all out, cypress half gone—eating up cottonwood like pie!"

"Break into the rosin on the main deck! pile it in—the boat can pay for it!"

Soon the boat was plunging and quivering and screaming more madly than ever. But the Amaranth's head was almost abreast the Boreas' stern.

"How's your steam now, Harry?"

"Hundred and eighty-two, sir."

"Break up the casks of bacon in the forrard hold! Pile it in! Levy on that turpentine in the fantail—drench every stick of wood with it!"

The boat was a moving earthquake by this time.

"How is she now?"

"A hundred and ninety-six and still a-swelling!—water below the middle gauge cocks!—carrying every pound she can stand!—nigger roosting on the safety-valve!"

"Good! How's your draught?"

"Bully! Every time a nigger heaves a stick of wood into the furnace he goes out the chimney with it!"

The Amaranth drew steadily up till her jack staff breasted the Boreas' wheel house—climbed along inch by inch till her chimneys breasted it.

"Jim," said George, looking straight ahead, watching the slightest yawning of the boat and promptly meeting it with the wheel, "how'll it do to try Murderer's Chute?"

"Well it's—it's taking chances. How was the cottonwood stump on the false point below Boardman's Island this morning?"

"Water just touching the roots."

"Well, it's pretty close work. That gives six feet scant in the head of Murderer's Chute. We can just barely rub through if we hit it exactly right. But it's worth trying. *She* don't dare tackle it," meaning the Amaranth.

In another instant the Boreas plunged into what seemed a crooked creek, and the lights of the Amaranth were shut out in a moment. Not a whisper was uttered, now, but the three men stared ahead into the shadows, and two of them spun the wheel back and forth with anxious watchfulness, while the steamer tore along. The Chute seemed to come to an end every fifty yards, but always opened out in time. Now the head of it was at hand. George tapped the big bell three times; two leadsmen sprang to their posts, and in a moment their weird cries rose on the night air and were caught up and repeated by two men on the upper deck:

"No-o bottom!"

"Deep four!"

"Half three!"

“Quarter three!”

“Mark under water three!”

“Half twain!”

“Quarter twain!—”

Davis pulled a couple of ropes, there was a jingling of small bells far below, the boat's speed slackened, and the pent steam began to whistle and the gauge cocks to scream.

“By the mark twain!”

“Quarter her—er—less twain!”

“Eight *and* a half?”

“Eight feet!”

“Seven an' a—half!—”

Another jingling of little bells and the wheels ceased turning altogether. The whistling of the steam was something frightful now; it almost drowned all other noises.

“Stand by to meet her!”

George had the wheel hard down and was standing on a spoke.

“All ready!”

The boat hesitated, seemed to hold her breath—as did the captain and pilots—and then she began to fall away to starboard, and every eye lighted.

“*Now* then! meet her! meet her! snatch her!” The wheel flew to port so fast that the spokes blended into a spider web, the swing of the boat subsided; she steadied herself.

“Seven feet!”

“Sev—six and a *half*!”

“*Six* feet! Six f—”

“Bang! She hit the bottom! George shouted through the tube:

“Spread her wide open! *Whale* it at her!”

The escape pipes belched snowy pillars of steam aloft, the boat groaned and surged and trembled and slid over into —

“Mark twain!”

“Quarter her helm.

Tap! tap! tap! (to signify "lay in the leads.")

And away she went, flying up the willow shore with the whole silver sea of the Mississippi stretching abroad on every hand, and, *no* Amaranth in sight.

The Curious Yankee.

A well-known citizen of Hartford, Connecticut, had taken his seat in the afternoon train for Providence yesterday, when a small, weazened-faced, elderly man, having the appearance of a well-to-do farmer, came into the car, looking for a seat. The gentleman good-naturedly made room for him by his side, and the old man looked over him from head to foot.

"Going to Providence?" he said, at length.

"No, sir," the stranger answered, politely; "I stop at Andover."

"I want to know! I belong out that way myself. Expect to stay 'long?"

"On 'er over night, sir."

A short pause.

"Did you cal'late to put up at the tavern?"

"No, sir; I expect to stop with Mr. Skinner."

"What, Job Skinner's?—Deacon Job—lives in a little brown house on the old 'pike? Or, mebbe, it's his brother's? Was it Tim Skinner's—Squire Tim's—where you was goin'?"

"Yes, it was Squire Tim's," said the gentleman, smiling.

"Dew tell if you are goin' there to stop over night. Any connection of his'n?"

"No, sir."

"Well, now, that's curus! The old man ain't got into any trooble, nor nothin', has he?" lowering his voice; "ain't goin' to serve a writ onto him, be ye?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind."

"Glad on't. No harm in askin', I s'pose. I reckon *Miss* Skinner's some connection of yourn?"

"No," said the gentleman. Then, seeing the amused expression on the faces of two or three acquaintances in the neighboring seats, he added in a confidential tone: "I am going to see Squire Skinner's daughter."

"Law sakes!" said the old man, his face quivering with curiosity. "*That's* it, is it, I want to know? Goin' to see Mirandy Skinner, be ye? Well, Mirandy's a nice gal—kinder humbly, and long favored, but smart to work, they say, and I guess you're about the right age for her too. Kep' company together long?"

"I never saw her in my life, sir."

"How you talk. Somebody's gin her a recommend, I s'pose, and you're gin' clear out there to take a squint at her. Wa'al, I must say there's as likely gals in Andover as Mirandy Skinner. *I've* got a family of grown-up darters myself. Never was married afore, was ye? Don't see no weed on yur hat."

"I have been married about fifteen years, sir. I have a wife and five children." And then, as the long restrained mirth of the listeners of this dialogue burst forth at the old man's opened-mouthed astonishment, he hastened to explain: "I am a doctor, my good friend, and Squire Skinner called at my office this morning, to request my professional services for his sick daughter."

"Wa'al, now!" And the old man here waddled off into the next car.

Stanley Huntley's "Les Incomprehensibles."

Victor You Go.

BOOK I.

A man sat on picket-fence.

Picket-fences were invented by Charlemagne, and improved upon by Charles II of England.

Still the man sat on the fence,

BOOK II.

The fence surrounded a tall, gloomy building. The building had shutters at the windows. The man was a Frenchman. They are copyrighted. All Frenchmen not bearing the signature of the author are spurious.

It was night. It was a dark night. Darkness is a shadow that rises from the ground when the sun goes down.

The man on the fence was thinking. His name was Lippiatt.

BOOK III.

Lippiatt loved Maronette. Maronette was a girl. She knew Lippiatt. She did not know that Lippiatt loved her.

Maronette lived in the gloomy house. Lippiatt did not tell Maronette that he loved her. He was content to sit on the fence in front of her house. He was a quiet man. Like all Frenchmen, he was the bravest man in thirteen counties. He was a tailor. A tailor is a man who promises to have your clothes done for Saturday, and brings them around week after next.

Lippiatt was poor. All heroes are poor.

BOOK IV.

Maronette opened a window and shied an old boot at Lippiatt.

"Is that you, Lippiatt?"

"Yes!" said Lippiatt.

Maronette laughed.

"My father said that I must marry the man who will bring him the Norwegian maelstrom," said Maronette.

Lippiatt got off the fence and walked away.

BOOK V.

Like all tailors in France, Lippiatt was a good sailor. He stole a boat and started for the coast of Norway. A fearful storm came on. The world drew on a heavy cloak to protect

itself from the storm. The sea opened a thousand mouths to swallow Lippiatt. It was hungry for him. His beard and hair were filled with salt. Great grasping hands reached down to snatch him.

Lippiatt only laughed.

The scenes grew wilder. Monsters of water crowded against the boat. They were reaching for Lippiatt. He steered his boat to avoid them.

A wave averages twenty feet in height. It contains 400 tons of water. It is thicker at the base than at the top. In this respect it is like a pyramid. But it is not three-cornered. It is oval in shape. A round wave is a water-spout. A water-spout is thick at the top and bottom and slender in the middle.

Lippiatt knew this.

He was afraid of waves. He was fearful of water-spouts.

BOOK VI.

In four days Lippiatt arrived at the maelstrom.

"It is for Maronette," said he.

The maelstrom is shaped like a tunnel. The lower end is at the bottom. The mouth is at the top. It is caused by the tides. The Norwegians supposed it to be caused by a hole in the earth. Lippiatt knew better.

He went down in the maelstrom and tied a rope round the lower end. To this rope he adjusted blocks and pulleys. Then he climbed out of the pit and fastened the other end of the rope to the masthead. The blocks gave him a purchase

He rested.

BOOK VII.

Having rested, Lippiatt pulled on the rope. He pulled the maelstrom inside out. The bottom was then at the top. It spun around like an inverted top.

Lippiatt drove a staple into it and fastened his line. Then he set sail. The maelstrom followed.

"I shall marry Maronette," he said.

BOOK VIII.

Another man sat on the picket fence. It was Goudenay. Goudnenay loved Maronette. Maronette loved Goudnenay.

Goudenay saw something coming in the harbor.

"What's that?" he asked.

It looked like an inverted funnel. It was 1,000 feet high.

"I don't know," said Maronette.

She was right. She didn't.

BOOK IX.

Lippiatt soon landed. He took the maelstrom on his shoulders. Then he went to the gloomy house. He hung the maelstrom on the picket fence.

"How do you do, Goudenay," he asked.

He knew Goudenay. He had disappointed him about some trousers.

"I am happy," said Goudenay; "I am going to marry Maronette."

Lippiatt looked at Maronette.

"Yes," she said, "I marry Goudenay this morning."

BOOK X.

Lippiatt went to the wedding.

He gave Maronette a silver card receiver.

Maronette smiled.

Lippiatt went back to the picket fence. He ate the maelstrom up.

BOOK XI.

As the wedding party went home they saw a dead body lying beside the picket fence. The point of the maelstrom was sticking out of his mouth.

"Good gracious!" said Maronette.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Goudenay.

It was Lippiatt.

Honesty That Surprised the Miner.

Eli Perkins.

In Denver, years ago, when Denver was made up of a population of robbers, gamblers and adventurers, there used to be a miners' bank, a bank where miners deposited bags of gold-dust, or sold it for currency. In the bank, before the teller's window, there stood one day a forlorn, dejected, woe-begone looking old miner—a seedy old forty-niner. He wore an old, faded slouch hat, about the color of his tangled, sun-browned beard. He never spoke as the other miners came in and exchanged their dust for coin, and no one spoke to him. He was a personified funeral—a sad, broken-hearted man. As this sad miner stood there one day, smoking his pipe, and seemingly oblivious to everything, a young man entered and jauntily handed in his bag of dust.

“It weighs six hundred and eighty dollars, Mr. Johnson,” said the teller, taking it from the scales.

“All right; give me credit on the books,” said the young man, moving toward the door. But, turning on his heel in the doorway, he paused a moment, put his hand thoughtfully across his brow, and said:

“I beg your pardon, sir; but it seems to me you made a little mistake in paying me last week, didn't you?”

“No, sir; we never err, sir,” said the teller, harshly; “and if we did make a mistake yesterday, it's too late to correct it now. You should have spoken about it at the time.”

“But, sir, I am positive that you paid me ninety dollars too much. Suppose you weigh the last week's bag again,” urged the young man.

“O, if the error was that way, perhaps we did make a mistake,” replied the teller, putting the bag of gold-dust on the scales again. “Goodness! I did make a mistake. I paid you just ninety dollars too much, and—”

“Here's your money,” interrupted the honest young man, throwing down the amount in coin.

"I'm very much obliged," said the teller; "for the mistake would have come out of my wages when we came to balance the books. I cannot thank you too much."

The only man watching the transaction was the old slouch-hatted miner. He arose, fastened his eyes on the honest young man, then came and watched him pay the money back. Surprise filled his countenance. His eyes opened wide, and his lips fell apart with astonishment. Then, looking the honest young man straight in the face, he exclaimed:

"Stranger, don't you feel mighty lonesome 'round here?"

Josh Billings on Setting Hens.

The best time to set a hen iz when the hen iz reddy. I kant tell what the best breed iz, but the shanghigh iz the meanest. It costs az much to bord one az it duz a stage hoss, and you might az well try to fatt a fannin-mill by runnin oats thru it. Their aint no profit in keepin a hen for hiz eggs if he laz less than one a day. Henz is very long-lived if they dont contract the throat dizeaze; there iz a great menmy goes to pot every year, by this melancholly dizeaze. I kant tell eckzactly how to pick out a good hen; but az a general thing, the long-eared ones I know are the least apt to scratch up a garden. Eggs packed in ekal parts of salt and lime-water will keep from 20 to 30 years if tha are not disturbed. Fresh beef-steak iz good for henz. I suppose 4 or 5 pounds a day iz all that a hen would need at fust along. I shall be happy to advise you at any time on the hen question—and take it out in eggs.

WIT.

How it Differs from Humor.

Melville D. Landon, A. M.

Wit simply consists in exaggeration. The humorous writer, like Dickens, describes scenes in real life truthfully. That is humor. Baron Munchausen deals in pure imagination and fancy. He is a pure wit. When some one asked the Yankee farmer whose hogs were very poor how he kept them from crawling through the knot holes in the pen, he answered :

“I tie knots in their tails.”

That was pure wit—pure exaggeration.

There was a strange mixture of wit and humor in the answer of Porson when some one said : “Byron and Tennyson and the modern poets, sir, will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten.”

“Yes,” said Porson, “and not till then !”

The answer at first seems like wit, but when you think of it, it becomes humor, because you know it is true.

Taking Castor Oil—Wit.

A good illustration, showing how a subject can be handled in a witty manner was told me by W. H. Tippetts of the *Ticonderogian* :

A young lady came into Alexander Weed's drug store and asked him if were possible to disguise castor oil.

“It's horrid stuff to take, you know. Ugh !” said the young lady, with a shudder.

“Why, certainly,” said Mr. Weed, and just then, as another young lady was taking some soda water, Mr. Weed asked her if she wouldn't have some too. After drinking it the young lady lingered a moment and finally observed :

"Now tell me, Mr. Weed, how you would disguise castor oil?"

"Why, madam, I just gave you some—"

"My gracious me!" exclaimed the young lady, "Why I wanted it for my sister!"

Taking Castor Oil—Humor.

M. Quad, who always writes with a master's hand, treats the same subject humorously.

His loving mother had had her mind made up for two or three days that the boy needed some castor oil, but she knew that she must approach him gently. She placed the bottle where he could not see it, and when he turned up his nose, she said :

"It's just like honey, my darling."

He seemed to doubt her word, and she continued :

"If you'll take some, I'll let you go to the circus."

"How much?" he cautiously inquired.

"Oh, only a spoonful, just a spoonful," she replied, as she uncorked the bottle.

"And you'll give me some sugar, besides?" he asked.

"Of course I will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, and then asked :

"And you'll give me ten cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a shoo-fly kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"I guess so."

"No kite—no ile," he said, as he stepped back.

"Well, I'll buy you a kite," she replied, filling the spoon up

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You can't think no castor oil down me!" he exclaimed, looking around for his hat.

"Here—I will, or I'll tease father to, and I know he will Come, now, swallow it down."

"And you'll buy me a goat?"

"Yes."

"And two hundred marbles?"

"Yes. Now take it right down."

"And a coach dog?"

"I can't promise that!"

"All right—no dog, no ile!"

"Well, I'll ask your father."

"And you'll buy me a pony?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Now be a good boy and swallow it down."

"Oh, yes, I'll swallow that stuff, I will!" he said as he clapped on his hat. "You may fool some other boy with a circus ticket and a lump of brown sugar, but it'll take a hundred dollar pony to trot that castor ile down my throat!"

And he went out to see if the neighbor's cat had been caught in the dead-fall he set for her.

Mr. Tippetts' account ends with a little sparkling imagination and fancy, while M. Quad's story is an utterly true account, requiring no imagination or fancy to see the point.

Printing and Publishing.

The following are given as instances of wit, because each case is purely imaginative. Each case has been exaggerated by the fertile brain of the writers:

Eli Perkins on Printing and Publishing.

A beautiful young authoress went to George W. Carleton, the publisher, to get him to print a book for her.

"But I do not print books," said Mr. Carleton, "I am a publisher."

"Well, now, what *is* the difference between a publisher and

a printer?" asked the young lady, opening her eyes bewilderingly.

"Why simply this, my dear young lady," said Carleton, "if I should print a kiss on a beautiful young lady's cheek, it would be simply private printing, but if I should go out and tell the whole world about it, that would be publishing, and the meanest kind of publishing, too."

"I should think so," said the young lady.

The Stingiest Man in Schenectady.

Wilkins.

The stingiest miser in Schenectady was Deacon Chase. He was stingy all his life, and even died stingy. When his wife died he bought a double gravestone, and had his own name put on the other side. The day he died he limped and staggered into the barber shop to get shaved.

"You—charge—ten cents—to—shave—live men, don't you?" asked the deacon.

"Yes, that is our price," replied the barber.

"What—you charge—to shave—dead men?" gasped the deacon.

"One dollar," said the barber, wondering what he meant.

"Then—shave me—quick," said the deacon, nervously eyeing the watch which the doctor held in his hand. He was too weak to speak further, but the doctor interpreted aright the question that was in his eyes.

"Fifteen minutes," replied the doctor. "You'll live fifteen minutes more."

The deacon made a feeble motion, as with a lather-brush, and the barber was at his work in a jiffy. He performed his task with neatness and despatch; and, although the deacon had several sinking spells of an alarming nature, yet he bore up to the end. When the last stroke of the razor was given, the deacon gasped, in tones of satisfaction:

"That'll do—*ninety—cents—saved*," and immediately expired.

The Original Parrot Story.

Ell Perkins.

Mr. Travers, who stammers enough to make a story interesting, went into a bird fancier's, in Center street, to buy a parrot.

"H-h-have you got a-a-all kinds of b-b-birds?" asked Mr. T.

"Yes, sir; all kinds," said the bird fancier, politely.

"I w-w-want to b-buy a p-p-parrot," hesitated Mr. T.

"Well, here is a beauty. See what glittering plumage!"

"I-i-is he a g-g-good t-talker?" stammered Travers.

"If he can't talk better than you can I'll give him to you!" exclaimed the shopkeeper.

William bought the parrot.

A Fool Discovers Himself.

A letter was once received at the post-office in New Orleans directed to the *biggest fool* in that city.

The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the young clerks informed him of the receipt of the letter.

"And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Why," replied the clerk, "I didn't know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, so I opened it myself."

"And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Find?" replied the clerk. "Why nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man.'"

Highly Indignant.

Ell Perkins.

"What! Pat Ryan whip me?" exclaimed Sullivan, the pugilist, scornfully.

"Yes, I think he could," replied a bystander.

"Lick me? ME! Why, Pat Ryan can't lick a postage-stamp!"

"How often," asked an impatient creditor, "must I climb three pairs of stairs before I get the amount of this little account?"

Debtor: "Do you think I am going to rent a place on the first floor to accommodate my creditors?"

Griswold on the Tramp.

"Saw wood! Saw wood this cold winter's day for my dinner!" said the tramp, with a look of horror. "Not much I won't. It isn't that I object to labor. I yield to no man in respect for the God-given privilege of earning my sweat by the bread of my brow. I am ready, nay, anxious to work. Give me some hay to spread, right out here in the snow. Show me where there is a stone wall to lay—behind. Anything but helping in the most distant way to devastate the mighty forests of this broad land, that the Almighty meant to gather moisture and induce the reviving rain to fall upon the parched earth. Why, do you know that this continent is doomed to become an arid desert if this destruction goes on? It's a fact, and I won't be a party to it. No forests, no rain: everything dry—dry as I am. I decline the responsibility for it. Tell me where I can find some hay to spread, I say—or some oats to cradle, and I'll take off my overcoat and go and hire you a boy to do it; but no wood-sawing for me, if you please!"

Greek Wit and Wisdom.

John Randolph stole one of his best witticisms from Aristippus, the cynic and pupil of Socrates.

When a pedantic singer was boasting of his voice, Aristippus said:

"It takes no brain to have a good voice."

"How is that?" asked the singer.

"Why, a tin-horn with an idiot behind it can produce better music than any singer in Greece!"

This made the singer mad, and he twitted Aristippus with having no children.

"The Gods will not permit any more such cynics to be born, while I have many children," said the singer.

"Yes, you ignoramus," said Aristippus, "you boast of a quality of which all slaves are your equal and every jackass your superior!"—*Translated from the Greek by Eli Perkins.*

Don't Praise Your Horse Too Soon.

"Mr. Johnson, that is a fine horse you have there; what is he worth?"

"Three hundred and fifty dollars."

"No, not so much as that?"

"Yes, every cent of it, and another fifty on top of it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'll swear to it."

"All right."

"What are you so darned inquisitive for?"

"Merely for assessing purposes. I am the assessor for this ward, and only wanted to know what you rated your nag at."

"Oh, I see what you're driving at. Well, for the purpose of sale, he's worth every cent of it, but for taxation he's not worth more'n twenty-five dollars."

A Frenchman's Surprise.

Eli Perkins.

The Geyser Spring, in Saratoga, is still spouting. The water bursts from the bowels of the earth through solid rock eighty feet from the surface, and then flies twenty feet into the air.

A Frenchman—Baron St. Albe, from the "States" Hotel—went over to see the spring spout yesterday. As the volume

of water burst into the air he dropped his umbrella on the arm of a young lady, and, raising both hands in the air, is said to have exclaimed :

“Eh ! dis is ze grand spectakle ! Suparbe ! Magnifique ! By gar, he bust up fust rate !”

Dense Population.

“Where is your house ?” asked a traveler in the depth of one of the old “solemn wildernesses” of the Great West.

“*House!* I ain’t got no house.”

“Well, where do you live ?”

“I live in the woods—sleep on the Great Government Purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi !”

And he added :

“It is getting too thick with folks about here. You’re the second man I have seen within the last month ; and I hear there’s a whole *family* come in about fifty miles down the river. I’m going to put out into ‘the woods’ again !”

Very Closely Related.

“Well, Sam, I’ll tell you how it is. You see, I married a widow, and this widow had a daughter. Then my father, being a widower, married our daughter, so you see my father is my own son-in-law.”

“Yes, I see.”

“Then again my step-daughter is my step-mother, ain’t she ? Well, then, her mother is my grandmother, ain’t she ? I am married to her, ain’t I ? So that makes me my own grandfather, doesn’t it ?”

Pigeon English (Chinese Dialect).

Eli Perkins.

Mrs. Van Auken, of Fifth avenue, recently employed a Chinese cook — Ah Sin Foo. When the smiling Chinaman came to take his place, Mrs. Van Auken asked him his name.

“What is your name, John?” commenced the lady.

“Oh, my namee Ah Sin Foo.”

“But I can’t remember all that lingo, my man. I’ll call you Jimmy.”

“Velly wellee. Now, wha chee namee I callee you?” asked Ah Sin, looking up in sweet simplicity.

“Well, my name is Mrs. Van Auken ; call me that.”

“Oh, me canno ’member Misse Vanne Auken. Too big piecee namee. I callee you Tommy — Misse Tommy.”

Cause and Effect.

In 1876 all the newspapers were full of a kind of paragraphs where the cause and effect were very far apart. For instance :

Nancy Jones, a beautiful young lady of Log City, lighted a fire with kerosene last Saturday. Her funeral sermon will be preached this afternoon. No flowers.

* *
*

Again :

Bill Jones asked a stranger if he was the same man who had been in jail at Cherryville for stealing chickens, but when he picked himself up and found his teeth scattered around on the sidewalk, he wished the interrogation point had never been invented.

* *
*

“We are informed that the gentleman who stood on his head under a pile-driver for the purpose of having a tight pair of butes druv on, found himself the next day in Chiny, perfectly naked, and without a cent in his pockets.”

Again :

A man in Log City insisted, against his wife's wishes, in smoking on a load of hay — coming home shortly afterwards without any whiskers or eyebrows, and the iron-work of his wagon in a gunny bag.

* *
*

A woman put her tongue to a flat-iron to see if it was hot. That household has been remarkably quiet since.

* *
*

"If George had not blowed into the muzzle of his gun," sighed a widow at the funeral of her husband, "he might have got plenty of squirrels, it was such a good day for them." "He handled his gun carelessly and put on his angel plumage."

* *
*

Jim Stewart mistook the head-lights of an engine for a fire-bug. He subsequently joined the temperance society.

Conservative Answers.

Eli Perkins.

"I don't know what you think, Charley," said a very conservative man to his friend, "but I think when one fellow borrows another fellow's horse and buggy, and cuts the buggy up for kindling wood and don't return the horse, why I think it's *bad taste!*"

This was not quite so severe as the opinion of a Western judge who was asked about a mean man who was caught passing counterfeit money at a donation party:

"Why," said the judge, "the Pythagorians held that the very moment one person dies another is born, and that the soul of the one that dies goes into the soul of the one that's born. Now, I've been calculating up and I find that when Charley Gardner, who passed that counterfeit bill on the minister, when he was born I found out nobody died."

Origin of Names.

A young Oil Citizen calls his sweetheart Revenge, because she is sweet.—*Oil City Derrick*.

And the young married man in South Hill calls his mother-in-law Delay, because she is dangerous.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

And a South End man calls his wife Fact, because she is a stubborn thing.—*Boston Globe*.

And a fourth wife of a district attorney calls him Necessity, because he knows no law.—*New Orleans Times*.

And a Cincinnati man names his coachman Procrastination, because he stole his watch.—*Breakfast Table*.

And we called a beautiful schoolma'am that we used to go to Experience, because she was a dear teacher.—*Eli Perkins*.

And a Yonkers man names his wife Frailty, because Shakespeare says: "Frailty, thy name is woman.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Eli Perkins calls his wife Honesty, because he says it is the best policy.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Robbing an Editor.

Will Vischer.

"Listen, my children," said a venerable man, "and I will tell you a story, beautiful and true. Once upon a time there was a bad, bold robber, who had his haunt in the wilds of a mountain. At the foot of the mountain, in the valley, was a village. It was not a very large village, yet in it a newspaper was printed. The robber looked upon the editor of the newspaper as being the chief man of the village, and thought he must be very rich. So one dark night he came down from his den in the mountain and stole into the dwelling of the editor and then into the room where he slept. The editor, being a good man, slept as soundly and sweetly as a child. The robber searched all the place, but could not find the caskets of gold and diamonds he had supposed to be stored up in the room. He then put his hands in all the pockets of the clothes

of the editor, but found no money in any of them. The robber then stood for a time as in a stupor. He was like one awakened from a dream. He listened for some moments to the deep, regular breathing of the sleeping editor, and as he stood so he began to feel sad. The heart of the bold, bad man was touched. Quietly he took from his purse \$4.75, placed the money in the pantaloons pocket of the editor, and softly stole from the house. In the morning, when the editor got up and put on his pantaloons there was a jingle as of money. A look of astonishment came into the face of the editor. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out the money. When he saw this great wealth the knees of the editor smote together; he turned pale, fainted, and fell to the floor, and there lay as one who is dead."

"Did they ever catch the editor, grandfather?"

"No, my darlings, they didn't want to catch him. But when the editor came out of his faint, and his eyes again saw all the money lying about the room where it had fallen, he was sorely perplexed. At last he felt sure it had been quietly placed in his pocket in the night by a great and rich neighbor, who owned a tanyard and was running for the legislature. So for days and days he printed in his paper whole columns of praise of the rich neighbor, who was elected to the office, and ever after the two men were the greatest friends. Thus, my dears, do good actions always meet with their reward."

How Alligators Eat.

Ed Perkins.

An alligator's throat is an animated sewer. Everything which lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and, instead of hunting for something to eat, he lets his victims hunt for him. That is, he lays with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the 'possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats and a colony of musquitoes. The alligator don't close his mouth yet. He is

waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats light on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then, all at once, there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator slyly blinks one eye, gulps down the whole menagerie and opens his great front door again for more visitors.

Jenney June Says

George Peck.

"Gathered waists are very much worn this winter."

If the men would gather the waists carefully and not squeeze so like blazes, they would not be worn so much. Some men go to work gathering a waist just as they would go to work washing sheep, or raking and binding. They ought to gather as though it was eggs done up in a funnel-shaped brown paper at a grocery.

Pomposity Squelched.

"Is the cashier in?" asked a pompous peddler as he entered a bank.

"No, sir," was the reply of the teller.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well; I will wait."

The pen peddler took a chair and sat composedly for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and, seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.

"Oh, you may stay if you wish," said the teller very blandly. "We have no objection to you sitting here in the day-time, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

Eli Perkins' New Year's Calls.

FIFTH HEAVENUE HOTEL, 1 A. M., Jan. 2.

I don't feel like writing to-day : my head aches. I made New Year's calls yesterday—made 125 calls. I finished them about twelve o'clock—an hour ago.

I had my call-list written off, and commenced at Sixtieth street and came down. My idea was to make 125 calls of five minutes each. This would take 625 minutes, or ten hours. I think I did it. I worked hard. I was an intermittent perpetual motion. I did all anybody *could* do. If any fellow says he made 126 calls, he—well, he is guilty of a li-bel. I tried it. I made my 125th call with my eyes closed, and at my 126th I swooned on the hall stairs. Nature was exhausted. Oh, but wasn't it fun ! It is nothing to make calls after you have been at it a spell. The last twenty calls were made with one eye closed. I was actually taking a mental nap all the time. My tongue talked right straight ahead, from force of habit. Talking came as easy as ordinary respiration. All I had to do was to open my mouth and the same words tumbled out :

"Hap—new year, Mis-Smite !"

"Ah ! Mr. Perkins, I'm delighted —"

"May you have man'hap' returns — by-by !"

"But arn't you going to take a drink to—"

"Thank — spleasur (hic) ; may you live (hic) thousand years!"

"By-by" (sliding into the hall and down the front steps).

I started at noon. Made first call on young lady.

She said: "You have many calls to make. Won't you fortify yourself with a little sherry?"

I said I (hic) would, and drank small glass.

Called next on married lady on Fifth Heavenue.

She said: "Let's drink to William—you know Will is off making calls on the girls."

"All right, Mrs. Mason;" then we drank some nice old Port to absent William.

On Forty-ninth street met a sainted Virginia mother, who had some real old Virginia egg-nogg.

Very nice Southern egg-nogg. Abused the Yankees, and drank two glasses with Virginia mother.

On Forty-sixth street met a lady who had some nice California wine. Tried it. Then went across the street with Democratic friend to say New Year's and get some of old Skinner's 1836 brandy. Got it. Mrs. Skinner wanted us to drink to Skinner. Drank to Skinner and ate lobster salad.

Met a friend, who said:

"Let's run in and (hic) see Coe, the temperance man."

Coe said: "Temperance is wise these times."

"Fac'," sez I. "Les drink to him."

Drank twice to temp'rance. Drank to Mrs. Temperance. Drank to children.

Drove round to Miss Thompson's on Fifth Heavenue Thompson's famous for rum punch. Tried two glasses with Miss Thompson. Very happy. House looked lovely. Ate brandy peaches. Good many lights. Pretty girls quite num'rous. Drank their health. Drank claret. Then drank Roman punch. Went out, leaving a Dunlap hat for a Knox, and a twelve-dollar umbrella in the hat-rack.

Happy thought! Took Charley Brown in the carriage with driver, and got on outside with myself.

Charley said, "Let's drop in on the Madison Heavenuue Masons." "All right." Dropped in. Miss Mason says: "Have some nice old Madeira?"

"Yes, Miss Mason, will have some, my dearie." Drank to Mrs. Mason, and ate boned turkey to young ladies. Young ladies dressed beautifully—wore court train and shoes *a la Pompadour*. Left overcoat and umbrella, and changed high hat for fur cap. Saw a span of horses in a carriage drawn by Charley King. Charley was tightuually slight. Said he'd been in to Lee's, eating boned sherry and drinking pale turkey.

Now, all called on the Lambs, on Thirty-fourth Heavenuue. Old Lamb was 'round. Drank brandy peaches here, and ate more pony brandy. Young ladies beau'ful—high-heeled dress and shoes *decollette*. Great many of them. Nice Roman punch with monogram on it. Presented large bouquet in corner to Mrs. Lamb. Exchanged hat for card-basket, and slid down front banisters.

Called on Vanderbilt. Hang (hic) Van-Vanderbilt! Vanderbilt didn't rec'e'v calls. Carried off card-basket and hung Charley's hat on bell-knob. Used Vanderbilt's cards to make other calls with. Kept calling. Called steady. Called between calls. Drank more. Drank everywhere. Young ladies more beautiful. Wanted us to come back to the party in the evening. Came back. Grand party. Gilmore furnished by music. Drank more lobster salad. Drank half a glass of silk dress, and poured rest on skirt of Miss Smith's champagne in corner. Slumped plate gas-light green silk down on to nice ice-cream. Dresses wore white tarletan young ladies cut swallow-tail. Sat on young lady's hand and held stairs. Very (hic) happy. Fellows had been drinkin'.

11 p. m. Left party. Carriage outside wanted me to get into Fred Young and prom'nade over to the Stewarts. Roman punch had been drinking Fred. He invited eight other horses

to get into the fellows and ride around to Stewart's. Stewart tight and house closed up. Left pocket-book in card-basket outside, and hung watch and chain on bell-knob.

Called on the Fergusons. All up. Had old Burgundy. Ferguson's a brick. Took sherry. Beau'ful young lady dressed in blue Roman punch. Opened bottle of white *gros grain* trimmed with Westchester county lace. Drank it up. Fellows getting more tete-uly slight. Drank *Pompadour rum* with young lady dressed *a la Jamaica*. Hadn't strength to refuse. Drank hap' New Year fifteen times—then got into Fifth Heavenuue Hotel, and told the driver to drive 'round to the carriage. Came up to letter, and wrote this room for the *Daily Com(hic)vertiser*. Pulled coat off with the boot-jack, and stood self up by the register to dry. Then wrote (hic)—wrote more (hic).

U—LI PIRK(hic)INS

Bill de Fire. (French Dialect.)

Ferrin, the landlord of the Westminster Hotel, in New York, is not often nonplused, but last August a dapper little Frenchman staggered him for a moment. Walking up to the office, he accosted Ferrin with :

"If you please, monsieur, you shall send bill de fire in my room."

"A what?" said Ferrin, looking at the thermometer, which indicated ninety-two degrees.

"I wish ze bill de fire in my apartment," replied the Frenchman.

"All right, sir," said Ferrin, with that outward imperturbability with which the true hotel-keeper receives an order for anything, even if it be gold-dust pudding with diamond plums. "John! fire in 10,001."

"Yes, sur-r-r," said John, and by the time the Frenchman had arrived at his room, John, with perspiration pouring off

of him, had the grate filled and a blaze roaring up the chimney like mad.

“Vat ze diable you do?” said the astonished foreigner.

“Built a fire as ye ordered,” replied the other exile.

“Fire!” said the Frenchman, “I shall roast myself wiz ze heat!” and rushing down stairs he appeared at the office with inflamed face and moistened shirt-collar, exclaiming: “I ask you not for ze fire. What! think I wish to make myself more hot, eh? I call for bill de fire—ze bill, ze cart, so I can eat myself wiz my dinair.”

“Bill of fare? Oh, yes, sir,” said Ferrin. “I beg your pardon.

And he politely passed out the programme for the day, but deputed a Frenchman of the restaurant to answer any further orders from the subject of Napoleon.

Fooling A Chinaman.

A plump little Celestial, his almond eyes twinkling with delight and an extraordinary grin lighting up his yellow countenance, dropped in to witness the lottery drawing the other day.

He watched the blindfolded boys draw the numbers from the wheel with apparent interest, and bore the jokes of the crowd around with evident good-nature.

“Say, John, you washee that man’s shirtee?” asked one of the crowd, pointing to one of the benevolent-looking commissioners.

“I washee heapee plenty shirtee, if I wincee plize,” replied the bland Mongolian.

“Have you got a ticket, John?” inquired the man in the crowd.

“Well, me flinkee me habee,” replied the Chinaman, drawing one from his pocket. “Tlickee win?” he inquired.

The man in the crowd looked at the number, and scanning his list, found that it had come in for a \$500 prize.

"Well, John," replied the man in the crowd, very innocently; "I think you've lost."

"Chinee man lose allee time," said the subject of the Flowery Empire; "gottee no luckee, gless tlow tlickee away."

"You needn't do that, John," said the man, with a patronizing air. "I'll give you a dime for it."

"Dlime too lilliee. Glimme a dollar," said the Celestial.

"A dollar's too much for a ticket that can't win. We'll split the difference and call it half a dollar, eh?" said John's kind informant.

"Chinee man glottee no luckee; Melican man takee allee mlonee. Takee the tlickee and glimme flo' bittee;" and John passed over his ticket in exchange for the money.

When the Mongolian's grinning features had disappeared the man chuckled and remarked that he had "got her this time."

"Let's see the ticket," said one of his friends.

The man who had made the lucky investment handed the ticket over, when his friend exclaimed:

"Why, George, it was drawn just last June!"

"Is that so?" asked the man, dumbfounded, the revelation that he had been duped dawning upon him. "Where is that lying rascal of a heathen Chinee who put up this job on me?"

Rubenstein's Piano-Playing.

Jud. Brownin.

"Jud., they say you heard Rubenstein play when you were in New York."

"I did in the cool."

"Well, tell us about it."

"What! me? I might's well tell you about the creation of the world."

"Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, cattycorneredest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard-table on three legs. The lid was heisted, and mighty

well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd a tore the intire insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well, did he?"

"You bet he did; but don't interrup' me. When he first set down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leedle'd a little on the 'trible, and twoodle-oodle-oodle'd some on the base—jest foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, s' I, 'What sort of fool playin' is that?' And he says, 'Heish!' But presently his hands commenced chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"'Now,' I says to my neighbor, 'he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee — no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me up a tune of some kind or other I'd—'

"But my neighbor says, '*Heish!*' very impatient.

"I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and calling sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and I see that Rubenstein was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I set down agin. The music began to make pictures for me faster than you could shake a stick; to tell tales like the story-books, and to start all sorts of feelin's—it just toted me like I was a child wherever it pleased, and showed me all kind of things that is and things that isn't and couldn't never be. It was the peep o' day. The light come faint from the east, the breeze glowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People begun to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms; a leetle more and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad

day. The sun fairly blazed ; the birds sang like they'd split their little throats ; all the leaves was movin' and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

'And I says to my neighbor, 'That's music, that is.'

'But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

'Presently the wind turned ; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist come over things ; I got low-sperited d'rectly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground ; some flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing ; it was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing, though, was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, and lead it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was — *I* never was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands, and went over the wall, and between the black sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could a cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with guitars did. Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind



"Go it, my Rube!" (See page 101.)

moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and thar and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing; and yet I didn't want that music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway. I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivelin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me, mad as Tucker.

"Then, all of a sudden, old Ruben changed his tune. He ripped and he rar'd, he tipped and tar'd, he pranced and he charged, like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright; and I hilt up my head ready to look any man in the face, and not afeared of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he give 'em no rest day nor night; he set every livin' jint in me a-goin'; and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt spang onto my seat, and just hollered:

"Go it, my Rube!"

"Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me and shouted, 'Put him out! put him out!'

"'Put your great-grandmother's grizzly-gray-greenish cat into the middle of next month!' I says. 'Tech me if you dar! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me!'

"With that some several p'licemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

"He had changed his tune agin. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from eend to eend of the key-board. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the church-bells over the hills. The candles in heaven was lit. One by one I saw the

stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, much less told about, and begun to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetenin' sweetness with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Ruben he kinder bowed like he wanted to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrupt me.'

"He stopt a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his har, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat-tails a little further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks till she fairly yelled. He knockt her down and he stompt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter-stretch down the low-grounds of the base, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left, till he got away out of the tribble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambrie needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard-two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he crost over first lady, he balanced to pards, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and thar, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double and twisted and tied and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-seven thousand double bowknots. By jings! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't

let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing, he fetcht up his left wing, he fetcht up his centre, he fetcht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege-guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-size guns, round shot, shells, shrapncls, grape, canisters, mortars, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trimbled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt; heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, nine-pences, glory, ten-penny nails, my Mary Ann, hallelujah, sweet Cæsar in a 'simmon-tree, Jeroosal'm, Tump Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle-uddle—raddle-addle-addle-addle-addle—riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reetle-eetle-eetle-eetle-eetle-eetle—p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! per lang! per plang! p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! BANG!

"With that *bang*! he lifted hisself bodily into the ar, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single, solitary key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted, and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers and I know'd no mo'.

"When I come to I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was a-breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I didn't know my name. The man asked me the number of my room and I told him, '*Hot music on the half shell for two!*' I pintedly did."—*Moses Adams*.

A Live Commercial Traveler

Sheriff Wiggins, of Dallas, Texas, made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish commercial trav-

elers who traveled in Texas without a license ; but one morning he met his match — a genuine Yankee drummer.

“What have you got to sell ? Anything ?” asked the sheriff, as he met the Connecticut man on the streets.

“Oh, yes ; I’m selling medicine — patent medicine. Selling Radway’s Ready Relief, and it’s the best thing in the world. You ought to try a bottle. It will cure your ager, cure rheumatism — cure everything.”

“And you will sell me a case ?”

“Sartenly, sir ; glad to.”

Then the sheriff bought a case.

“Anything more ?” asked the drummer.

“Yes, sir ; I want to see your license for selling goods in Texas. That is my duty as the high sheriff of Dallas county.”

The drummer showed him a document, fixed up good and strong, in black and white. The sheriff looked at it, and pronounced it “all right.” Then turning to the commercial traveler, he said :

“I don’t know, now that I’ve *bought* this stuff, that I shall ever want it. I reckon that I may as well *sell* it to you again. What will you give for it ?”

“Oh, I don’t know that the darned stuff is any use to *me* ; but seeing its *you*, sheriff, I’ll give you a dollar for the lot ef you raly *don’t* want it.”

The sheriff delivered back the medicine at four dollars discount from his own purchase, and received his change.

“Now,” said the drummer, “I’ve got a question or tew to ask *you*. Hev *you* got a drummer’s license about your trousers anywhere ?”

“No ; I haven’t any use for the article *myself*,” replied the sheriff.

“Hain’t, eh ? Wal, I guess we’ll see about that pretty darned soon. Ef I understand the law, it’s a clean case that you’ve been tradin’ with me, and hawkin’ and peddlin’ Rad-

way's Ready Reliet on the highway, and I shall inform on you — darn'd ef I *don't*, neow !”

When the Yankee reached the court-house he made his complaint, and the sheriff was fined eight dollars for selling without a license.

The sheriff was heard afterward to say that “you might as well try to hold a greased eel as a live Yankee.”

Hotel Wit.

Potter Palmer, hearing of the whereabouts of a guest who had decamped from the Palmer House without going through the formality of paying his bill, sent him a note :

“Mr. —, Dear Sir : Will you send amount of your bill, and oblige,” etc.

To which the delinquent replied :

“The amount is \$8.62½. Yours respectfully.”

* *

The following conversation took place recently in a hotel :

“Waiter !”

“Yes, sir.”

“What's this ?”

“It's bean soup, sir.”

“No matter what it has been, the question is, what is it now ?”

* *

When a man without cash or credit attempts to leave a hotel, and lowers his valise out of a back window by means of a rope, it makes charity seem cold to hear the voice of the landlord below, yelling up :

“All right, I've got the valise ; let go the rope.”

* *

A waiter at Saratoga handed an Arizona man a bill of fare.

“Oh, take that paper away, sir !” he said, “I didn't come here to read. I want to eat.”

"But it's the bill of fare, sir!"

"The what?"

"The bill of fare!"

"Oh, well; how much is it?" putting his hands in his pockets.

A Meat-eoric Shower.

The baby rolls upon the floor,
Kicks up his tiny feet,
And pokes his toes into his mouth—
Thus making both ends meet.

The dog, attached to a tin pail,
Goes howling down the street,
And, as he madly bites his tail,
He maketh both ends meet.

The butcher slays the pensive pig,
Cuts off his ears and feet,
And grinds them into a sausage big—
Thus making both ends meet.

The farmer coops his ducks and hens
Feeds them with corn and wheat;
The means must justify the ends,
For thus he makes them *meat*.

A Very Modest Man.

"Mr. Gordon, won't you step into the parlor for a moment? I wish to speak with you," asked a New York boarding-house keeper of a modest boarder who owed her two months' back board.

"Really, Mrs. Grimshaw, I should like to accommodate you; but what would the boarders say at seeing us alone? Think of the scandal going through the papers, madam. Oh, no! Excuse me."

Equally as modest a man was a beggar who called on Mrs. Vanderbilt and said:

"It was bit off." (See page 107.)



"Unless you give me aid, Mrs. Vanderbilt, I am afraid I shall have to resort to something which I greatly dislike to do."

Mrs. Vanderbilt handed him a dollar, and asked compassionately: "What is it, poor man, that I have saved you from?"

"Work," was the mournful answer.

Too Inquisitive.

Sam Bacon, the most inquisitive man in New Haven, was riding down the Houston road from Falls Village, when an Englishman came into the car with one leg.

"I guess you been in the army, stranger," said Sam, looking down at the leg.

"No, sir, I've never been in the army," said the Englishman.

"Fought a duel somewhere, I guess," suggested Sam.

"No, sir, never fought a duel."

"Been wrecked on the cars, perhaps?"

"No, sir ; nothing of that kind."

Sam tried various dodges, but to no effect, and at last, almost out of patience with himself, as well as with the gentleman, whose patience was very commendable, he determined on a direct inquiry as to the nature of the accident which caused the gentleman to lose his leg.

"I will tell you," replied the Englishman, "on condition that you will promise not to ask me another question."

"Very well," said Sam, "just tell me how you lost that leg, and I won't ask you another question."

"Well, sir," remarked the Englishman, "it was bit off!"

"Bit off!" cried Sam. "Wa'al, I declare ; I should jes like to know what on airth—"

"No, sir, not another question," interrupted the Englishman, "not one."

When Sam Bacon reached Bridgeport, he was taken down with a sick headache. His curiosity was too much for him, but he died without having it satisfied.

Eli Perkins on Drunkards.

The last New York *bon mot* happened on New Year's day. George W. Carleton, the publisher, the brightest wit in New York, in making his New Year's round, called on a good old mother in Israel on Madison avenue. She is a real good old pillar of the Methodist Church—Mrs. Brewster is, with white Quaker-combed hair, and nine naughty grandchildren. When I saw Freddy, the youngest, he was sailing a paper boat in the New Year's claret punch-bowl, and shooting with his bow and arrow at the things on a Christmas tree.

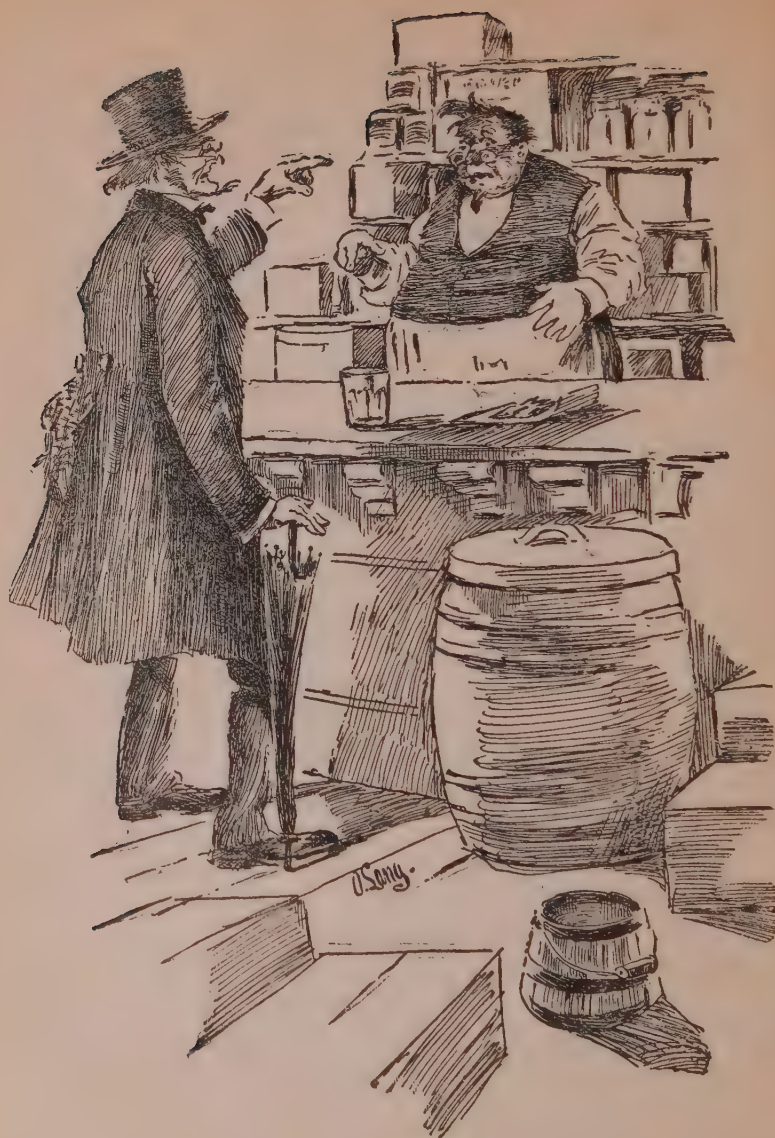
"Freddy, you mustn't be rude," said the good old grandmother, catching him by the arm.

"Ou do way," said Freddy, pulling one arm almost out of his sleeve in his effort to escape.

"Little boys must not sass their grandmothers, Freddy," said the old lady. "I never knew a boy to sass his grandmother who didn't come to some bad end."

"Fourteen years ago," continued the old lady, "I knew a little boy who sassed his grandmother up in Stamford, Conn. He got up in an apple tree and sassed her, and I knew that boy would come to some bad end. Well, I watched that boy, and what do you think? Why, last week he died, and went down to a drunkard's grave. Yes, he filled a drunkard's grave, and—"

"And the drunkard let him do it," interrupted Mr. Carleton. "And I'll bet ten dollars that that miserable drunkard is now in New York drinking wine and eating big dinners at Delmonico's every day, while this poor little boy who sassed his grandmother occupies his grave up in Stamford. It's a shame! Nobody but a mean, miserable drunkard would stand by and see an unfortunate little boy occupy his grave."



"Pay for it! Of course I didn't! Why should I? I didn't take it, did I?" (See page 109.)

A Sharp Bargain.

W. A. Croffut.

A shrewd old Windom county yankee went into a grocery store at Norwich and asked the price of herrings.

"Three cents apiece," answered the grocer.

"Ah," said Smarty, briskly, "I'll take one;" and the grocer rolled him up his herring. As he took the parcel, a new thought struck him.

"Keep beer?" he shouted, explosively.

"Yes," said the grocer, as soon as he recovered from the shock of his customer's abruptness.

"How much a glass?"

"Three cents."

"Oh, ah," said the customer, thoughtfully, and then with great rapidity: "Well, I won't take the herring—I'll take beer; herring's three cents; beer's three cents; give me the beer—there's the herring;" and he passed over the herring, drank the beer, and started to go.

"See here," interrupted the grocer, "you haven't paid for the beer."

"Paid for it; of course I haven't; I gave you the herring for it; both the same price, you said."

"Y-e-s—I know," said the grocer, who was getting confused; "but you didn't pay for the herring."

"Pay for it!" thundered Smarty; "of course I didn't. Why should I? I didn't take it, did I?"

And then the grocer said meekly: "Oh, well, I presume it's all right—only I don't—but of course you're correct—only, if you'd just as leave, I wish you'd trade somewhere else."

The customer retired, and the grocer fell into a brown study, from which he at length emerged, with the remark, "Well, that's a darned smart feller, anyhow."

How a Missouri Desperado Showed His Gratitude.

Eli Perkins.

Two years ago, the James brothers, who sacked the express car, and "went through" the passengers on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific at Gad's Hill, stole the money box at the Kansas State fair. They rode into Kansas City on horseback, and when the cashier was walking to the bank with the receipts of the day, about \$2,000, they pointed their pistols at his head, seized the box, and galloped off. This was done in broad daylight, in the midst of a great crowd.

Some time afterward, one of the Kansas City reporters wrote an article about these highwaymen, saying some kind things. He called them brave, and said they had done the most daring deed in the highwayman's record. A few nights afterward, one of the James brothers rode into Kansas City, went to the newspaper office and, calling the reporter out, presented him a handsome watch and chain. They said the article in question touched them in a tender spot, and they desired to show their gratitude.

"But I don't feel at liberty to take this watch," said the reporter.

"But do it to gratify us. We didn't steal this watch; we bought it and paid for it with our own money," continued the desperadoes.

"No; you must excuse me," continued the reporter.

"Well, then, if you can't take this watch," replied the James brothers, regretfully, "what can we do for you? Perhaps you can name some man around here you want killed!"

National Traits.

A gentleman wishing to discover the predominating trait in the character of an Irishman, an Englishman, a Frenchman, a Scotchman and a Yankee, thought he would ask the repre-

sentative from each nation the same question and note their answers.

First he met an Englishman and asked him the question:

“What will you take to stand all night in the tower of that church?”

“I should not wish to do it short of a guinea.”

The Scotchman came along, and to the same inquiry answered:

“And what would you be willing to give?”

A Frenchman was met, and, bowing very politely, said:

“I would be most happy to oblige you, but I beg to be excused at present as I am engaged.”

Jonathan promptly replied to the question:

“What will you take to do it?”

“I’ll take a dollar.”

And last of all came Patrick, and when the inquiry was put to him, he replied:

“An’ sure, I think I would take cowld.”

The California Sunday School Teacher.

Eli Perkins.

There are good men out in California, very good men, and shrewd men, too.

The other day a real good young man, who used to teach a Bible-class out in San Francisco, boarded the Union Pacific train at Ogden. He was going home to Boston as a delegate from California to the Massachusetts Sunday School Association. He was neatly and sweetly dressed, and spent most of his time reading the *Christian at Work*. After a while he got introduced to a Colonel, a Professor and a Doctor, who said they also lived in Boston, and they invited him to take a quiet game of Euchre.

During an animated religious conversation, three aces were thrown on his side of the table, after which one of the Bostonians gayly remarked, with the greatest coolness, “I wish that

we were playing poker. I don't know that I have been favored with such a hand for years." Our religious young man from San Francisco immediately saw the game of the sharpers, looked up innocently, and remarked :

"I have been favored also. I have a pretty good poker hand myself."

The three looked at each other significantly.

"They call you Professor?" asked the young man from San Francisco.

"Yes."

"And they call you Colonel?"

"Yes."

"You are from the East, I believe?"

"Yes, from Boston."

"Well, gentlemen," he continued, rising, "you had better take the next train back. We meet it just the other side of the Grand Cañon. You can't make a cent at this. They have been teaching it in the Sunday Schools in California for years."

Artemus Ward's Fort.

Every man has got a Fort. It's sum men's fort to do one thing, and sum other men's fort to do another, while there is numeris shiftliss critters goin round loose whose fort is not to do nothin.

Shakspeer rote good plase, but he wouldn't hav succeeded as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. He lackt the rekesit fancy and imagginashun.

That's so !

Old George Washington's Fort was to not hev eny public man of the present day resemble him to eny alarmin extent. Whare bowts can George's ekal be fownd ? I ask, & boldly anser no whares, or eny whare else.

My Fort is the grate moral show bizniss & ritin choice

famerly literatooor for the noospapers. That's what's the matter with *me*.

&c., &c., &c. So I mite go on to a indefinite extent.

Twict I've endeavored to do things which thay wasn't my Fort. The fust time was when I undertuk to lick a owdashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent & krawld threw. Sez I, "my jentle Sir go out or I shall fall unto you putty hevvy." Sez he, "Wade in, Old wax figgers," whareupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the head & knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroze & rung out my drencht garminits I koncluded fitin wasn't my Fort. Ile now rize the kurtin upon Seen 2nd: It is rarely seldum that I seek consolation in the Floin Bole. But in a sertin town in Injianny my orgin grinder got sick with the fever & died. I never felt so ashamed in my life, & I thowt I'd hist in a few swallers of suthin strengthin. Konsequents was I histid in so much I dident zackly know whare bowts I was. I turnd my livin wild beests of Pray loose into the streets and spilt all my wax wurks. I then bet I could play hoss. So I hitched myself to a Kanawl bote, there bein two other horses hitched on also, one behind and anuther ahead of me. The driver hollered for us to git up, and we did. But the hosses being onused to sich a arrangement begun to kick & squeal and rair up. Konsequents was I was kickt vilently in the stummick & back, and presuntly I fownd myself in the Kanawl with the other hosses, kickin & yellin like a tribe of Cusscaroorus savijis. I was rescood, & as I was bein carrid to the tavern on a hemlock Bored I sed in a feeble voise, "Boys, playin hoss isn't my Fort."

MORUL.—Never don't do nothin which isn't your Fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin round in the Kanawl, figgeratively speakin.

Modern Fables.

An elephant had been endeavoring to rive the bole of a knotted oak with his trunk, but the tree closed upon that member, detaining it and causing the hapless elephant intense pain. He shook the forest with his trumpeting, and all the beasts gathered around him. "Ah, ha, my friend," said a pert chimpanzee, "you have got your trunk checked, I see." "My children," said a temperate camel to her young, "let this awful example teach you to shun the bole." "Does it hurt you much?" said a compassionate gnu. "Ah, it does; it does; it must; I have been a mother myself." And while they were sympathizing with him, the unfortunate elephant expired in great agony.

Moral.—The moral of the above is so plain as to need no explanation. Talk is cheap.

The Hare and the Tortoise.

The hare once challenged the tortoise to a trial of speed. The hare frisked about merrily, paying little attention to his rival or jeering him for his slowness. The tortoise, however, plodded along steadily and had well nigh reached the end, when the hare observed his progress. Away darted the hare like lightning and won the race.

Moral.—The race is not always to the slow.

The Merchant of Venice.

A Venetian merchant, who was lolling in the lap of luxury, was accosted upon the Rialto by a friend who had not seen him for many months. "How is this," cried the latter, "when I last saw you, your gaberdine was out at elbows, and now you sail in your own gondola?" "True," replied the merchant, "but since then I have met with serious losses and been obliged to compound with my creditors for ten cents on the dollar."

Moral.—Composition is the life of trade.

Fable of the Viper and the File.

A viper entered a blacksmith's shop one day, and feeling rather empty, began to forage for lunch. At length, seeing a file, he went up to it and commenced biting at it. "Chaw away, old bird," said the file, "you won't make much out of me; I'm a slugger myself, I am." The viper, refusing to take warning, however, kept on his repast until he had completely swallowed the file. He had no sooner done so than he curled up his legs and died; and no wonder—he had eaten a file of the *Congressional Record*.

An Extraordinary Woman.

Angry wife (time 2 A.M.)—Is that you, Charles?

Jolly husband — Zash me!

Angry wife — Here have I been standing at the head of the stairs these two hours. Oh! Charles, how *can* you?

Jolly husband (bracing up)—Shtandin' on your head on t' shtairs! Jenny, I'm shprized! How *can* I? By Jove, I *can't*! Two hours, too! 'Stroinary woman!

The Lion and the Giraffe.

A lion who had long reigned with supreme power over the forest, one day called a convention of all the beasts and announced his intention of abdicating.

"I am growing old and feeble, and I must soon pass away," he argued. "All things considered it is better that my successor be nominated and installed while I am living to give him the benefits of my experience and advice."

There was general joy among the beasts, for the lion had lorded it after his own fashion. The elephant was squinting around, the rhinoceros was pushing his nose into the crowd,

and the giraffe was doing a heap of thinking way down his throat when the lion continued :

“After serious reflection and solemn consideration I have decided that my own son shall succeed me. The office will not only be kept in the family, but the family will be kept in office. There being no further business before the meeting we will adjourn.”

“But why the need of this convention?” protested the rhinoceros.

“Well, there wasn’t any particular need of it,” replied the lion, “but it is customary to call one in order to collect the expenses of nomination. Brother giraffe, pass the hat!”

Moral—“Attend the primaries!”

Slightly Confused.

Col. Smith was the guest of Congressman Belford in Washington, and was returning to his hotel late one night when he lost his way. While browsing about in an aimless, inane sort of a manner, he encountered a policeman.

“’Scuse me, my frien’,” said Col. Smith, “but can you tell me which izee opposite side o’ ze street?”

“Why,” explained the policeman, “it’s over there—the other side.”

“Zat’s what I thought,” said Col. Smith, “but while I was walking over there a few minutes ’go, I asked a man an’ he told me zis wazzee opp’site side!”

Eli Perkins and the Quaker.

I lectured in a good old Quaker town up in Pennsylvania a few weeks ago, and after the lecture, the lecture committee came to me with my fee in his hand, and said, as he counted the roll of bills :

"Eli, my friend, does thee believe in the maxims of Benjamin Franklin?"

"Yea," I said.

"Well, friend Eli, Benjamin Franklin, in his Poor Richard maxims, says that 'Time is money.'"

"Yea, verily, I have read it," I said.

"Well, Eli, if 'time is money,' as thy friend, Poor Richard, says, and thee believe so, then verily I will keep the money and let thee take it out in time."

Eli Perkins' Happy Thoughts.

I saw a man pulling his arms off trying to get on a new pair of boots, so I said :

Happy Thought—They are too small, and you will never be able to get them on until you have worn them a spell.

I heard an officer in the Seventh Regiment scolding a private for coming too late to drill, so I said :

Happy Thought—Somebody's must always come last ; this fellow ought to be praised, for, if he had come earlier, he would have shirked this scolding off upon somebody else !

I saw an old maid at the Fifth Avenue with her face covered with wrinkles, turning sadly away from the mirror, as she said :

Happy Thought—Mirrors, nowadays, are very faulty. They don't make such nice mirrors as they used to when I was young.

I heard a young lady from Brooklyn praising the sun, so I said :

Happy Thought—The sun may be very good, but the moon is a good deal better, for she gives us light in the night, when we need it, while the sun only shines in the daytime, when it is light enough without it.

I saw two men shoot an eagle, and as it dropped on the ground, I said :

Happy Thought—You might have saved your powder, for the fall alone would have killed him.

Two Mississippi River darkies saw, for the first time, a train of cars. They were in a quandary to know what kind of a monster it was, so one said :

Happy Thought—It is a dried-up steamboat getting back into the river.

A poor, sick man, with a mustard plaster on him, said :

Happy Thought—If I should eat a loaf of bread, I'd be a live sandwich !

As a man was burying his wife, he said to his friend in the graveyard : Alas ! you feel happier than I. Yes, neighbor, said the friend :

Happy Thought—I ought to feel happier : I have two wives buried there !

A man out West turned state's evidence and swore he was a member of a gang of thieves. By and by they found the roll of actual members, and accused the man of swearing falsely.

"I was a member," said the man, "I—

Happy Thought— "I was an honorary member !"

Griswold on the Buzz-Saw.

Uncle George had a controversy with a buzz-saw the other morning. It seems that my uncle got the worst of the argument. He was resting.

"Uncle George," said I, "I hear you were buzz-sawed this morning?"

"I was ! I was buzz-sawed, sure !" said Uncle George, holding up a bunch of white rags at the end of his arm.

"Did it hurt you much?" I continued, sitting down on the bed.

"Two fingers and a thumb."

"You have got them tied up?"

"No ; I have got the place where they were tied up."

"Then they are off?"

"Yes, a good ways off."

"How did it happen?"

"I pushed my hand against the saw while running a narrow strip through."

"Did you keep it there very long?"

"No."

"Did you take it right away?"

"Yes."

"Did you take it all away?"

"All but two fingers and a thumb."

"What did you do with them?"

"I left them on the other side of the saw."

"Did you say anything at the time?"

"I did; but it won't do to publish."

"Do you think the buzz-saw was to blame?"

"Chiefly."

"How did it feel?"

"A good deal like shaking hands with a streak of lightning."

"Did the buzz-saw say anything?"

"It said 'Zip!' and then buzzed on."

"Do you think you would put your hand there if you had it to do over?"

"Hardly."

"Don't you think it would be a good thing if a buzz-saw could be invented that would saw without moving?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Do you know anything more about a buzz-saw than anybody else does?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Don't you ever get within a mile of a buzz-saw when it is in motion?"

"Why?"

“Your curiosity might get the better of your judgment, and you would be tempted to experiment until your fingers were all left where mine are. Good afternoon.”

Smart Sayings.

“My friend,” said Douglass Jerold, “have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?”

“Oh, yes, I have the confidence,” said his friend, “but I haven’t got the guinea.”

* *

Sheridan — scholar, wit and spendthrift — being dunned by a tailor to pay at least the interest on his bill, answered that it was not his interest to pay the principal, nor his principle to pay the interest. The tailor thoughtfully retired.

* *

An old rail-splitter in Indiana put the quietus upon a fellow who chafed him upon his bald head, in these words: “Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell.”

* *

“Sit down!” said a nervous old gentleman to his son, who was making too much noise.

“I won’t do it,” was the impudent answer.

“Well, then, stand up. I will be obeyed!”

* *

“How much do you charge for weighing hogs?” asked a gentleman of one of our “weighmasters.”

“Oh, just get on; I’ll weigh you for nothing,” was the bland reply.

* *

An old farmer said to his sons: “Boys, don’t you ever spekerlate or wait for somethin’ to turn up. You might jest as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder

with a pail 'twixt your legs and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

* *
*

"Now, John, suppose there's a load of hay on one side of the river and a jackass on the other side, and no bridge, and the river is too wide to swim, how can the jackass get to the hay?"

"I give it up."

"Well, that's just what the other jackass did."

Mark Antony's Oration Over Cæsar.

R. W. Criswell

[The Text from which Shakespeare wrote his Version.]

Friends, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears;
I will return them next Saturday. I come
To bury Cæsar, because the times are hard
And his folks can't afford to hire an undertaker.
The evil that men do lives after them,
In the shape of progeny that reap the
Benefit of their life insurance.
So let it be with the deceased.
Brutus had told you Cæsar was ambitious:
What does Brutus know about it?
It is none of his funeral. Would that it were!
Here, under leave of you, I come to
Make a speech at Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
He loaned me five dollars once when I was in a pinch
And signed my petition for a postoffice.
But Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus should wipe off his chin.
Cæsar hath brought many captives to Rome
Who broke rock on the streets until their ransoms
Did the general coffers fill.
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar wept,
Because it didn't cost anything, and
Made him solid with the masses. [Cheers.]
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is a liar and I can prove it.
You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown
 Which thrice he did refuse, because it did not fit him quite,
 Was this ambitious? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
 Brutus is not only the biggest liar in the country
 But he is a horse-thief of the deepest dye. [Applause.]
 If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. [Laughter.]
 You all do know this ulster.
 I remember the first time ever Cæsar put it on,
 It was on a summer's evening in his tent,
 With the thermometer registering ninety degrees in the shade;
 But it was an ulster to be proud of.
 And cost him seven dollars at Marcus Swartzmeyer's.
 Corner of Fulton and Ferry streets, sign of the red flag.
 Old Swartz wanted forty dollars for it.
 But finally came down to seven dollars because it was Cæsar!
 Was this ambition? If Brutus says it was
 He is even a greater liar than Mrs. Tilton!
 Look! in this place ran Cassius's dagger through:
 Through this the son of a gun of Brutus stabbed,
 And when he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark Anthony how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
 [Cheers and cries of "Give us something on the Silver
 bill!" "Hit him again!" &c.]
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts,
 I am no thief as Brutus is,
 Brutus has a monopoly in all that business,
 And if he had his deserts, he would be
 In the penitentiary, and don't you forget it!
 Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish to stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 And as it looks like rain,
 The pall bearers will proceed to place the coffin in the hearse,
 And we will proceed to bury Cæsar,
 Not to praise him.

He Proved it.

Major Ben Russell, being met one day by his old friend Busby, he was familiarly saluted with a hearty shake of the hand, and "How do you do, old Ben Russell?"

"Come, now," said Major Ben, "I'll not take that from you—not a bit of it; you are as old as I am this minute."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Busby, "you are my senior by at least ten years."

"Not at all, friend Busby, and, if you please, we will determine that question very soon — just tell me what is the first thing you can recollect?"

"Well, the *very first* thing I recollect," said Mr. Busby, "was hearing people say: 'There goes old Ben Russell!'"

"Annie, is it proper to say this 'ere, that 'are?"

"Why, Kate, of course not."

"Well, I don't know whether it is proper or not, but I feel cold in this ear from that air."

Eli Perkins' Sayings.

Levity is the soul of wit.

* *
*

A "boor" is a man who talks so much about himself that you don't get a chance to talk about yourself.

* *
*

Never blow a man's brains out to get his money, young man, but just shy around and blow his money out and get his brains.

* *
*

What will eventually become of the thoroughly wicked and depraved? is a question often asked. They will probably all practice law a little while, and eventually all go to the Legislature.

* *
*

Aristocratic relations have nothing to do with a man's real character. Cain belonged to one of the first families in the Holy Land, but when he got mad he was such a bad man that he killed half the young men in Asia.

* *
*

If you get the best of whiskey, whiskey will get the best of you.

Muzlin' makes a dog safe, while it makes a young lady dangerous — still, in hot weather they both want muslin.

* *

They say "love is blind," but I know a lover in Jersey City who can see a good deal more beauty in his sweetheart than I can.

* *

Ladies, skip this paragraph ! It is really unfit for publication. It got into my letters by mistake, and I ask the printer to destroy it or set it up wrong side up :

If there's anything worries a woman
It's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she'll find it out anyhow
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now, we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,
This poem she's already read —
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.

* *

A shoemaker was arrested for bigamy and brought before the magistrate.

"Which wife," asked a bystander, "will he be obliged to take?"

Smith, always ready at a joke, replied, "He is a cobbler, and of course must stick to his last."

Artemas Ward on Paying Debts.

A gentlemanly friend of mine, writes Artemas Ward, came one day with tears in his eyes.

I said "Why those weeps?"

He said he had a mortgage on his farm and wanted to borrow two hundred dollars.

I lent him the money, and he went away

Some time after, he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of

the two hundred dollars he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him, so told him I would throw off one hundred dollars. He brightened up, shook my hand, and said :

“Old friend, I won’t allow you to outdo me in liberality ; I’ll throw off the other hundred.”

And thus he discharged the debt.

Animate and Inanimate Nature.

“Can a thing which has no life move ?” asked Joseph Cook of Eli Perkins.

“Of course they can,” replied Eli. “Why last year I saw a watch spring, a rope walk, a horse fly, a match box, a peanut stand, a mill dam, an oyster fry, and a cat fish ; and this year,” continued Eli, “I expect to see a peach blow, a gin rling, a brandy smash, and—”

“Anything more, Mr. Perkins ?”

“Why, yes, I expect to see a stone fence, a cane brake, and a bank run.”

“Did you ever see a shoe shop, a gum boil, or hear a codfish bawl ?” asked Mr. Cook.

“No, but I’ve seen a plank walk, a horse whip, and a tree toad, and I would not be surprised some day to see the great Atlantic coast, the Pacific slope, a tree box, and—”

As Mr. Cook left, Eli told him that he had often seen a very mysterious thing—that he had seen a uniform smile.

“Why, I’ve often seen a sword fish,” said Mr. Cook. “I’ve seen hog skin boots too, and once I saw some alligator’s hide shoes. Yes,” he continued, “Mr. Perkins, I have even heard the bark of a tree—actually seen the tree bark, seen it holler and commence to leave. The tree held on to its trunk, which they were trying to seize for board.”

A farmer asked Griswold, the "Fat Contributor," to give his opinion about late plowing :

"Plowing," replied Griswold, "should not be continued later than ten or eleven o'clock at night. It gets the horses into the habit of staying out late, and unduly exposes the plow."

Another subscriber asked "Gris," "how long cows should be milked." Gris replied :

"The same as short cows."

Prudery Rebuked.

Genl. Sherman was once traveling in the vicinity of Lake George in company with several ladies, when one of them, more remarkable for prudery than good taste, took occasion to call forth the polished satire of the wit, after this fashion :

"Dear me, General, that's very shocking!"

"What, madam?"

"Why, there! down on the lake; those boys—bathing."

Gen. Sherman looked—and saw some half dozen little urchins gamboling in nudity and unconcealed delight, along the sparkling sands; and thus rebuked his less modest companion :

"Boys? Those are girls, madam, are they not?"

"Why, General, no! I assure you they are boys!"

"Are—they? Ah! Well, ex—cuse me, madam, at this distance I don't know the difference!"

Mrs. Partington.

"Are you the judge of reprobates?" said Mrs. Partington, as she walked into an office of a judge of probate.

"I am a judge of probate," was the reply.

"Well, that's as I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see my father died detested and left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

Wilkin's Sermon.

Full many a man, who now doth beat the printer
 Will waste his voice upon the heated air,
 And vainly sigh for cooling breeze of winter,
 When he is punished for his sins down there



Had to Take an Interest.

Two "commercial tourists" of the pine-board persuasion met in the Union depot the other day. "Helloo, Charley," says No. 1, "haven't seen you in an age. What are you doing now?"

"Oh, I am in the same old line," responds No. 2.

"With the same house?"

"Yes, same old concern, but situated a little differently."

"How is that?"

"Well, I've got an interest."

"Is that so. How long since?"

"Since the first of the month."

"Let me congratulate you."

"Yes, the old man told me I'd got to take an interest in the business this year, *or quit*. *So I took the interest.*"

Ancient Greek and Roman Wit.

Eli Perkins.

The Greeks and Romans had their wits and humorists as well as we of modern time. Antisthenes, born at Athens in the nineteenth Olympiad, afterwards a pupil of Socrates, was the Randolph of Greece. He was a cynic, and the Greeks say he snarled like a dog.

One day Diogenes went to Antisthenes and asked him if he would like a true friend?

"Yes," said Antisthenes, "if that friend can free me from pain."

"This friend will free you from pain," said Diogenes, handing him a dagger.

"Yes, and from life, too. I did not say that," replied Antisthenes.

Plato asked this cynic a conundrum: "What is the difference between a crow and a flatterer?"

"One," said Antisthenes, "devours the dead, while the other devours the living."

When some wicked men praised the cynic, he said: "If the wicked praise me, it must be for doing something wicked. When wicked men abuse me, I know I am doing right."

When the Athenian senate promoted a good many generals, like our political generals during the war, Antisthenes said "Why don't you politicians vote that asses are horses?"

One day an Athenian fellow was boasting of his good looks. "I am beautiful," he said.

"Yes, so is a brass statue beautiful," said the cynic, "and empty, too, like yourself."

Eli's Doubtful Compliment.

Yesterday, as the Santa Fé train neared Topeka I sat down by an old farmer from Lawrence. Corn bins lined the road, and millions of bushels of corn greeted us from the car windows. Sometimes the bins full of golden grain followed the track like a huge yellow serpent.

Looking up at the old granger, I asked him where all this corn came from. "Do you ship it from New York, sir?"

"From what?" he said.

"From New York, sir."

"What, corn from New York!"

"Yes, sir," I said. "Did you import it from New York, or did you ship it from England?"

He looked at me from head to foot, examined my coat, looked at my ears, and then exclaimed,

“Great God!”

I never heard those two words sound so like “darned fool” before.

A moment afterwards the old farmer turned his eyes pityingly upon me and asked me where I lived.

“I live in New York, sir.”

“Whar?”

“In New York, sir. I came west to lecture.”

“What, *you* lecture?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You!”

“I do.”

“You lecture! you do? Well, I’d give ten dollars to hear you lecture!”

I never knew whether this was a great compliment, or—well, or what it was.

* *

“How much is the toll?” asked two old women of an Indiana toll-gate keeper.

“Twenty cents for a man and a horse,” answered the gate keeper.

“Well, then, get out of the way; we’re two old women and a mare. Get up, Jenny!”

As the two old women went flying down the road the old man simply exclaimed:

“By Gum!”

Secretary Chase and the Noble Young Man from Ohio.

There was a noble youth from Ohio who, on being urged to take wine at the table of Chief Justice Chase in Washington, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life.

“Not take a glass of wine?” said Mr. Chase, in wonderment and surprise.

"Not one simple glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating daughter, as she arose, glass in hand, and, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him.

"No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass.

What a picture of moral grandeur. A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a famous statesman, even though proffered by a beautiful lady.

"No," said the noble young man, and his voice trembled a little and his cheek flushed. "I never drink wine, but — (here he straightened himself up and his words grew firmer) — if you've got a little good old rye whisky I don't mind trying a snifter!"

* *
*

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class.

"I have," exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant."

* *
*

Flora pointed pensively to the masses of clouds in the sky, saying:

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother remarked:

"I think they are going to thunder."

* *
*

Why will young ladies lace so tight?

My Uncle Consider says our New York young ladies lace tight so as to show economical young fellows how frugal they are—how little *waste* they can get along with. They don't lace so as to show their beaux how much squeezing they can stand, and not hurt 'em, oh, no!



"Are you the duck that runs the gospel mill next door?"

(See page 131.)

Mr. Jack Astor left Saratoga yesterday just because he wrote his name with a diamond on one of the French glass windows of the Hotel and the landlord came along and wrote under it :

“ Whene’er I see a fellow’s name
Written on the glass,
I know he owns a diamond,
And his father owns an ass.”

Ed Perkins.

Tight Money Market.

“ How is money this morning, Uncle Daniel ? ” asked Uncle Consider, as he shook hands with that good old Methodist operator on the street this morning.

“ Money’s close and Erie’s down, brother ; down—down—down ! ”

“ Is money very close, Uncle Daniel ? ”

“ Orful, Brother—orful ! ”

“ Wall, Brother Drew, ef money continues very close to-day,” said Uncle Consider, drawing himself up close to Uncle Daniel ; “ ef she gets very close—close enough so you can reach out and scoop in a few dollars for me, I wish you would do it.”

Uncle Daniel said he would.

Mark Twain's Nevada Funeral. — Scotty Briggs and the Clergyman.

Scotty Briggs choked and even shed tears ; but with an effort he mastered his voice and said in lugubrious tones to the clergyman :

“ Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door ? ”

“ Am I the — pardon me, I believe I do not understand ? ”

With another sigh, and half-sob, Scotty rejoined :

“ Why you see we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought maybe you would give us a lift, if we’d tackle you —

that is, if I've got the rights of it and you are the head clerk of the doxology-works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said :

"You ruther hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that hand. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've ruther got the bulge on me. Or maybe we've both got the bulge somehow. You don't smoke me and I don't smoke you. You see, one of the boys has passed in his checks and we want to give him a good send-off, and so the thing I'm on now is to roust out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot you simplify them in some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but I grope now. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of fact unencumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause, and more reflection. Then, said Scotty :

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You have raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of yours is too many for me — that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed Scotty

leaned his head on his hand and gave himself up to thought. Presently his face came up, sorrowful but confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can savvy," he said. "What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp. Parson."

"Oh! Why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind and straddle it like a man. Put it there!"—extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're all right, pard. Let's start fresh. Don't you mind my snuffling a little—becuz we're in a power of trouble. You see one of the boys has gone up the flume—"

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume—throwed up the sponge, you understand."

"Throwed up the sponge?"

"Yes—kicked the bucket—"

"Ah!—has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Return! I reckon not. Why pard, he's *dead*!"

"Yes, I understand."

"Oh, you do? Well I thought maybe you might be getting tangled some more. Yes, you see he's dead again—"

"*Again*? Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No! Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But you bet you he's awful dead now, poor old boy, and I wish I'd never seen this day. I don't want no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I knowed him by the back; and when I know a man and like him, I freeze to him—you hear *me*. Take him all round, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever knowed Buck Fanshaw to go

back on a friend. But it's all up, you know, it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him."

"Scooped him?"

"Yes—death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes, indeed. It's kind of a hard world, after all, *ain't* it? But pard, he was a rustler! You ought to see him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever drewed breath. Pard, he was *on* it! He was on it bigger than an Injun!"

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight, you understand. *He* didn't give a continental for *anybody*. Beg your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss-word—but you see I'm on an awful strain, in this palaver, on account of having to camp down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that I don't reckon. Now if we can get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it—that's our little game. We are going to get the thing up regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slouch—solid silver door-plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box in a biled shirt and a plug hat—how's that for high? And we'll take care of *you*, pard. We'll fix you all right. There'll be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want, you just 'scape out and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind, in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that knowed him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never

could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done more to make this town quiet and peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four Greasers in eleven minutes, myself. If a thing wanted regulating, *he* warn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catholic. Seasely. He was down on 'em. His word was, 'No Irish need apply!' But it didn't make no difference about that when it came down to what a man's rights was—and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic bone-yard and started in to stake out town lots in it he *went* for 'em! And he *cleaned* 'em, too! I was there, pard, and I seen it myself."

"That was very well, indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was strictly defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon, or acknowledge allegiance to a higher power?"

More reflection.

"I reckon you've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather had he ever been connected with any organization sequestered from secular concerns and devoted to self-sacrifice in the interests of morality?"

"All down but nine—set 'em up on the other alley, pard."

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you're most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left I hunt grass every time. Every time you draw you fill; but I don't seem to have any luck. Let's have a new deal."

"How? Begin again?"

"That's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man, and —"

"There—I see that; don't put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, says you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have

doted on that man. He was always for peace, and he would *have* peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to this town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something like that and do him justice. Here once when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodis' Sunday school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday school. Says he, "No Irish need apply!" And they didn't. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard! He could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whisky without spilling it than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard—it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it—any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why *should* he shake her?"

"That's what *I* say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute."

"Well, some that averages pretty so-so."

"In my opinion the man that would offer personal violence to his own mother ought to —"

"Cheese it, pard; you've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was a drivin' at was that he never *throwed off* on his mother—don't you see? No, indeedy! He gave her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox, I'm d—d if he didn't set up nights and nuss her himself! *Beg* your pardon for saying it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly. You've treated me like a gentleman, pard, and I ain't the man to hurt your feelings intentional. I think you're white. I think you're a square man, pard. I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse! Put it *there!*" [Another fraternal hand-shake— and exit.]

PATHOS.

From Laughter to Tears.

Pathos is the truthful description of a solemn scene. We enjoy pathos as much as we enjoy humor. Tears and laughter come from the same fount. How many times we have seen young ladies crying over a pathetic love-story. They would read and cry, read and cry. If they didn't enjoy that pathos they would throw the book away. The book may not have cost ten cents, but they were trying to get a dollar's worth of cry out of it.

Pathos and humor are twin sisters. They are both true to nature.

A Beautiful Death.

Eli Perkins.

"Doctor, is I got to go?"

"Aunt 'Liza, there is no hope for you."

"Bress the Great Master for his goodness. Ise ready."

The doctor gave a few directions to the colored women that sat around 'Liza's bed, and started to leave, when he was recalled by the old woman, who was drifting out with the tide:

"Marse John, stay wid me till it's ober. I wants to talk ob de old times. I knowed you when a boy, long 'fore you went and been a doctor. I called you Marse John den; I call you de same now. Take yo' ole mammy's hand, honey, and hold it. Ise lived a long, long time. Ole marster and ole missus hab gone before, and de chillun from de ole place is scattered ober de world. I'd like to see 'em 'fore I starts on de journey tonight. My ole man's gone, and all de chillun I nussed at dis breast has gone too. Dey's waitin' for dere mudder on de

golden shore. I bress de Lord, Marse John, for takin' me to meet 'em dar. Ise fought the good fight, and Ise not afraid to meet de Saviour. No mo' wo'k for poor old mammy, no mo' trials and tribulations—hold my hand tighter, Marse John—fadder, mudder—marster—misses—chillun—Ise gwine home."

The soul, while pluming its wings for its flight to the Great Beyond, rested on the dusky face of the sleeper, and the watchers, with bowed heads, wept silently. She was dead.

Mrs. Southey on the Pauper's Death.

Tread softly—bow the head—in reverent silence bow;—no passing bell doth toll, yet an immortal soul is passing now. Stranger! however great, with lowly reverence bow: there's one in that poor shed—one by that paltry bed—greater than thou. Beneath that beggar's roof, lo! Death doth keep his state! Enter—no crowds attend; enter—no guards defend this palace gate. That pavement, damp and cold, no smiling courtiers tread; one silent woman stands, lifting with meagre hands, a dying head. No mingling voices sound—an infant wail alone; a sob suppressed—again that short deep gasp, and then the parting groan! Oh! change—oh, wondrous change! burst are the prison bars! This moment there, so low, so agonized;—and now, beyond the stars! Oh! change—stupendous change! There lies the soulless clod:—the sun eternal breaks—the new immortal wakes—wakes with his God!

"If I Had Only Spoke Him Fair at the Last."

There was a great colliery explosion in England. An hundred men were killed, and their corpses lay at the mouth of the coal mine for recognition. Wives were wringing their hands and children were crying, and a wail of desolation filled the air.

Sitting at the mouth by a pale corpse was a young wife. She looked at her husband, but uttered no cry ; her eyes were dry. She rocked herself to and fro, her face white with anguish.

"Oh, that I had spoken fair to him at the end !" she moaned ; "O, that he would come to life one minute that I could say ' Jimmy, forgive me,' but nothing can help me now. O, I could bear it all if I'd only spoken fair to him at the end !"

And then at last, the story came. They had been married a year, she and Jim ; and they both "had tempers," but Jim, he was always the first to make up. And this very morning they had had trouble.

It began because breakfast wasn't ready, and the fire wouldn't burn ; and they had said hard words, both of them. But at the very last, though breakfast had not been fit to eat, Jim had turned round at the door, and said :

"Gi'e me a kiss, lass. You know you love me, and we won't part in ill-blood ;" and she had been in her temper still, and answered :

"No, I don't know as I do love you," and had let him go, with never a kiss and never a fair word ; and now--- And there she stopped, and awful, tearless sobs shook her ; and the visitor could only say :

"Do not grieve so hopelessly ; perhaps he knows what you feel now." But the mourner's ears were deaf to all comfort, and the wailing cry came again and again :

"Oh, if I had only spoke him fair at the last !"

It is not a common story, this. We quarrel with those we love, and part, and meet and make up again ; and death is merciful, and waits till we are at peace ; yet how possible is just such an experience to any one of us, who parts with some dear one in anger, or who lets the sun go down upon wrath !

But it is always the noblest nature, the most loyal heart, which is the first to cry, "I was wrong ; forgive me."

The Effect of a Kind Word.

That was a delicate compliment given by a ragged little Irish newsboy to the pretty girl who bought a paper of him. "Poor little fellow," said she, "ain't you very cold?"

"I was, ma'am, before you passed," he replied.

"Kissing Mother."

George Peck.

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said :

"I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast ; and when your mother comes, and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world.

"And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are ; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to

minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

"Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother ; but it will be too late."

Searching for Papa.

A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and asked where she was going.

"Down to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name? What does you mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

The lady tried to lead her along, "You had better come with me. I guess you came this way!"

"Yes, but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh, as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him.

Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

An Eloquent Reply.

"I have just heard one of the most eloquent remarks from an unexpected source that I ever listened to," said Col. Charles S. Spencer the other day. "I have been forwarding the case of a poor, ignorant Irishwoman, whose husband, a smart and pushing man, has abandoned her without means of support. The case was a very plain one against him. Indeed, he had absolutely no defence. The judge asked my client finally :

"Have you any means of support whatever, madam ?"

"Well, yer honor," she replied quietly ; "I have three, to tell the truth."

"Three !"

"Yis, sor."

"What are they ?"

"Me two hands, yer honor," answered the poor creature, "me good health, and me God !"

Jack.

Lewis.

A year or more ago, as the foreman of one of the iron works of this city was crossing the yard one day, he espied a little skip of a boy, seemingly not over eleven years old, seated on a big fly-wheel and chewing the end of bitter reflection.

"Who are you ?"

"I'm Jack."

"What are you doing here ?"

"Resting."

"What do you want ?"

"A job."

Those were the questions and answers. The boy was pale and ragged, but in his steel-blue eyes the foreman saw game. And, too, the idea of a waif like him setting out to battle the world touched a tender chord in the heart of the man who had boys of his own, and he set Jack at work in the yard.

No one thought the boy would stay a week, and no cared to ask where he came from or who he was. But he stuck. He was hard working and faithful, and, as the weeks went by, he gained friends. One day he walked up to the foreman and said :

“I want to learn the trade?”

“You? Ha! ha! ha! Why, Jack, you are not big enough to handle a cold-chisel.”

“I can whip any ‘prentice boy in this shop!” was the earnest declaration.

“Just hear him! Why, any of the lot could turn you wrong side out! When you get big enough to whip the smallest one you come to me for a job.”

At noon that day Jack walked up to the biggest apprentice boy in the shop and said :

“Come out doors.”

“What do you want?”

“I’m going to lick you.”

“What for?”

“Because I want a chance to learn the trade.”

The two went out, and, in sight of twenty witnesses, little Jack won a victory. At 1 o’clock he touched his cap to the foreman and said :

“I’ve licked your biggest ‘prentice, and want to go to work!”

Ten minutes later he had become a machinist’s apprentice, and if you go in there today, you will find him with greasy hands, oily face and a head full of business ideas. Jack carries the keys to the drawers where the steam gauges, safety valves and other trimmings are kept, and he knows the use of every tool, the workings of every piece of machinery, and there is a constant call for Jack here and Jack there. Before he is twenty, he will be a finished machinist, and before he is twenty-five, he will be foreman of some great shop. He is quiet, earnest, respectful and observing. What he does is well done. What he is told he never forgets.

And here in Detroit are hundreds of boys who complain that there is no chance for them, even when backed by money and influence. They wait and wait and whine and complain, and leave it for waifs like little Jack to call up the game in their souls, and walk boldly into a great manufacturing works and say :

“I’m here—I want a job!”

Eli Perkins’ Baby Story.

In the cabin of the steamer St. John, coming up the Hudson the other evening, sat a sad, serious-looking man, who looked as if he might have been a clerk or bookkeeper. The man seemed to be caring for a crying baby, and was doing everything he could to still its sobs. As the child became restless in the berth, the gentleman took it in his arms and carried it to and fro in the cabin. The sobs of the child irritated a rich man, who was trying to read, until he blurted out loud enough for the father to hear :

“What does he want to disturb the whole cabin with that baby for?”

“Hush, baby, hush!” and then the man only nestled the baby closer in his arms without saying a word. Then the baby sobbed again.

“Where is the confounded mother that she don’t stop its noise?” continued the profane grumbler.

At this, the grief-stricken father came up to the man, and with tears in his eyes, said: “I am sorry to disturb you, sir, but my dear baby’s mother is in her coffin down in the baggage-room. I’m taking her back to her father in Albany, where we used to live.”

The hard-hearted man buried his face in shame, but in a moment, wilted by the terrible rebuke, he was by the side of the grief-stricken father. They were both tending the baby.

If I Should Die To-Night.

If I should die to-night
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night !

If I should die to-night
My friends would call to mind with loving thought,
Some kindly deed my icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said ;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped ;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside ;
And so I should be loved to-night.

If I should die to-night
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way ;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay ?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses from my dead, cold brow ;
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me ; I am travel-worn ;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn ;
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead !
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

Heaven Help Them !

Five weeping children were left orphans the other day by the death of their mother, a widow who lived on Prospect street. The father was killed at one of the depots about two years ago, and since then the mother had kept the family to-

gether by hard days' work. Lack of food, exposure, and worry brought on an illness which terminated fatally, and the children huddled together in a corner of the room feeling awed and frightened, but yet unable to realize that death had made them waifs. When the remains had been sent away to potter's field, a dozen women gathered and held a whispered conversation :

"I'll take one of the poor things, though I've four children of my own," said one of the women.

"And I'll take another."

"And I'll take one."

"And so will I."

Then there was the baby—a toddling boy, who had been rocked to sleep every night of his life, and whose big blue eyes were full of tears as he shrank behind his sister to escape observation. As none of the poor women seemed prepared to take so young a child, a girl not over ten years old, dressed a little better than other children there, crept into the group, reached out for the babe, patted his white head, kissed him, and said :

"I will take this one! I have no brother, and ma and pa will let me keep him. He can sleep in my trundle-bed, play with my doll, and they may put all the Christmas presents into his stocking!" and the girl ran around the corner and returned with her mother, who sanctioned all she had said. "Come, bubby—you're mine now!" called the girl, and he laughed as she put her arms around him and tried to lift him up.

By-and-by a woman said: "Children, you have neither father, mother, nor home. You must be divided up or go to the poor-house. Kiss each other, poor orphans, and all kiss the baby!"

They put their arms around him, and hugged and kissed him, and they went out from the old house to go in different directions, and perhaps never again to meet all together.

Poe's Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the Sea, that a maiden there lived, whom you may know by the name of Annabel Lee; and this Maiden she lived with no other thought, than to love, and be loved, by me! *I* was a child, and *she* was a child, in this kingdom by the Sea; but we loved with a love that was more than love, — I and my Annabel Lee; with a love that the winged seraphs of heaven coveted her and me! And this was the reason that, long ago, in this kingdom by the Sea, a wind blew out of a cloud, chilling my beautiful Annabel Lee; so that her high-born kinsmen came and bore her away from me, to shut her up in a sepulchre — in this kingdom by the Sea. The Angels, not half so happy in heaven, went envying her and me; yes! that was the reason (as all men know, in this kingdom by the Sea) that the wind came out of the cloud by night, chilling and killing my Annabel Lee. But our love it was stronger by far than the love of those who are older than we — of many far wiser than we; and neither the Angels in heaven above, — nor the Demons down under the sea, — can ever dis sever my soul from the soul of the beautiful Annabel Lee! For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams of the beautiful Annabel Lee; and the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes of the beautiful Annabel Lee; and so, all the night tide, I lie down by the side of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride; in her sepulchre there by the Sea, — in her tomb by the sounding Sea!

Eli's Baby Story.

"Lillie, did you say your prayers last night?" asked a fashionable mother of her sweet little girl who remained home while the mother went to the Charity-Ball.

"Yes, mamma, I said 'em all alone."

"But who did you say them to, Lillie, when your nurse was out with me?"

"Well, mamma, when I went to bed I looked around the house for somebody to say my prayers to, and there wasn't nobody in the house to say 'em to, and so I said 'em to God."

M. Quad's Pathos.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the postoffice the other day to see "Limpy Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and to hear him say :

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillin's !"

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind, just now."

"Goin' on a 'scursion?" asked another.

"Not today, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money, and said :

"I guess I kin write it if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote :

Died — Litul Ted — of scarlet fever; aiged three yeres. Funeral to-morrer, gon up to Hevin; left won bruther.

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter and gasped :

"I — I had to sell my kit to do it, b — but he had his arms aroun' my neck when he d — died !"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and

they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged, but big-hearted urchins. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched?

A Texan's Rovings.

Ell Perkins.

Col. Albert C. Pelton, whose beautiful twenty-thousand-acre ranche is out toward the Rio Grande, near Laredo, has been the Peter the Hermit of the Texans for years. He has believed that he held a divine commission to kill Apache Indians. Col. Pelton came to Texas in 1844, a common soldier. By talent and courage he rose to the rank of colonel, and finally, in 1847, commanded Fort Macrae. That year he fell in love with a beautiful Spanish girl at Albuquerque, N. M. Her parents were wealthy, and would not consent to their daughter's going away from all her friends to live in a garrison. The admiration of the young couple was mutual, and parental objections only intensified the affection of the lovers. The Spanish girl's nature is such that, once in love, she never changes. Finally, after two years' entreaty and devotion, Col. Pelton won the consent of the parents of the beautiful Spanish girl, and they were married and removed to Fort Macrae.

Then commenced a honeymoon such as only lovers, shut up in a beautiful flower-environed fort, can have. The lovely character of the beautiful bride won the hearts of all the soldiers of the fort, and she remained a queen among these rough frontiersmen. One day, when the love of the soldier and his lovely wife was at its height the two, accompanied by the young wife's mother and twenty soldiers, rode out to the hot springs, six miles from the fort, to take a bath. While in the bath, which is near the Rio Grande, an Indian's arrow passed over their heads. Then a shower of arrows fell around

them, and a band of wild Apache Indians rushed down upon them, whooping and yelling like a band of demons. Several of the soldiers fell dead, pierced with poisoned arrows. This frightened the rest, who fled. Another shower of arrows, and the beautiful bride and her mother fell in the water, pierced by the cruel weapons of the Apache. With his wife dying before his eyes, Col. Pelton leaped up the bank, grasped his rifle, and killed the leader of the savage fiends. But the Apaches were too much for the colonel. Pierced with two poisoned arrows, he swam into the river and hid under an over-hanging rock. After the savages had left, the colonel swam the river and made his way back to Fort Macrae. Here his wounds were dressed, and he finally recovered, but only to live a blasted life — without love, without hope; with a vision of his beautiful wife, pierced with poisoned arrows, dying perpetually before his eyes.

After the death of his wife a change came to Col. Pelton. He seemed to think that he had a sacred mission from heaven to avenge his young wife's death. He secured the most unerring rifles, surrounded himself with brave companions, and consecrated himself to the work of revenge. He was always anxious to lead any and all expeditions against the Apaches. Whenever any of the other Indians were at war with the Apaches, Col. Pelton would soon be at the head of the former. One day he would be at the head of his soldiers and the next day he would be at the head of a band of Mexicans. Nothing gave him pleasure but the sight of dead Apaches. He defied the Indian arrows and courted death. Once, with a band of the wildest desperadoes, he penetrated 100 miles into the Apache country. The Apaches never dreamed that anything but an entire regiment would dare to follow them to their camp in the mountains. So when Col. Pelton swooped down into their lodges with ten trusty followers, firing their Henry rifles at the rate of twenty times a minute, the Apaches fled in

consternation, leaving their women and children behind. It was then that there darted out of a lodge a white woman.

"Spare the women!" she cried, and fainted to the ground.

When the colonel jumped from his saddle to lift up the woman he found she was blind.

"How came you here, woman, with these damned Apaches?" he asked.

"I was wounded and captured," she said, "ten years ago. Take, oh, take me back again!"

"Have you any relations in Texas?" asked the colonel.

"No, my father lives in Albuquerque. My husband, Colonel Pelton, and my mother were killed by the Indians."

"Great God, Bella! Is it you—my wife?"

"Oh, Albert, I knew you would come!" exclaimed the poor wife, blindly reaching her hands to clasp her husband.

Of course there was joy in the old ranche when Col. Pelton got back with his wife. The Apaches had carried the wounded woman away with them. The poison caused inflammation, which finally destroyed her eyesight.

When I saw the colonel in his Texas ranche he was reading a newspaper to his blind wife, while in her hand she held a bouquet of fragrant Cape jessamines which he had gathered for her. It was a picture of absolute happiness.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' Pathos.

C-o-m-e in! Well I declare stranger, you gave me quite a turn! I—I—was kind of expectin' somebody, and for half a minute I thought mebbe as 'twas her, but she'd never stop to knock; want a bite and a sup and a night's lodging? Why, of course; sit down, do. I—a—most forgot to ask you, I was that frustrated. Poor soul! how tired and worn-out you look! I can make you comfortable for the night and give you a good meal of victuals, and a shake-down on the floor, but I would s-c-a-r-c-e-l-y like to put you in Lizzie's room—she was that particular, and your clothes are so wet and drabbled.

Why, woman, what makes you shake so—ague? Never heard tell of any in these parts. Guess you must have brought it with you. Well, a good night's rest will set you up wonderfully, and you can lie right here by the stove, and the fire a-smolderin' will keep you warm, and the light will be a-burnin' till it's broad day—broad day!

What do I keep the light a-burnin' for? Well, now, when folks ask me that, sometimes I tells them one thing and sometimes I tells them another. I don't know as I mind tellin' you, because you're such a poor, misfortunit creature, and a stranger, and my heart kind of goes out to such. You see, I have a daughter. She's been away these ten years, has Lizzie, and they do say as she's livin' in grandeur in some furrin' place, and she's had her head turned with it all, for she never lets her poor old mother hear from her, and the fine people she's with coaxed her off unbeknownst to me, and I don't mind telling you as it was a great shock to me, and I ain't the same woman since Lizzie went out one night, and when she kissed me, said:

“Leave a light in the window, mother, till I come back;” and that was ten years ago, and I've never seen her since, but I've burned a light in the window every night all these ten years, and shall till she comes home.

Yes, it's hard to be a mother and be disappointed so. I allowed she was dead till folks who had seen her well and splendid told me different, and I was sick a long time—that's what made my hair so white—but I hope she never heard of it; 'twould have her as miserable as I was, and her fine things wouldn't have been much comfort to her! Folks blame her terribly, but I'm her mother, and it just seems as if I could see her; so pretty, with her long brown curls, and the smile she had, and her gentle ways, and I loving her better than Heaven above me! This is my punishment—to sit alone all day and never to sleep at night, but I hear her crying “Mother! mother! where are you!” and if I go once, I go a dozen times to the door, and look up and down the lonesome road and call

“L-i-z-z-i-e ! L-i-z-z-i-e !” and there’s never any answer but the night-wind moaning in the trees !

Well, I didn’t mean to make you feel bad ; don’t cry, poor soul ! You’ve had enough trouble of your own, I guess by your looks ! Your hands are like ice—and your temple and your face is white and—and—why, what is this ? You are not old and your hair hangs in brown curls—and your eyes—Merciful God ! it’s Lizzie come back to her mother—it’s my child that was lost and is found—put out the light—put out the light for the night is over and it’s the clear broad day at last !

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth
With spirit meek,
The way of truth.

To them the sacred Scriptures now display
Christ as the only true and living way ;
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in Heaven.
And e’en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Saviour’s grace.

For them he bore
His Father’s frown ;
For them he wore
The thorny Crown ;
Nailed to the Cross,
Endured its pain,
That His life’s loss
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor e’er dare refuse
The Lord thy heart,
Lest He declare,
“I know you not,”
And deep despair
Should be your lot.

Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died,
And trust in Him who there was crucified.

Lost Children in New York.

“Lost child!”

That used to be the cry, but now, though there are a dozen children lost every day in New York, the thing is so systematized that it is impossible for a child to be lost for any length of time. The only thing is to know what to do to find it, and, if you read three minutes longer, you will know all about it.”

“How can we find a lost child?”

“The first thing you must do after the child is lost is to go to Police Headquarters on Mulberry street, near Houston. Away up in the fifth story of that marble-front building are three rooms labeled ‘Lost Children’s Department.’ This Lost Child’s Department was established in 1864. Here you will see a dozen cozy cribs, cradles, and beds for the little lost children and foundlings of the city. Yes, and sometimes for old men and women, too — lost in their second childhood.

At the head of this department you will see the middle-aged matron, Mrs. Ewing—a bright, systematic American woman.

“How do the lost children get here?”

“First, they are picked up by kind-hearted policemen, and taken to their respective station-houses. Here they are kept until seven p.m. Then the sergeant of police sends them with a ticket to Mrs. Ewing, at Police Headquarters.”

“What does Mrs. Ewing do with them?”

“She first enters the child’s name on the book, gives it a number; then writes its sex, age, color, by whom found, where found, precinct sent from, and time received. Then, after the child is gone, she writes after its name how long it stayed and what became of it.”

“What becomes of the children sent here?”

“Every effort is made to find out where the child lives, who its parents are, the father’s profession, etc.; and if, at the end of three days, nothing is heard from the parents or friends of

the child, it is sent by Inspector Dilks to No. 66 Third Avenue, to the Superintendent of the 'Out-Door Poor,' for the Department of Public Charities and Correction."

"What then?"

"Here, in the Charity and Correction Building, are some nice rooms kept by a good woman by the name of Tumey, and the children are cared for till the old nurse named 'Charity' takes them in a carriage to the foot of Twenty-sixth Street and the East River, and accompanies them on the boat to the Foundling Hospital on Randall's Island, where they stay at school till they are claimed, bound out, or become old enough to support themselves."

We have now followed the lost child from the time when first lost, through the local station house, Police Headquarters, and to Randall's Island. Now, we will return to the Police Headquarters, and hear what Mrs. Ewing says about the babies.

"How many children are lost per month?" I asked of the matron.

"I had eight yesterday. From 400 to 500 pass through our hands every month in summer, but in winter not so many. Then, sometimes, we have old people, too."

"Do you have many old people?"

"No, only a few. Yesterday the police brought in a nice old lady with white hair, who seemed to be all in confusion. The sight of the police had frightened her," continued the matron; "but as soon as I got her in here I gave her a nice cup of tea, and commenced to find out where she lived."

"Who do you live with, grandma?" I asked, for she was eighty years old.

She said she lived No. 700, but she didn't know the street. Then pretty soon she seemed to gain confidence in me, and she took out a big roll of bank bills and a Third Avenue Savings Bank book.

"See," said the old lady, confidentially, "I went to get this,

and I got confused when I came out. I live on the same street with the bank."

"And sure enough," said the matron, "when we looked in the directory there we found her daughter's residence, No. 700 Third Avenue. When the police took the old lady home the daughter was half crazy for fear her mother had been robbed."

"Do you have a good deal of trouble in finding out the residences of children?"

"Not very often. But sometimes the children stray across the ferries from Jersey City and Brooklyn, and then there are so many streets in Brooklyn and Jersey named after our streets, that we are sorely puzzled.

"The other day, to illustrate, a pretty little German girl was picked up down toward Fulton street. The only thing she knew was that she lived corner of Warren and Broadway, so the police brought her up here. I sent her the next day to the corner of Warren and Broadway, but there were nothing but warehouses there, so we were very much puzzled. When the little girl came back I thought her heart would break. The hot tears rolled down her cheeks, and her face was hot with fever. O, it was roasting hot! I was afraid she would be sick. So I said:

"'Sissy, don't cry any more; lay down, and when you wake up your papa will be here.'

"'O, will he come, sure, will he?' sobbed the little girl.

"'Yes, my child,' I said, and then I put her in the crib. She had a paper of peanuts and seventy cents in her pocket which she said her mother gave her. These I put before her on a chair, and the little thing soon fell asleep.

"About two o'clock in the morning," continued the matron, "somebody knocked at the door. I got up and struck a light, and as I opened it a man asked:

"'Have you got a little lost girl here?'

"'Yes, we've got three little girls here to-night,' I said.

"But have you got a little girl dressed in a little red hood and a plaid shawl?"

"Yes; just such a one. Come in and see her.

"Then," continued the matron, "he came in. The light shone on the little girl's face in the crib. In a second the father had her out of it and in his arms."

"How did you get over here, baby?" he cried, as he held his rough beard against her face. But the little girl only sobbed and clung to him all the more."

"What was the child's mistake about the street?" I asked.

"Well, she lived corner of Broadway and Walton street. Brooklyn, and she spoke Walton as if it were Warren."

A while ago a little boy, three and a half years old, living in Passaic Village, New Jersey, strayed away from home. He wandered to the railroad, and when he saw a car stop he thought it would be a nice thing to take a ride. So he climbed up the steps, got into the car and rode to Jersey City. When the car stopped he wandered on to the ferryboat with the surging crowd of passengers, and was soon at the foot of Courtland street, in the great city of New York. Here he played around a little while in high glee. By and by, as night came on, he began to be hungry and to cry for his father and mother. So a kind-hearted policeman picked him up, took him to the station-house, and the sergeant sent him to Mrs. Ewing's, at Police Headquarters.

As soon as little Johnny was missed at home, in Passaic, the search commenced. Dinner came and no Johnny—then the supper passed and the father and mother began to be frantic. They searched everywhere for two days and two nights. The big foundry at Passaic was stopped, and one hundred men scoured the country. Then as a last resort, his heart-broken father came to New York. After putting an advertisement in the *Herald*, he thought he would go to Police Headquarters.

Johnny was such a bright little boy that the matron had taken

him out shopping with her on Broadway when the father came, so he sat down till her return to question her about lost children.

Judge of his astonishment and joy, after fifteen minutes' waiting, when Johnny came flat upon him with the matron.

"Why, my little boy!" cried the father, "how did you get here?" But Johnny was too full of joy to reply, and when his father went off to the telegraph office to tell the glad news to his mother, he cried till his father took him along too, and he wouldn't let go his father's hand till he got clear back to Passaic, for fear he would be lost again.

A while ago in Paterson a young man, by the name of Taylor, pretended to love a young lady. His love was returned—then came deceit and seduction. The girl had a beautiful child, and although it was born in sorrow, she had great love for it, for the cold-hearted world had deserted her: women treated her with icy looks, and the baby was her only hope.

One morning—it was the morning before the July riots—on the 11th of July, about four o'clock in the morning, a policeman found the babe, then eleven months old, on the cold steps of a big brown stone house on West Thirty-third street. It was taken to the station-house by a policeman, and then sent to Mrs. Ewing, at Police Headquarters. Here it was kept for two days, and then sent to Randall's Island.

The mother was frantic with remorse when she found her child was abducted in Paterson, and as it was in Alice Bowlby times, suspicious eyes were turned toward Taylor, its father. He was arrested. The Paterson Chief of Police came to New York, found out that the child had gone to Randall's Island, and that the Commissioners of Charity had adopted it out to some rich people in Brooklyn. When this news was conveyed to the unhappy mother she started "post haste" to see her child in Brooklyn. With her heart throbbing with joy, she rang the bell and passed in. Too happy to suppress her

emotions, she showed her exuberance of spirits, and was just going to laugh with joy when a woman came out of the room crying.

“O! our baby is dead—she is dead!” cried the woman, wringing her hands.

With all her joy turned to anguish, the real mother passed into the death room, and there she saw her little baby, with her eyes closed in death.

She had just died.

The meeting between these two mothers was affecting, indeed. Together they told over the story of the little one, and together they shed their tears of sympathy at her funeral. Neither knew which loved her the most!

“Do you ever have any rich people’s children here?” I asked the matron.

“Yes, frequently. They get lost, shopping with their mothers on Broadway, and the Broadway police have orders not to take the lost children which they find to the station-house, but bring them directly here. And here their fathers and mothers frequently come after them.”

“What other children get cared for here?” I asked.

“Well, the little Italian harp boys frequently come here with the police to stay over night, but after they get a nice warm breakfast, they suddenly remember where they live, and we let them go. They are very cute, they are?”

The intelligent matron talked on for an hour, giving me a hundred pathetic and funny instances of child-losing in the great city—but you have already read enough.

George Alfred Townsend’s Story.

It was not long ago that a gentleman said to me—he was in wine—“Johnny, I will take your best bouquet—that big one on a tray, fit to be the bridal bed of Eve—if you will carry it to this address.”

"All right, boss," was my response, as I took his \$10 bill, and observed a rather devilish light in his eye, while he wrote a name on a card. It was a beam of the light that shone in the eye of Cain as the discriminating flame of heaven shot past his offering and blazed on Abel's altar. However, I wasn't particular about what was going on in his mind, and he slipped the card in the bouquet, and I started off to deliver it. Stopping close by to change my note and eat a bit of lunch, a good many people gathered near the great prize bouquet and began to talk about it and to smell it, and so, whether some jealous rival stole that card, or whether I had dropped it on the street the card was missing when I took up that great salver of flowers again.

I hastened back to the place where I had met the gentleman. He had gone away in a carriage. I told my trouble to the hotel clerk, the genial Gillis, and he said, "Pshaw! take it to his wife. He is no sporting man."

Now, that gentleman I knew, by an accident of passing his house, and I had often admired the inflexible, the solitary, the lofty and self-reliant quality in him. He was kind to his inferiors, manly to his equals, haughty to his superiors. About once or twice a year he showed liquor in his eyes as if Cain had bred on Abel's stock, and a little liquor brought out the consanguinity. I said to myself, "These flowers will wither for which I have been paid. I believe he meant to send them to his wife, and I will take them."

I rang the door-bell of his house and asked for the lady. Shown into the parlor I saw my buyer's picture over the mantel. The house was not expensively furnished, but looked like the abode of perseverance in some moderately compensating profession and slow but gaining conquest on half fortune. A lady entered the parlor and beheld the flowers. She turned to me and said: "Who are these for?"

"For you, madam."

“For me?” Her face flushed. “Who has dared to send flowers to me?”

I saw I was in for it somewhere, and there was no safety but in consistent lying. “Your husband sent them, Mrs. ——.” I had heard his name, and felt that this was his wife.

“My husband?” Her voice faltered. “How came he to send me flowers? Have you not made a mistake?”

“No, madam. He has never bought flowers from me before. He is not a customer of gallantry. There is no mistake about it.”

She seemed all fluttered, like a widow told that her husband has returned to life. Looking now at the flowers, again at his portrait, her eyes dilated, her temples flushed. She walked to me like a woman of authority and under some high mental excitement. Looking into my eyes she said:

“What did my husband say?”

“He said, madam, ‘I have not made a present to my dear wife for years. Business and care have arisen between us. Take her these flowers that their blossoms may dispel the winter from our hearts and make us young again.’”

She turned to the bouquet and rained her tears upon it. An orange bud she took, all blinded so, and hid it in her bosom. She sank upon her knees, and laid her head among the flowers to let their coolness refresh her parched, neglected heart, and sobbed the joy of love and confidence again. I stole away like a citizen of the world.

As I went up the street and stopped at the same hotel, the husband was there. “Johnny,” said he, “did you deliver the bouquet?” “Yes, I took it to your wife.” “To my wife?” “Yes, boss, you are too good a man to wander as you wished to go. Go home. The ice is broken. Your wife is full of gratitude. Saved by a mistake, embrace the blessed opening made for both of you; plant those rich blossoms on the grave of estrangement, and in the words of the great good book, ‘cling to the wife of thy youth.’”

He staggered a moment, looked as if he ought to knock me down, and rushed from the place.

Next day I met her upon his arm.

"Johnny," he said, "bring her as big a bouquet every week, and save one scarlet rose for me!"

Eli Perkins' Hero.

"Captain Mason used to be a drinker and a fighter himself like the other Hickory Bayou boys," said Col. Baker, the Chairman of the Cairo (Ill.) Lecture Association. "He's joined the church now, but he always takes care of every drunken man he sees. See, he's putting Whiskey Bill into his wagon now."

"But why does he interest himself so for Whiskey Bill?" I asked.

"Well, as I was saying, the Captain used to be a drinker and a fighter himself. He was sentenced to be shot once in the army for fighting. He struck an officer—got on a drunken frolic, and ——"

"How did the Captain escape?" I asked.

"Well," said the Colonel, "Mason, with a dozen fellows from the Hickory Bayou, enlisted in my regiment. He was a splendid soldier,—always ready for battle,—one of the best men in the regiment, but he would have his sprees. One day, about three weeks before the battle of Mission Ridge, Mason brought a canteen of whiskey into camp, and, always generous, went to giving it to the boys. This was against orders; so I ordered my Major to arrest him and put him in the guard-house. Mason found out that the Major was after him with a squad of men, and, full of deviltry, he commenced dodging around behind the tents to keep from being arrested. But pretty quick in trying to keep away from the men he ran square against the Major.

“ ‘Here, you rascal !’ said the Major, seizing him by the coat-collar, without giving him a chance to explain, ‘Now you walk to the guard-house ! I’ll fix you, you scoundrel !’

“ But, in the excitement of the moment, Mason knocked the Major flat, and then he went and gave himself up.”

“ What was done about it ? ” I asked.

“ Well, Mason was tried before a court-martial for striking a superior officer, sentenced to be shot, and the sentence was sent to Gen. Jeff C. Davis to be approved. Then poor Mason was imprisoned on bread and water, with a ball and chain to each foot.”

“ Did Gen. Davis approve the sentence ? ”

“ Yes, he approved it.”

“ But how did Mason escape being shot ? ”

“ Well, the next day, before the approved sentence arrived, came the battle of Mission Ridge, and our regiment was ordered forward. Mason, of course, was in the rear, under guard, with a ball chained to his ankles. We heard the Rebel cannon in front all the forenoon ; we knew there was a big battle on, and we needed all our men. So I rode over to the guard-house and told Mason that we would have to leave him behind alone with his ball and chain on till the battle was over.

“ ‘Let me go with the boys, Colonel !’ pleaded Mason ; ‘I don’t want to see the boys in a fight without me.’

“ ‘But you might escape, Mason. You know there is a sentence hanging over you.’

“ ‘By heavens, Colonel ! you ain’t going to let the boys go into this fight without me !’ and the tears came to his eyes.

“ ‘Got to, Mason,’ I said. ‘I can’t trust you.’

“ Then,” continued the narrator, “the order came from Gen. Davis for our regiment to move up and charge a Rebel redoubt, and the boys dashed forward. It was an awful sight ! Twice they enfiladed us, and the Rebel bullets mowed down our men by dozens, while the Rebel flag still waved on the redoubt.

“‘Colonel, you must capture that redoubt!’ was the order that came from Gen. Davis.

“Our men were now badly tired out, and the dead and wounded lay all around us; but I got our men together, and made the final charge. Gods! what a charge! My horse was killed under me. The men went forward in a shower of bullets. I thought they were going straight for that flag; then all at once they wavered. The bullets flew like rain, and the advance men were all shot down. There was no one to lead, and I thought all was lost. Just then I saw a man come rushing up from the rear. He grabbed a dead soldier’s repeating-rifle, pushed right through the dead and dying, reached the head, and pushed up the redoubt. The boys saw him, took courage, and followed. In a moment I saw the brave fellow swing his rifle around him on the top of the redoubt, grasp the flag-staff and break it off, while the boys struggled up the side and emptied their guns into the retreating Rebels.

“The day was ours! As I came up I shouted:

“‘Who took the flag, boys?’

“‘It was Mason!’ said the boys; and, looking down, I saw a broken chain and a shackle still on his ankle.”

Then the narrator’s voice choked him, and the tears came into his eyes.

“‘I couldn’t help it, Colonel,’ said Mason, ‘I couldn’t see the boys fighting alone; so I got the ax and pounded off the ball and chain, and now, Colonel, I’ll go back and put ’em on again.’

“‘Go back and put them on again!’ I almost cried. ‘No, sir! Mason, I’ll put them on myself first.’ Then,” said the Colonel, “I reflected that this wasn’t military, and I told the brave fellow to stay with two of the boys.

“That night,” continued the Colonel, “I wrote over to Gen. Davis about Mason’s bravery; how he captured the rebel flag and led the regiment to victory; in fact, saved the battle; and begged him if he had not approved Mason’s sentence of death,

to send it back to the court unapproved. In an hour the messenger came back with the papers. The sentence had been approved before the battle, but Gen. Davis took his pen and wrote across the bottom :

“ ‘The findings of the court disapproved, private Thomas Mason, for distinguished bravery in capturing a rebel flag, promoted to a second lieutenancy.’ ”

“What did Mason say when you told him about his promotion ?” I asked.

“Well,” said the Colonel, “I read him the death sentence, and its approval first. Mason sank down, his face fell on his arm, and I heard a deep groan. Then he said, as his eyes filled with tears :

“ ‘Well, Colonel, it is hard, but I can stand it if any one can.’ ”

“ ‘But here is another clause, Mason,’ I said. ‘On account of your splendid bravery yesterday, you have been promoted to a second lieutenancy.’ ”

“ ‘What me ? Colonel, me ?’ ”

“ ‘Yes, Lieut. Mason, you !’ ”

“ ‘Thank God !’ burst out, and the bravest man in the Northern army stepped into his tent to send a streak of sunlight to cheer up his broken-hearted mother.”

“And that’s the man who just lifted Whisky Bill into his wagon ?”

“Yes, sir, that’s the man, and he’s brave enough to do anything, from pulling down a rebel flag to leading a drunken comrade out of a saloon.”

Beecher and Moody on Children.

“Henry Ward Beecher learned much from children,” said Mr. Moody, “and so can we all. One day, a sweet little girl whose father had become quite worldly and given up family prayers, climbed into her father’s lap and said, tearfully:—

‘Papa—dear Papa, is God dead?’

‘No, my child; why do you ask that?’

‘Cause, Papa, you never talk to him any more as you used to do.’

These pathetic words haunted him until he was reclaimed.”

Gough's Druggist Story.

A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug-store and asked:

"Be you the druggier?"

"Well; I s'pose so; I sell drugs."

"Wall, hev you got any of this here scentin' stuff as the gals put on their handke'chers?"

"Oh, yes."

"Wall, our Sal's gine to be married, and she gin me a nine-pence, and told me to invest the hull 'mount in scentin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so, if you've a mind I'll jest smell 'round."

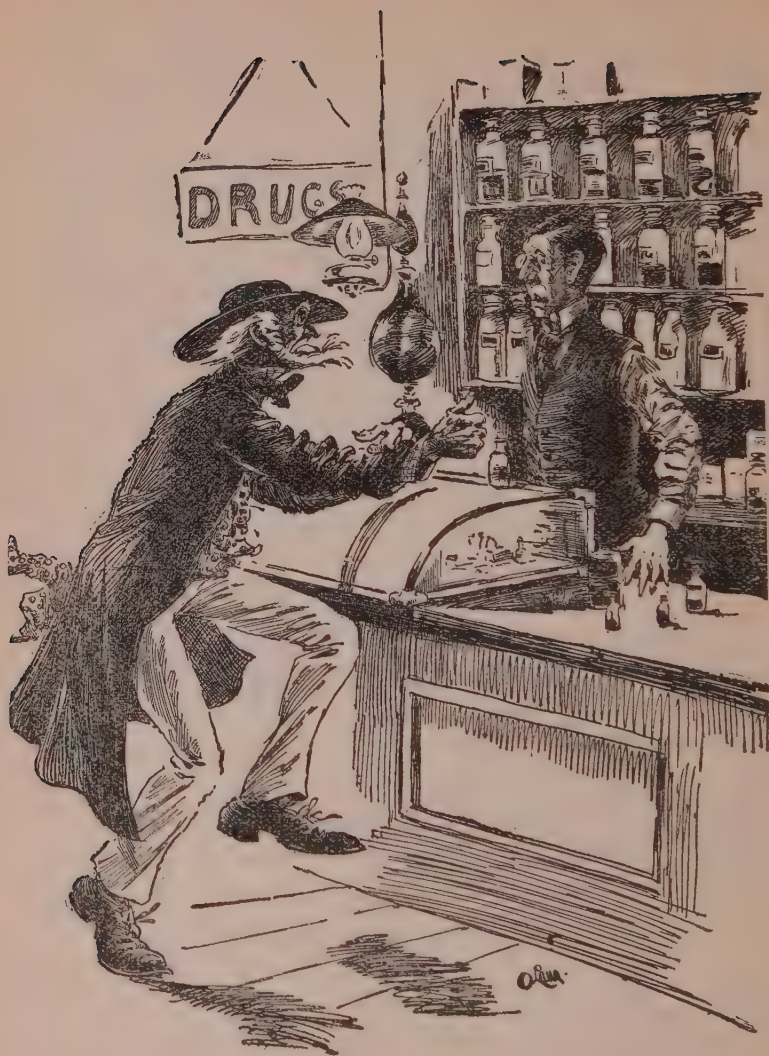
The Yankee smelled round without being suited until the "druggier" got tired of him; and taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said:

"I've got a scentin' stuff that will suit you. A single drop on a hanke'cher will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but to get the strength of it you must take a good big smell."

"Is that so, Mister? Wall, just hold on a minute till I get my breath; and when I say *neow* you put it under my smeller."

The hartshorn of course knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has done many a man. Do you suppose he got up and smelt again, as the drunkard does? Not he; but rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his fists, he said:

"You made me smell that tarnal everlastin' stuff, Mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone."



“You made me smell that tarnal everlastin’ stuff, mister, and now I’ll make you smell fire and brimstone.” (See page 166.)

THE WIT OF TRUTH.

How a Startling Truth Will Produce Laughter.

A boor is a man who talks so much about himself, that you can't talk about yourself.

The Wit of Truth.

Melville D. Landon, A.M.

We always laugh at great exaggerations, but, strange to say, we also sometimes laugh at a great truth. Truth is often stranger than fiction. A wonderfully true statement at first sounds like a big lie, then, as we reflect upon it, the idea dawns upon us that it is a truth. This discovery produces laughter. This producing laughter with great truths has always been my great trouble. I have generally told such great, strange truths, that the people would laugh because they thought they were lies. So I have got the reputation of being a worldly minded humorist, when, in fact, I am a great truth-teller. To illustrate: One night I was telling about the big trees in California. I said I rode into a tree, a big hollow tree, on horse-back, and then walked out at the knot-holes. The people laughed because they thought it was a lie, when, in fact, it was the truth. The trees are thirty-five feet in diameter, and the hole through them is twelve feet in diameter—as wide through as a barn-door.

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There was pure wit in this truthful reply of the Irishman:

“Pat,” I said, “how would you like to be buried in a Protestant graveyard?”

“Faith, Mr. Perkins, an’ I’d die first.”

The wit of the old Greek philosophers, Solon, Socrates and Aristippus, consisted in proving a big lie by the sophistry of a syllogism, or else in stating a startling truth. Many of the truthful sayings of the wise men of Greece have been reproduced by Josh Billings, and, clothed in the ignorant frame of bad spelling, the wisdom of them is doubly startling and laugh-provoking. To illustrate the old Greek wits, I have translated a little dialogue from *Æschines* :

"How are educated men superior to uneducated men?" was asked of Aristippus, the pupil of Socrates.

"Just as broken horses are superior to those that are unbroken," was the answer.

"Why is it better to be poor than ignorant?" continued the questioner.

"Because the poorest beggar can beg money and get it, but the fool can beg for brains and never get them," answered Aristippus.

How a Greek Boaster was Squelched by the Truth.

In those days, the 99th Olympiad, when Dionysius was king, Athenian society was made up of two classes, the philosopher who followed Plato and Socrates, and the handsome athletes who were proud, not of their brains, but of their physical strength.

One day Clinos, a very handsome athlete but a great boaster, met a group of philosophers and began boasting about his muscle :

"I tell you," said the boasting Clinos, "I can swim farther than any man in Athens."

"And so can a goose," said Aristippus.

"Yes, and I can dive deeper than any man in Greece."

"And so can a bull-frog," said Diogenes.

"And more than that," continued Clinos, getting red in the face, "I can kick higher than any man in Athens, and ——"

"And so can a jackass," interrupted Æschines.

"And more than all these, everybody says that I am the handsomest man in Athens."

"And so is a brass statue—a hollow brass statue, and it has neither life nor brains," said Aristippus: *Æschines' Jokes, translated by Melville D. Landon A.M. (Eli Perkins).*

Josh Billings' Witty Wisdom.

The trouble with some people who brag of their ancestry is in their great descent.

I thank God for allowing fools to live, that wise men may get a living out of them.

If a fellow gets to going down hill, it seems as if everything were greased for the occasion.

Wealth won't make a man virtuous, but that tner ain't anybody who wants to be poor just for the purpose of being good.

If you want to keep a mule in a pasture turn him into an adjacent meadow and he'll jump in.

I've known a mule to be good for six months just to get a chance to kick somebody.

Men should not boast so much; a little hornet if he feels well can break up a whole camp meeting.

"The man who has a thousand friends,
Has not a friend to spare;
But he who has one enemy,
Will meet him everywhere."

Burdette on the Life of Man.

Man, born of woman, is of few days and no teeth. And, indeed, it would be money in his pocket sometimes if he had less of either. As for his days, he wasteth one-third of them,

and as for his teeth, he has convulsions when he cuts them, and as the last one comes through, lo, the dentist is twisting the first one out, and the last end of that man's jaw is worse than the first, being full of porcelain and a roof-plate built to hold blackberry seeds.

Stone bruises line his pathway to manhood ; his father boxes his ears at home, the big boys cuff him in the playground, and the teacher whips him in the schoolroom. He buyeth Northwestern at 110, when he hath sold short at 96, and his neighbor unloadeth upon him Iron Mountain at $63\frac{5}{8}$, and it straightway breaketh down to $52\frac{1}{4}$. He riseth early and sitteth up late that he may fill his barns and storehouses, and lo ! his children's lawyers divide the spoil among themselves and say "Ha, ha !" He growleth and is sore distressed because it raineth, and he beateth upon his breast and sayeth, "My crop is lost !" because it raineth not. The late rains blight his wheat and the frost biteth his peaches. If it be so that the sun shineth, even among the nineties, he sayeth, "Woe is me, for I perish," and if the northwest wind sigheth down in forty-two below he crieth, "Would I were dead !" If he wear sackcloth and blue jeans men say "He is a tramp," and if he goeth forth shaven and clad in purple and fine linen all the people cry, "Shoot the dude !"

He carryeth insurance for twenty-five years, until he hath paid thrice over for all his goods, and then he letteth his policy lapse one day, and that same night fire destroyeth his store. He buildeth him a house in Jersey, and his first born is devoured by mosquitoes ; he pitcheth his tents in New York, and tramps devour his substance. He moveth to Kansas, and a cyclone carryeth his house away over into Missouri, while a prairie fire and ten million acres of grasshoppers fight for his crop. He settleth himself in Kentucky, and is shot the next day by a gentleman, a Colonel and a statesman, "because, sah, he resembles, sah, a man, sah, he did not like, sah." Verily,

there is no rest for the sole of his foot, and if he had it to do over again he would not be born at all, for "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth."

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Mirth is natural ; it is pure ; it is strictly honest. There can be no true ripple of laughter at another's expense. The practical joker is vulgar and mean-souled. His jest is hollow, and only echoes the pain of sorrow of his victim. Vast, indeed, is the difference between low, coarse ribaldry and the sparkling, genuine cadences of human glee.

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A clergyman told an Indian he should love his enemies.

"I do," said the latter, "for I love rum and whisky and tobacco."

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

The New York newspapers actually gave an account of a man attending his own funeral. It was a true account too. Pat Burke was in a smash-up on the New York Central, and was supposed to be killed. His wife even recognized his remains among the killed. The remains were brought home and a wake was had. Then Mrs. Burke accompanied by the funeral cortege and the corpse started for the grave yard. After the procession had left the house, Pat appeared.

"Where's me wife?" said Pat, "spake quickly!"

"She's gone to yer funeral, sure."

"Moy funeral? Bedad, an' oi'm not dead yet!"

"Not dead? Sure now, Pat, yer foolin'!"

"Foolin'? What do you mane, woman? An't oi here now?"

"Arrah, Pat, jewel! you know yer dead. Sure and wasn't I at yer wake meself!"

"Then, where's me corpse?"

‘Gone to the burying, amock, an’ yer poor wife is with it wapin’ her eyes out.’”

“Begorra, she’d better be wapin’ her eyes out over me dead corpse, than be batin’ the life out of me live corpse wid a broomstick!” said Pat, as he lighted his pipe.

The Two Virtues.—A Fable and a Poem.

Ivan Tourguineff.

One day it occurred to the good God to give a party in his palace of azure. All the virtues were invited, but the virtues only, and, in consequence, there were no gentlemen among the guests.

Very many virtues, both great and little, accepted the invitation. The little virtues proved to be more agreeable and more courteous than the great ones. However, they all seemed thoroughly happy, and conversed pleasantly with one another, as people who are well acquainted, and indeed somewhat related, ought to do.

But suddenly the good God noticed two fair ladies who appeared not to know each other. So he took one of the ladies by the hand and led her toward the other.

“Benevolence,” said he, indicating the first, “Gratitude,” turning to the other.

The two virtues were unutterably astonished. For since the world began, and that was a great while ago, they had never met before.

The Truth All Around.

H. O. W.

HER VERSION.

“Who is Ned?” Why, I thought that you knew

We once were *engaged* for a year!

Oh, but that was before I knew you —

That was ages ago, my dear.

“Over cordial!” Now Hubby for shame!

Such nonsense! Yes, that was his wife —

Demure little thing — and so tame —
 Men *do* make such blunders in life.
 Ned was such a good-hearted fellow —
 “Devoted!” of course he was then!
 Oh, you need not frown and turn yellow,
 I could have had a dozen men.
 One thing I will say, however,
 He’s unhappy, *that* I can see;
 Poor fellow! he probably never
 Quite conquered his passion for me.
 “Too poor!” yes, but proud as a lord —
 When you came — Well, you know the rest —
 Dear, you said you would take me abroad;
 Yes, of course, I loved *you* the *best*!

HIS VERSION.

Ned, who is that overdressed lady
 You greeted so warmly today?
 What is it you’re keeping so shady?
 What is *she* to *you*, anyway?
 “That lady?” — the wife of a banker
 (Thought her toilet remarkably fine);
 By the way, you ought to thank her,
 She was once an old flame of mine.
 I offered my “congratulation,”
 Nothing more — to tell you the truth
 Our affair — mere infatuation,
 In the days of my callow youth.
 “Was she *fond* of me?” Well, she said so;
 “Did I *love* her?” We spooned for a year;
 “Why didn’t we *marry*?” Why, you know,
 I met *you*, and loved *you*, my dear.
 Of course, we all knew that he bought her —
 Youth and beauty exchanged for pelf!
 What? “If you weren’t a rich man’s daughter?”
My dear! I loved *you* for *yourself*!

THE TRUTH ABOUT IT.

’Twas the old, old story repeated;
 Two young hearts that once beat as **one**:
 Their twin aspirations defeated;

Two young lives forever undone,
 You think so? You're sadly mistaken!
 They each had a —something to sell.
 Each fancies the other forsaken,
 And both, yes, they *both* "Married Well!"

Uncle Consider's Truthful Remarks.

Eli Perkins.

One day I asked Uncle Consider what he thought of a miser. Said he: "Eli, a stingy man is to be pitied. He is simply a policeman to guard his own money. He lives poor to die rich, and dines off of crackers and cheese to give sweetbreads and champagne to his heirs. He serves his master Avarice to lose his own soul, better than you Christians serve God to save it. He worships Mammon and wears out his knees bowing to the God of this world and refuses to take a decent suit of clothes or an opera-ticket for his trouble."

In selecting your companions, Eli, continued my Uncle, it is better to associate with nice people. If you know nice people is easy enough to descend in the scale. If you begin with the lowest you can't ascend. In the grand theater of human life—a *box ticket takes you through the house*.

When I asked my Uncle, one day, what became of hypocrites, he said:

Why hypocrites go to Hell by the road to Heaven. They run every toll-gate on the Heavenly road but the last one—and there Death is the gate-keeper, and he demands their souls to pay for the stolen tolls.

When I asked him what eventually became of all the thoroughly wicked and depraved, he thought a moment, and said:

"They all practice law a little while and then they eventually go to the legislature."

True Sayings.

A mother down east was so kind that she gave her child chloroform before she whipped it.

Free speech is the brain of the Republic.

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No bird is actually on the wing. Wings are on the bird.

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A blow from a parent leaves a scar on the soul of the child.

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Whiskey is the son of villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

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I know a young man who attends church regularly, and clasps his hands so tight during prayer time, that he can't get them open when the contribution box comes around.

Laughter.

Eli Perkins.

Laughter has often dissipated disease and preserved life by a sudden effort of nature. We are told that the great Erasmus laughed so heartily at a satirical remark that he broke a tumor and recovered his health. In a singular treatise on laughter, Joubert gives two similar instances. A patient being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room, jumping up, discovered the goblet, and, having tasted, made a terrible grimace. Again, putting only his tongue to it, he perceived some sweetness of the dissolved manna, while the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom. Thus emboldened, he swallowed the whole, but found it such a nauseous poison that, after many strange and fantastic grimaces, he grinded his teeth in agony, and in a violent fury threw the goblet on the floor. The whole affair was so ludicrous that the sick man burst into repeated peals of laughter, and the recovery of cheerfulness led to health.

John Brougham on Gambling.

I am not about to defend gambling, but to prove that all the world are gamblers.

The most reckless gambler of all is the legislator, who speculates on human interest, and often stakes national prosperity against some petty interest.

Life itself is a game of chance. The very axiom, "Nothing is certain," disproves even the certainty of nothing being certain. The very machinery of the firmament is a sublime game of billiards, in which the stars are the balls, and the cues the centrifugal and centripetal forces.

Every dinner is a game of chance — it may choke you on the spot, or else you may never live to digest it. What matters it if a man be killed by an active mad bull or a bit of passive beef?

But gambling reaches its climax in marriage. *Rouge et noir* is never so dangerous as when they represent the cheeks and eyes of beauty. Marriage is dipping in the lucky bag in which, out of a hundred, ninety-nine are snakes to one eel.

Even agriculture is gambling; it is risking one potato in that great *faro* bank (the earth) to gain a bushel. Grains of wheat are dice, and the farmer who reaps a good harvest is an enormous gambler.

Commerce comes under the same penalty—every mercantile firm is illegal, whether it gains or loses.

Even the drama is a gambler. What manager can be sure that his new tragedy may not be a broad farce, and kill half the audience with laughter?

On Whipping Children.

If there is one of you here, said Col. Ingersoll, who ever expect to whip your child again, let me ask you something. Have your photograph taken at the time, and let it show your

face red with vulgar anger, and the face of the little one with eyes swimming in tears. If that little child should die, I cannot think of a sweeter way to spend an autumn afternoon than to take that photograph and go to the cemetery, where the maples are clad in tender gold, and when little scarlet runners are coming, like poems of regret, from the sad heart of the earth; and sit down upon that mound, I look upon that photograph, and think of the flesh, made dust, that you beat. Just think of it. I could not bear to die in the arms of a child that I had whipped. I could not bear to feel upon my lips, when they are withering beneath the touch of death, the kiss of one that I had struck.

Stanley Huntley's Story of Affection.

Husband (traveling).—Scene I—Room in hotel. Spittoon full of cigar stumps. Bourbon whisky. All hands equipped for a night's spree. Husband in a hurry to be off, writing home:

DEAREST SUSIE: My time is so occupied with business that I can hardly spare a moment to write to you. Oh! darling, how I miss you! and the only thing that sustains me during my absence is the thought that every moment thus spent is for the benefit of my dear wife and children. Take good care of yourself, my dear. Feed the baby on one cow's milk. Excuse haste, etc.

Wife (at home).—Scene II—Parlor. All the gas lit. Thirteen grass-widows; Fred, from around the corner, with his violin; Jim from across the way, with his banjo; Jack, from above, with his guitar; Sam, from below, with his flute; lots of other fellows, with their instruments. Dancing and singing; sideboard covered with nuts, fruits, cake, cream, wine, whisky, etc. Wife, in a hurry to dance, writing to her husband:

DEAR HUBBY: How lonesome I feel in your absence! The

hours pass tediously. Nobody calls on me, and I am constantly thinking of the time when you will be home, and your cheerful countenance light up the routine of every-day life. My household duties keep me constantly employed. I am living as economical as possible, knowing that your small income will not admit of frivolous expense. But now, dear, I will say good-bye, or I will be too late for the monthly concert of prayer. In haste, yours, etc.

God Made us to Laugh.

God made us to laugh as well as to cry.

The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire. O, weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft teacher of the organ keys! Blow, bugler, blow until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, charming the wandering lovers on the vine-clad hills; but know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light, and dimples every cheek with joy. Oh, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beast and man, and every wayward wave of time doth drown some fretful fiend of *care*.

WIT OF EXAGGERATION.

Wonderful Stories and Awful Exaggerations.

Melville D. Landon, A.M.

Much of our wit is made up of pure Baron-Munchausen exaggeration. The story teller exaggerates, the actor exaggerates, the writer exaggerates and the witty artist exaggerates.

Gil Blas, Gulliver's Travels, Don Quixote and the Tale of a Tub are instances of pure imagination, pure fancy, pure exaggeration. There is no special genius displayed in reporting a scene close to life. Dickens only becomes great when he lets his imagination play in the speech of Buzfuz. Herein differs the wit from the humorist, as will be seen in other chapters of this book. The humorist is a faithful photographer. He tells just what he hears and sees, while the wit lets his imagination and fancy play. I believe the wit is as far beyond the humorist as the ideal picture is beyond the humdrum portrait. A witty sketch is as much beyond a humorous sketch as Raffaele's ideal Sistine Madonna is beyond Rubens' actual portrait of his fat wife. One is ideal, the other is real. Any patient toiler can write humor, while it is only the man with brain and imagination who can write wit

Many of the exaggerated stories in this chapter are instances of pure wit, pure fancy and imagination.

Baron Munchausen's Best Stories

Baron Munchausen told in all two hundred large stories. His two best are his wolf and church stories.

"Speaking of wolves," said the Baron, "I will tell you how I managed these savage beasts in Russia. One day I was

walking along utterly defenseless, without gun or pistol, when a frightful wolf rushed upon me so suddenly, and so close, that I could do nothing but follow mechanical instinct, and thrust my fist into his open mouth. For safety's sake I pushed on and on, till my arm was fairly in up to the shoulder. How should I disengage myself? I was not much pleased with my awkward situation — with a wolf face to face, our ogling was not of the most pleasant kind. If I withdrew my arm, then the animal would fly the more furiously upon me ; that I saw in his flaming eyes. What do you think I did ! Why I reached my arm through the wolf, laid hold of his tail, turned him inside out like a glove, and flung him to the ground, where I left him.

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“At another time,” continued the Baron, “when I was riding along in a sledge, in the midst of a dreary Russian forest I spied a terrible wolf making after me, with all the speed of ravenous winter hunger. He soon overtook me. There was no possibility of escape. What do you think I did? Why, I just laid myself down flat in the sledge, and let my horse fly. But soon the wolf caught up, and leaping straight over me, caught the horse in the rear and began instantly to tear and devour the hind part of the poor animal, which ran the faster for his pain and terror. Thus unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted my head slyly up, and with horror I beheld that the wolf had ate his way into the horse's body ; it was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it, when I took my advantage, and fell upon him with the butt end of my whip. This unexpected attack in his rear frightened him so much, that he leaped forward with all his might : the horse's carcase dropped to the ground, but in his place the wolf was in the harness, and I drove that wolf straight into St. Petersburg !”

Salvanus Cobb, Jr., on Long Range Shooting.

Nat. Willey did not like to give up beat when it came to yarns of shooting ; for Nat., in his youth and early manhood, had been somewhat noted as a sportsman, both with the gun and the fishing-rod. Born and reared in the shadows of the White Mountains ; nearly related to the unfortunate family whose monument in the "Willy Notch" is the work of thousands of sympathizers — he had lived in the time when game was plenty, both in wood and water.

On a certain autumnal evening Nat. sat in the spacious bar-room of the Conway House, where a goodly company were gathered around a great open fire of blazing logs, when the conversation turned upon rifle shooting as compared with the shot-gun ; and those who advocated the rifle based their claims for superiority partly on its longer range. And this led to stories of *long ranges* ; and the distances to which one or two of those present had fired a rifle ball, with killing effect, was wonderful. Nat. had listened, but had said nothing of his own prowess. One man, from Virginia, told several marvelous stories, one of which was to the effect that his father, who had been one of the pioneers into Kentucky, had once owned a rifle with which he had killed a deer at the distance of two miles !

"I know it seems almost incredible," he said, in conclusion ; "but the ground was measured by a practiced surveyor, and that was the sworn result."

A brief silence followed this, which was broken by Charley Head, who said to Old Nat. :

"Look here, Uncle Nat., how about that rifle that General Sam. Knox gave to you ? If I don't forget, that could shoot some."

"You mean the one that I had to fire salted balls from, eh ?"

"Yes. Tell us about it."

"Pshaw! It don't matter. Let the old piece rest in its glory."

And the old resident would have sat back out of the way, but the story-tellers had become suddenly interested.

"Let us hear about it," pleaded the gentleman whose father had been a compatriot with Daniel Boone. "Did I understand you that you salted your bullets?"

"Always," said Nat, seriously and emphatically.

"And wherefore, pray?"

"Because," answered the old mountaineer, with simple honesty in look and tone, "that rifle killed at such a distance that, otherwise, especially in warm weather, game would *spoil with age before I could reach it.*"

Burdette on the Missouri River.

The dust blows out of the Missouri River. It is the only river in the world where the dust blows in great columns out of the river bed. The catfish come up to the surface to sneeze. From the great wide-stretching sandbars on the Kansas shore great columns of dust and sand, about two thousand feet high, come whirling and sweeping across the river and hide the town, and sweep through the train and make everything so dry and gritty that a man can light a match on the roof of his mouth. The Missouri River is composed of six parts of sand and mud and four parts of water. When the wind blows very hard it dries the surface of the river and blows it away in clouds of dust. It is just dreadful. The natural color of the river is seal-brown, but when it rains for two or three days at a time, and gets the river pretty wet, it changes to a heavy iron-gray. A long rain will make the river so thin it can easily be poured from one vessel into another, like a cocktail. When it is ordinarily dry, however, it has to be stirred with a stick before you can pour it out of anything. It has a current of about twenty-nine miles an hour, and perhaps the largest

acreage of sandbars to the square inch that was ever planted. Steamboats run down the Missouri River. So do newspaper correspondents. But if the river is not fair to look upon, there is some of the grandest country on either side of it the sun ever shone upon. How such a river came to run through such a paradise is more than I can understand.

George Washington.

One day, in a fit of abstraction, the juvenile George cut down Bushrod's favorite cherry tree with a hatchet. His purpose was to cut — and run.

But the old gentleman came sailing round the corner of the barn just as the future Father of his Country had started on the retreat.

“Look here, sonny,” thundered the stern old Virginian, “who cut that tree down?”

George reflected a moment. There wasn't another boy or another hatchet within fifteen miles. Besides, it occurred to him that to be virtuous is to be happy. Just as Washington senior turned to go in and get his horsewhip, our little hero burst into tears, and, nestling among his father's coat-tails, exclaimed, “Father, I cannot tell a lie. It must have been a frost!”

Eli Perkins on Potato Bugs.

Uncle Hank Allen was perhaps the smoothest and most accomplished liar in central New York. There were other ordinary country postoffice liars in the beautiful village of Eaton, New York, where I was born, but Uncle Hank could lie like a gifted metropolitan. Every night Uncle Hank's grocery was filled with listening citizens, all paying the strictest attention whenever the good old man spoke. When Charley Campbell or John Whitney lied nobody paid much attention because they

were clumsy workmen. Their lies would not hold water like Uncle Hank's. Why the old man's lies were so smooth, so artistic, that, while listening to them, you imagined you were listening to Elder Cleveland's bible stories.

One day they were talking about potato bugs in Uncle Hank's grocery :

"Talk about potato bugs," said Dr. Purdy, "why up in my garden there are twenty bugs on a stalk."

"Twenty bugs on a stalk! only twenty!" mused Charley Campbell contemptuously; "why they ate up my first crop of potatoes two weeks ago, and they are now sitting all around the lot on trees and fences waiting for me to plant them over again."

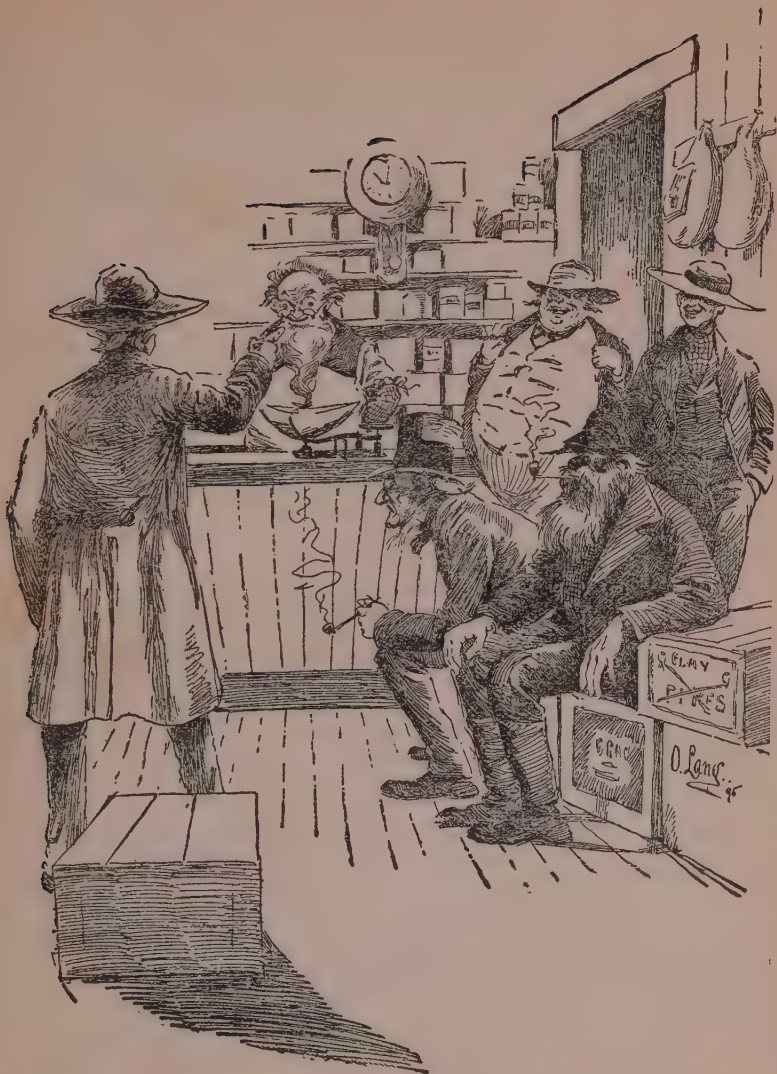
"Why you don't know anything about the ravenous nature of them potater bugs!" exclaimed old Hank. "You may call me a liar, but I've had potater bugs walk right into my kitchen and yank red-hot potatoes right out of the oven! 'Waiting around a potato patch for the second crop!' exclaimed old Hank with a sneer. "'Waiting?' Why gosh blast your souls, I was up to Townsend's store yesterday and I saw potater bugs up there looking over Townsend's books to see who had bought seed potater for next year. I did, by Gum!"

The whole grocery was still when Uncle Hank finished. You could have heard a pin drop. Finally a long, lean man from Woodman's Pond raised himself up. The stranger, evidently a new comer and not acquainted with Mr. Allen, pointed his long finger at Uncle Hank, and exclaimed with a hiss :

"You are a liar!"

Uncle Hank looked over his glasses at the stranger long and earnestly. Then holding out his hand he inquired with a puzzled look :

"Where did you get acquainted with me?"



"You are a liar!" (See page 184.)

How the Yankee Amazed Them.

Eli Perkins.

A Yankee in Paris, who was listening to the boasts of a lot of English and French artists about the wonderful genius of their respective countrymen, at length broke out, saying: "Oh, pshaw! Why we have an artist in Boston who can paint a piece of cork so exactly like marble that the minute you throw it into the water it will sink to the bottom just like a stone."

"How won-deerful!" exclaimed the Frenchman.

"O not very wonderful. We have more wonderful things than that over there," said the Yankee.

"Tell us about some of ze won-deer-ful things!" said the Frenchman.

"Well, one day, gentlemen, I was crossing the Rocky mountains, when I found a petrified forest. The trees were turned into solid stone. As I loitered on the edge a deer started across the valley and was transformed in a moment into solid stone. A bird flew past me, and, perching on a tree, began to sing. Suddenly the bird was changed to stone. The song she was singing was also petrified, hanging down from the beak of the bird — cold, cold stone."

"Won-deer-ful!" exclaimed the Frenchman.

"But I have seen more wonderful things in England than that," said the Englishman.

"What?" asked the Yankee.

"Why I saw a man swim from Liverpool clear to Queens-town."

"Swim!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "You see him swim?"

"Yes, sir; I saw him. The man swam right alongside my boat. Sometimes he would swim ahead of the boat. Then a storm would come up and the boat would catch up with him. But we came into Queenstown harbor side by side."

"Would you know that man if you should see him?" asked the Yankee.

"Yes, I think I should. He was about your size."

"Well," said the Yankee standing up, "I am that very man. I'm awful glad you saw me do it, for a good many people in England will doubt the story, and I want to use you as a witness."

Adler on Wonderful Shooting.

They had been talking about the remarkable performances of Dr. Carver, the marksman, who shoots with a rifle, glass balls, which are sent into the air as fast as a man can throw them. Presently, Abner Byng, who was sitting by, said:

"That's nothing."

"What is nothing?"

"Why, that shooting. Did you ever know Tom Potter!"

"No."

"Well, Potter was the best hand with a rifle I ever saw; beat this man Carter all hollow. I'll tell you what I've seen Potter do. You know, may be, along there in the cherry season, Mrs. Potter would want to preserve some cherries; so Tom 'd pick 'em for her, and how do you think he'd stone 'em?"

"I don't know. How?"

"Why, he'd fill his gun with bird shot, and get a boy to drop half a bushel of cherries at one time from the roof of the house. As **they** came down, he'd fire, and take the stone clean out of **every** cherry in the lot! It's a positive fact. He might occasionally miss one cherry, may be, but not often. But he did bigger shooting than that when he wanted to."

"What did he do?"

"Why, Jim Miller—did you know him? No? Well, Tom made a bet once with **Jim** that he could shoot the buttons off

of his own coat tail, by aiming in the opposite direction, and Jim Miller took him up."

"Did he do it?"

"Do it? He fixed himself in position, and aimed at a tree in front of him. The ball hit the tree, carromed, hit the corner of a house, carromed, struck a lamp post, carromed, and flew behind Tom, and nipped the button off as slick as a whistle. You bet he did it."

"That was fine shooting."

"Yes, but I've seen Tom Potter beat it. I've seen him stand under a flock of wild pigeons, billions of them coming like the wind, and kill 'em so fast that the front of the flock never passed a given line, but turned over and fell down, so that it looked like a kind of a brown and feathery Niagara. Tom did it by having twenty-three breech-loading rifles and a boy to load 'em. He always shot with that kind."

"You say you saw him do this sort of shooting?"

"Yes, sir; and better than that, too. Why, I'll tell you what I've seen Tom Potter do. I saw him once set up an India rubber target at three hundred feet, and hit the bull's eye twenty-seven times a minute with the same ball! He would hit the target, the ball would bounce back right into the rifle-barrel just as Tom had clapped in a fresh charge of powder, and so he kept her a-going backward and forward, backward and forward, until at last he happened to move his gun, and the bullet missed the muzzle of the barrel. It was the biggest thing I ever saw; the very biggest—except one."

"What was that?"

"Why, one day I was out with him when he was practicing, and it came on to rain. Tom didn't want to get wet, and we had no umbrella, and what do you think he did?"

"What!"

"Now what do you think that man did to keep dry?"

"I can't imagine."

"Well, sir, he got me to load his weapons for him, and I

pledge you my word, although it began to rain hard, he hit every drop that came down, so that the ground for about eight feet around us was as dry as punk. It was beautiful, sir; beautiful!"

And then the company rose up slowly and passed out, one by one, each man eyeing Abner, and looking solemn as he went by; and when they had gone, Abner looked queerly for a moment, and said to me:

"There's nothing I hate so much as a liar. Give me a man who is the friend of the solid truth, and I'll tie to him."

Criswell's Wonderful Clock.

Mr. R. W. Criswell contributes to this work some of his best things, among them one of his Grandfather Lickshingle stories:

"Speakin' of the time o' day," remarked Grandfather Lickshingle, when the hired girl thrust her head in the room and asked what she should get for dinner, "speakin' of the time o' day, reminds me of a clock I had when I first went to house-keeping."

"How did it differ from other clocks?"

"Very materially, sir, as you will ascertain by findin' out. It wuzn't none of yer French clocks, made in Amsterdam by a native of Switzerland. Made it myself from designs of my own designatin'. It 'ud run thirty-eight days without whip or spur. Wasn't what you'd call a handsome clock, as in them days we looked more to utility than movement. Built this clock for service."

"It was a success, no doubt."

"P'r'aps so, p'r'aps no. That's not for your grandfather to say. I'll tell you about it an' you can bring in a verdict in accordance with the evidence adduced, an' for such you shall answer at the great day. I made this clock outen the machinery of a couple of old telephones, a type-settin' machine an' a

jig-saw, together with some cog-wheels and dufunnys that I kem across in the scrap pile back of the brass foundry. Worked on it night an' day for seventeen years, an' when at last I brought it to completion the press an' pulpit arose as the voice of one man an' pronounced it the most victorious triumph of the century."

"What was there peculiar about your clock?"

"The most peculiar thing about it was its singularity. As I said, I had built it entirely with a view to its utility in a new household, an' had combined the machinery to that end. In the first place, that clock 'ud set on the mantel and rock the cradle."

"How was that?"

"Well, I had wires radiatin' out from the fly-wheel. These we attached to the cradle."

"But at that time you had no occasion for a clock that would rock the cradle. That is to say —"

"Nobody said I had, did they? But while I wuz about it I thought I might as well fix it that way. The neighbors used to bring in their children an' have 'em rocked just to see how it worked. It 'ud rock as many cradles as there was wires attached, an' sometimes we had as many as twenty-five babies in our care at one time. It wuz a curious sight to see the twenty-five or thirty cradles, each one containin' a baby an' some of 'em twins, all goin' at once. One day a stranger kem in our house to sell us some lightning-rods. That day there was forty cradles goin'. The man was astonished. He looked at the sleepin' infants, then at my wife, then at your grandfather, and said:

"'My Christian frien', I am of the opinion that the best thing that kin happen to you is a seven-pronged streak of lightning', an' I will retire without showin' my samples,' an' he did.

"There wuz another thing about that clock. You could set it so it 'ud kindle the fire at any hour in the mornin'."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes ; an' it 'ud put on the teakettle, pull the hired girl out of bed, an' spank the baby — if you had one to spank ; an' as long as we kept that time-piece we never had less than from twenty-five to thirty."

"Quite wonderful, indeed !"

"That wuzn't all it 'ud do by a long shot. It 'ud catch more rats than a Scotch terrier."

"Catch rats ?"

"Catch 'em quicker'n you can think ; didn't run after 'em, like a fool dog or cat. Wind up what we call the 'rat-catcher' an' it 'ud emit a peculiar sound, like the weepin' of a young rat. The old 'uns 'ud come to the rescue, an' it 'ud be the most sorrowful rescue you ever read about. A couple of steel claws 'ud shoot out of the recesses of that time-piece, an' rats an' mice 'ud fall in a common grave, heaped an' pent, as the poet says, in one red burial blent."

"Marvelous ! marvelous !"

"More 'an that. This clock 'ud pick up chips, blow the dinner-horn, call the dog, register the rise and fall of the tide, give quotations from the stock exchanges —"

"You don't say so !"

"Help a man on with his overcoat —"

"What !"

"Reach out his hands an' assist you with your ulster jes' as natural as life."

"Was it a good time-keeper ?"

"Keep time like a singin' master. Don't make clocks like that nowadays. Your grandfather's clock —"

But grandfather had fallen fast asleep, perhaps before half was told.

The Truthful Pilot.

The passenger who was going down the Mississippi river for the first time in his life, secured permission to climb up beside the pilot, a grim old grayback, who never told a lie in his life.

"Many alligators in the river?" inquired the stranger, after a look around.

"Not so many now, since they got to shootin' 'em for their hides and taller," was the reply.

"Used to be lots, eh?"

"I don't want to tell you about 'em, stranger," replied the pilot, sighing heavily.

"Why!"

"'Cause you'd think I was a lying to you, and that's sumthin' I never do. I kin cheat at kards, drink whiskey or chaw poor terbacker, but I can't lie."

"Then there used to be lots of 'em," inquired the passenger.

"I'm most afraid to tell ye, mister, but I've counted 'leven hundred allygaters to the mile from Vicksburg clear down to Orleans! That was years ago, before a shot was ever fired at 'em."

"Well, I don't doubt it," replied the stranger.

"And I've counted 3,459 of 'em on one sandbar!" continued the pilot. "It looks big to tell, but a government surveyor was aboard, and he checked 'em off as I called out."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said the passenger as he heaved a sigh.

"I'm glad o' that, stranger. Some fellows would think I was a liar, when I'm telling the solemn truth. This used to be a paradise for alligators, and they were so thick that the wheels of the boat killed an average of forty-nine to the mile!"

"Is that so?"

"True as a Gospel, mister; I used to almost feel sorry for the cussed brutes, 'cause they'd cry out e'enamost like a human being. We killed lots of 'em, as I said, and we hurt a pile more. I sailed with one captain who allus carried 1,000 bottles of liniment to throw over to the wounded ones!"

"He did!"

"True as you live, he did. I don't 'spect I'll ever see another such a Christian man. And the alligators got to know

the Nancy Jane, and to know Captain Tom, and they'd swim and rub their tails against the boat, and pur like cats, and look up and try to smile!"

"They would!"

"Solemn truth, stranger. And once, when we grounded on a bar, with an opposition boat right behind, the alligators gathered around, got under the stern and humped her clean over the bar by a grand push. It looks like a big story, but I never told a lie yet, and never shall. I wouldn't lie for all the money you could put aboard this boat."

There was a painful pause, and after a while the pilot continued:

"Our injines gin out once, and a crowd of allygaters took a tow line and hauled us forty five miles up stream to Vicksburg."

"They did!"

"And when the news got along the river that Captaim Tom was dead every allygater in the river daubed his left ear with black mud as a badge of mournin', and lots of 'em pined away and died."

The passenger left the pilot house with the remark that he didn't doubt the statement, but the old man gave the wheel a turn and replied:

"There's one thing I won't do for love nor money, and that's make a liar out of myself. I was brung up by a good mother, and I'm going to stick to the truth if this boat doesn't make a cent."

How Wild Bill Talked to the Quaker Indian Commissioner.

"Go on with thy account of the thunder shower," said the Quaker clergyman.

"Well, as I was telling you," said Wild Bill, placing his pistol in his pocket and looking the Quaker Indian Commissioner straight in the face like a truthful man, "I say as I was telling you, I seen clouds making to north'ard and I

knowed it was going to settle in for thick weather. I told my son to look out, and in less than half an hour there broke the doggondest storm I ever seed. Rain! Why, gentlemen, it rained so hard into the muzzle of my gun that it busted the darned thing at the breech! Yes, sir. And the water began to rise on us, too. Talk about your floods down South! Why, gentlemen, the water rose so rapidly in my house that it flowed up the chimney and streamed 300 feet up in the air! We got it both ways that trip, up and down!"

"Do we understand thee is relating facts within the scope of thine own experience?" demanded the clergyman, with his mouth wide open.

"Partially mine and partially my son's," answered the truthful Bill. "He watched it go up, and I watched it come down! But you can get some idea of how it rained when I tell you that we put out a barrel without any heads into it, and it rained into the bunghole of the barrel faster than it could run out at both ends!"

"Which of you saw that, thee or thy son?" inquired a clergyman.

"We each watched it together, my son and me," returned Wild Bill, "till my son got too near the barrel and was drowned. Excuse these tears, gentlemen, but I can never tell about that storm without crying."

"Verily the truth is sometimes stranger than fiction," said the clergyman. "Verily it is."

Idaho Meanness.

"Don't you go there!" he said, as he turned around on the passenger who announced that he was going through to Idaho. "They are the most selfish people you ever saw."

"How?"

"Well, take my case. I ran a wildcat under a schoolhouse and discovered a rich mine, and yet they wouldn't let me do

any blasting under there during school hours for fear of disturbing the children. I had to work at nights altogether, and they even charged me thirty cents for breaking the windows."

"Indeed?"

"And in another case where I staked out a claim and three men jumped it, the Governor refused to issue ammunition or let the Sheriff move; and do you know what I had to do? I had to dig a canal from the river, three miles away, and let the water in to drive the jumpers out, and even then the Coroner who sat on the bodies made me pay for the coffins and charged me \$12 for a funeral sermon only seven minutes long! Don't go beyond Colorado if you want to be used well."

Eli Perkins' Lazy Man.

"He was very lazy, Mr. Perkins," said old Mrs. Jones. "I must say my first husband was a very lazy man."

"How lazy was he?" I asked.

"Well, he was so lazy, Eli, Mr. Jones was so lazy that he wouldn't shovel a path to the front gate."

"How did he get the path broken out?" I asked.

"O, he used to lay on the lounge and pinch the baby's ear with the nippers until the neighbors came rushing in to tread down the snow."

A Truthful Trio.

Mark Twain and Petroleum V. Nasby, says Donn Piatt, dined with Eli Perkins at the latter's residence in New York. The conversation at that dinner I shall never forget. The stories told and the reminiscences brought out at that dinner would fill a small book.

After the last course, and after the ladies had withdrawn, the conversation turned upon horses. Finally Mr. Twain laid down his cigar and asked Perkins and Nasby if they had ever heard of a fast horse he (Mark) used to own in Nevada.

"I think not," said Nasby.

"Well, gentlemen," continued Mr. Twain, as he blew a smoke ring and watched it, "that was a fast horse. He was a very fast horse. But he was so tough bitted that I couldn't guide him with a bit at all."

"How did you guide him?" asked Eli.

"Well, gentlemen, I had to guide him with electricity. I had to have wire lines and had to keep a battery in the wagon all the time in order to stop him."

"Why didn't you stop him by hollering who-a?" asked Eli.

"Stop him by hollering who-a!" exclaimed Mr. Twain. "Why I could not holler loud enough to make that horse hear me. He traveled so fast that no sound ever reached him from behind. He went faster than the sound, sir. Holler who-a and he'd be in the next town before the sound of your voice could reach the dash-board. 'Travel fast?' I should say he could. Why I once started from Virginia City for Meadow Creek right in front of one of the most dreadful rain-storms we ever had on the Pacific coast. Wind and rain? Why the wind blew eighty miles an hour and the rain fell in sheets. I drove right before that storm for three hours—just on the edge of that hurricane and rain for forty miles."

"Didn't you get drenched?"

"'Drenched?' No, sir. Why, I tell you, I drove in front of that rainstorm. I could lean forward and let the sun shine on me, or lean backward and feel rain and catch hailstones. When the hurricane slacked up the horse slacked up, too, and when it blew faster I just said 'g—lk!' to the horse, and touched the battery and away we went. Now I don't want to lie about my horse, Mr. Perkins, and I don't ask you to believe what I say, but I tell you truthfully that when I got to Meadow Creek my linen duster was dry as powder. Not a drop of rain on the wagon seat either, while the wagon box was level full of hailstones and water, or I'm a ———, a———"

"Look here, gentlemen," interrupted Mr. Nasby, "speak-

ing of the truth, did you ever hear about my striking that man in Toledo?"

Mark said he had never heard about it.

"Well, sir, it was this way: There was a man there—one of those worldly, skeptical fellows, who questioned my veracity one day. He said he had doubts about the truthfulness of one of my cross-roads incidents. He didn't say it publicly, but privately. I'm sorry for the sake of his wife and family now that he said it at all—and sorry for the man, too, because he wasn't prepared to go. If he'd been a Christian it would have been different. I say I didn't want to strike this man, because it's a bad habit to get into—this making a human chaos out of a fellow man. But he questioned my veracity and the earthquake came. I struck him once—just once. I remember he was putting down a carpet at the time and had his mouth full of carpet tacks. But a man can't stop to discount carpet tacks in a man's mouth, when he questions your veracity, can he? I never do. I simply struck the blow."

"Did it hurt the man much?" asked Eli.

"I don't think it did. It was too sudden. The bystanders said if I was going to strike a second blow they wanted to move out of the state. Now, I don't want you to believe me, and I don't expect you will, but I tell you the honest truth, Mr. Perkins, I squashed that man right down into a door-mat, and his own wife, who was tacking down one edge of the carpet at the time, came right along and took him for a gutta percha rug, and actually tacked him down in front of the door. Poor woman, she never knew she was tacking down her own husband! What became of the tacks in his mouth? you ask. Well, the next day the boys pulled them out of the bottoms of his overshoes, and —"

"Gentlemen!" interrupted Eli, "it does me good to hear such truths. I believe every word you say, and I feel that I ought to exchange truths with you. Now did you ever

hear how I went to prayer-meeting at New London, Conn., in a rain-storm ? ”

They said they had not.

“ Well, gentlemen,” said Eli, “ one day I started for the New London prayer-meeting on horseback. When I got about half way there, there came up a fearful storm. The wind blew a hurricane, and rain fell in torrents, the lightning gleamed through the sky, and I went and crouched down behind a large barn. But pretty soon the lightning struck the barn, knocked it into a thousand splinters, and sent my horse whirling over into a neighboring corn-patch.”

“ Did it kill you, Mr. Perkins ? ” asked Mr. Twain, the tears rolling down his cheeks.

“ No, it didn’t kill me,” I said, “ but I was a good deal discouraged.”

“ Well, what did you do, Mr. Perkins ? ”

“ ‘ What did I do ? ’ Well, gentlemen, to tell the honest Connecticut truth, I went right out into the pasture, took off my coat, humped up my bare back, and took eleven clips of lightning right on my bare backbone, drew the electricity all out of the sky, and then got on to my horse and rode into New London in time to lead at the evening prayer-meeting.”

Arise and sing !

Irish Exaggeration.

An Irishman addicted to telling strange stories, said he saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head and put it on his shoulders in the right place.

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ” laughed an Englishman ; “ how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him ? ”

“ And, sure, what a purty fool ye are ! ” said Pat ; “ and couldn’t he pick it up wid his teeth ? To ould Nick wid yer botheration ! ”

A little while afterward Pat was speaking of the fine echo at the lake of Killarney. "Why," said he, "when you shout, the echo repeats your voice forty times."

"Faith, that is nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden in the county of Galway," said an Irish hackman, who was listening. "If you say to it:

"How do you do, Paddy Blake?" it will answer:

"Pretty well, thank you, sir."

"Pat, is your hack clean?" I asked of an Irish hackman.

"Clean, do ye say? clean? Begorra an' it would carry a bride and bridesmaid, in their white satin robes, up and down the city, and turn them out a good deal cleaner than when they went in!"

Yankee Exaggeration.

"Was Aaron Burr a mean man?" I asked a Yankee deacon up at Hartford.

"Mean? I should say he was. Aaron Burr mean? Why, I could take the little end of nothing, whittled down to a point, punch out the pith of a hair, and put in forty thousand such souls as his, shake them up, and they'd rattle!"

Lord Erskine on Lying.

Lord Erskine was once called upon by an old friend and asked whether an action for damages would lie in a certain case; and the evidence being clearly insufficient, he replied with one of his best puns:

"The action will not *lie* unless the witnesses *do*."

And in the Thelwall case, the prisoner, becoming alarmed, wrote upon a slip of paper: "I'm afraid I'll be hanged if I don't plead my own case," and handed it to Erskine, his counsel, who replied:

"You'll be hanged if you *do*."

The Truthful Editor.

"Talk about presence of mind!" exclaimed Mr. Doremus, of the *Galveston News*, "Why one day Aleck Sweet was standing at his desk writing, when a stroke of lightning descended through the roof, stripped him of his clothing, even his boots; threw him against a wall, and left him paralyzed and unable to move a muscle."

"Did it kill him?" asked a bystander.

"No, sir, he retained complete consciousness through it all, and, being on the spot, was enabled to write up a veracious account of the affair. He has since recovered."

Hereditary Liar.

"Father! did you ever used to lie when you were a boy?"

"No, my son," said the paternal, who evidently did not recall the past with any distinctness.

"Nor mother, either?" persisted the young lawyer.

"No! but why?"

"Oh, because I don't see how two people who never told a lie could have a boy who tells as many as I do. Where could I have got it from!"

Alex. Sweet on Rapid Transit.

Uncle Mose owns several small shanties, which he rents out; but one of the tenants is rather slow coming up with his rent, so old Mose had to make him a pastoral visit. Just as he was coming from the house, old Mose met Jim Webster.

"Jim," said the old man, "which am de fastest trabbler you ebber heered tell about?"

"Dey say dat de ray ob light trabbles more den 200,000 miles a second, but I nebber timed it myself," replied Jim.

"Dar's a man in Galveston what can gib de ray ob light fifty yards start and beat it de wust kind."

"G'way, ole man. Lyin' is ketchin', an' I hain't been vaccinated since de wah."

"Hit am jess as I told yer. Gabe Snodgrass, which owes for four mumfs back rent, can outrabble de light."

"Did yer see him doin' it?"

"I went to de front doah, an' jess as his wife opened de front doah, I seed Gabe slide out de back doah. 'Is Gabe home?' says I. 'He's done gone to Houston,' says she. Hit am fifty miles to Houston, an' he must hab made de trip while I was lookin' at him slide out de back doah. Just fetch on yer ray ob light, an' ef it don't hab to hump itself to catch up wid Gabe Snodgrass when I comes fur de back rent, den I's a fool, dat's all!"

Queer Answers.

"How did you like the ruins of Pompeii?" asked an old lady of her son who had just returned from Europe.

"I didn't go to see 'em, ma. They said they was so dreadfully out of repair that I thought it wouldn't pay."

* *
*

"That editor over the way," said the editor of the *Sedalia Bazoo*, "is mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog."

"That *Bazoo* man known he lies," was the reply next day. "He knows we never stole his swill."

* *
*

"How did you come to have a wooden leg?" asked one gentleman of another on the cars.

"I inherited it, sir."

"How is that?" inquired his friend.

"Well, sir, my father had one, and so had my grandfather before him. *It runs in the family.*"

"Was that leg at Bull run?"

"When does a married man become a bird?" asked Eli Perkins.

"Never, sir! never!" said Joseph Cook. "It is preposterous, Mr. Perkins."

"When a married man comes home at two o'clock in the morning don't his wife make him quail?"

* *
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Old Deacon Bonney never told a lie; but he used to relate this: He was standing one day before a frog-pond, and saw a large garter snake make an attack upon an enormous bull-frog. The snake seized on the frog's hind legs, and the frog to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing each other, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of them.

Lincoln's Exaggeration.

During the late war, one of the gun-boat contractors was impressing upon Mr. Lincoln the great superiority of his boats, because they would run in such shallow water. "O, yes," replied the President, "I've no doubt they'll run anywhere where the ground is a little moist!"

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Just as a traveler was writing his name on the register of a Leavenworth hotel, a bed-bug appeared and took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked:

"I've been bled by St. Joe fleas, bitten by Kansas City spiders, and interviewed by Fort Scott graybacks; but I'll be darned if I was ever in a place before where the bed-bugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was!"

The Colorado Liar.

"That is the biggest liar in Colorado, and you know I'm a judge," said the reporter of the *Denver News*, pointing to a mild-eyed fellow with a Texan sombrero and four pistols in his belt.

"Has he really ever killed any one?" I asked.

"Killed anybody? You betcher life. More'n you've got fingers and toes on you. Why, that's Dead-Shot Bill. Never has to waste a second cartridge. Always takes 'em an inch above the right eye."

"Is he a robber?" asked several of the passengers at once.

"Naw! He ain't nothin' of that sort. He kills for sport. Wouldn't steal nothin'."

"Might I inquire if he has shot any one quite recently?" asked the English tourist, beginning to tremble.

"Waal, no; not since a week ago Friday, that I can recollect on."

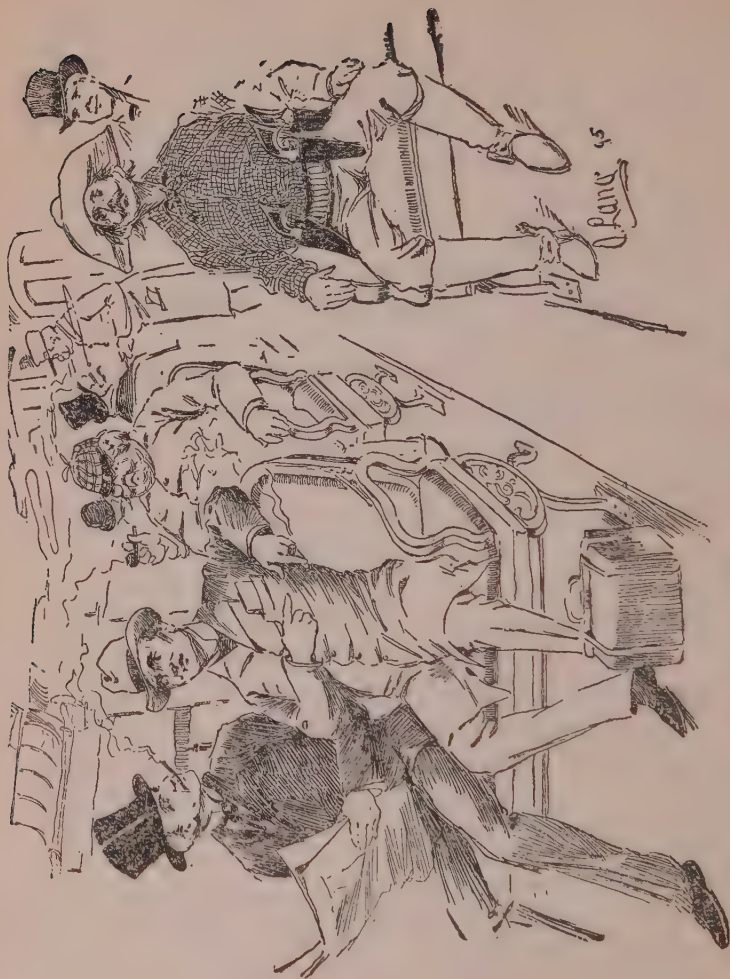
This was carefully noted down by a stout, fat gentleman, who appeared to be all ears, and looked as though he, too, might be an English tourist.

"Well, don't the authorities make any attempt to—to restrict his amusement?" I asked.

"Authorities? Guess not. Why, he's sheriff himself of this county, and since he shot the last Judge for fining him for contempt of court when he shot a lawyer that had the impudence to say that a fellow the sheriff had taken in for stealing a horse wasn't the right man, there hasn't been anybody who felt like taking his place."

A moment afterward a quiet-looking stock man sat down beside me, and, turning to him, I pointed out the bloody form of Dead-Shot Bill and asked him if he knew him.

"Know him!" said the stock man; "why, of course I do. I've known him since he came from the East, and I hired him to look after a flock of sheep, but I've had to let him go because he was afraid to leave the ranche on account of the Indians—in his mind."



"Why, that's Dead-Shot Bill." (See page 202.)

Lying — Under a Mistake.

"If your Honor please, that is not the point in question," said a Western attorney.

"The court thinks otherwise," replied the Judge.

"But," said the attorney, somewhat excitedly, "I say your Honor lies —" and here he was suddenly cut short by the Judge.

"What do you say, sir? Do you mean to insinuate the court lies?" sharply and quickly rapped his Honor.

"No, I beg pardon, if the court so understood it. What I was about to say, when interrupted by your Honor, and what I now say in the presence of the court is, that your Honor lies"—and taking a long breath and coughing slightly—"under a mistake."

This was a satisfactory explanation, and the court and audience enjoyed the scene with considerable merriment, and the case proceeded without further interruption.

Eli Perkins on Mean Men.

I was talking with Senator Blaine in Saratoga one day about mean men when Sam Cox stepped up and said he knew a very mean man—the meanest man on earth.

"How mean is that?" I asked.

"Why, Eli," he said, "he is so mean that he keeps a five-cent piece with a string tied to it to give to beggars; and when their backs are turned he jerks it out of their pockets!"

"Why, this man is so confounded mean," continued Mr. Cox, "that he gave his children ten cents apiece every night for going to bed without their supper, but during the night, when they were asleep, he went upstairs, took the money out of their clothes, and then whipped them in the morning for losing it."

"Does he do anything else?"

"Yes, the other day I dined with him, and I noticed the poor little servant girl whistled all the way upstairs with the dessert; and when I asked the mean old scamp what made her whistle so happily, he said: 'I keep her whistling so she can't eat the raisins out of the cake.'"

I was down in Uncle Hank Allen's grocery today, telling about Sam Cox's mean man, when Oliver Wilcoxon remarked:

"That was a pretty mean man, but I could tell you about meaner men than that right in this town. Now there is old Backus Long. You remember about the sausage skins?"

"No, what was it?" asked several voices at once.

"Well, I don't speak of this as a case of meanness, but I put it forward as an instance of careful thrift when I say that when I ran the butcher's shop Backus Long always used to send back his sausage skins and have them refilled."

"That was simply business shrewdness," said John Whitney. "Now I always do those kind of things myself. For instance, it is always my custom to stop the clock nights."

"What for?" asked Stanley Westfall.

"I do it to keep it from wearing out the coggs."

"I call that rather close," said Deacon Monson. "I call that mean, but we've got a man over in Lebanon who beats that. Old Calkins over there is so mean that he skims his milk on top, and then, when no one is looking, he turns it over and skims it on the bottom."

Uncle Hank now uncrossed his legs, took a quid of fine cut, and remarked:

"Gentlemen, you don't appear to be aware of the many mean things done every day in this community. I tell you there is an all-killin' sight of meanness in this town."

"Who's meaner than old Calkins?" asked Calvin Morse.

"Why, the meanest man in this town, and none of you seems to have heard of him," said Uncle Hank. "I say the

meanest man in this town, if my memory does not fail me, is old Deacon Crawford, and ——”

“What was the meanest thing he ever did?” asked a dozen voices.

“Well, gentlemen, you may call me a liar, but it’s the solemn truth. One day Deakin Crawford found a stray bung hole over around Stanley Westfall’s cooper shop, and ——”

“What did he do with a stray bung hole?” asked Jonas White.

“Why, gentlemen, you may call it a lie, but if he didn’t take it up to Morse’s cooper shop, and, handing it out, ask Gardner Morse to please give him a barrel to fit that ere bung hole. He did, by gosh!”

Eli Perkins on Large Feet.

There is an Englishman in Saratoga whose feet are so large that he rests easier standing up than lying down.

Mrs. Thompson says he objected to taking a walk yesterday, on the ground that it was so damp.

“What difference does that make?” I asked.

“Oh, his feet are so large that so much of him is exposed to the damp earth that he takes cold.”

“But suppose he is compelled to go out very rainy weather — what does he do?” I asked.

“Why, if he has to stay any great length of time, he generally sits down on the grass and holds his feet up!”

One day this man was looking for a pair of shoes. He tried on four or five pairs and then he asked for the largest pair in the store.

“These are number 16’s,” said the store keeper. “They are certainly large enough.”

“No,” said the man, “they are too small. They pinch my feet.”

"O, I have it," said the store keeper, "here, just try on the box!"

The man didn't buy the box but suited himself in some other store, and the sequel came out the next day in the Albany newspaper as follows:

"Ticket!" said the conductor, as he stopped in front of gentleman, who looked as if he was anchored to his seat.

The gentleman addressed handed over the required paste-board, which was duly punched, and looking around, the conductor said:

"Where's your friend's ticket."

"What friend? I have no friend."

"Who's the party occupying this seat with you?"

"I'm alone," said the passenger, looking somewhat puzzled at being questioned.

"Then what are you doing with two valises?"

"Two valises! why, I haven't any," at the same time moving his feet with exertion.

"*Oh! excuse me!*" said the conductor, as he passed out of the car.

Nasby's Satire, Ingersoll's Ridicule and Lewis' Humor.

"The difference between satire, ridicule and humor," writes Eli Perkins, "is this: the satirist, like Nasby, exaggerates an error, makes it hideous and kills it; while the ridiculer, like Ingersoll, exaggerates a truth and laughs it out of court. The humorist, like Lewis of Detroit, paints a true picture of nature. To illustrate humor, I give this true incident: A dear, good, old lady, with her daughter, came timidly into the Poughkeepsie station. She was quite excited. Pointing her hand nervously through the ticket agent's window, she asked, tremblingly:

'When does the next train go to New York?'

'Exactly three-twenty,' said the agent, looking at his watch.

'Is that the first train?' nervously gasped the old lady.

'Yes, madam, the very first train.'

‘Isn’t there any freights?’ Isn’t——?

‘No, madam, there are no freights.’

‘Isn’t there a special?’

‘No, nothing.’

‘If there were a special would you know it?’

‘Certainly, madam.’

‘And there isn’t any?’

‘No, there isn’t.’

‘Well, I’m glad there isn’t—awful glad! Now, Maria, *we can cross the track!*’ ”

Bill Nye Condemns Liars.

We have nothing more to say of the editor of the *Sweet-water Gazette*. Aside from the fact that he is a squint-eyed, consumptive liar, with a breath like a buzzard, and a record like a convict, we don’t know anything against him. He means well enough, and if he can evade the penitentiary and the vigilance committee for a few more years, there is a chance for him to end his life in a natural way. If he don’t tell the truth a little more plentifully, however, the Green River people will rise as one man and churn him up till there won’t be anything left of him but a pair of suspenders and a wart.

A Miner Criswold’s Story.

A tramp sat upon a doorstep in New York tenderly holding his head in his hands, when the owner came along.

“What’s the matter with you, man?” asked the gentleman.

“I’m in doubt, sir; I’m in a state of doubt.”

“In doubt? what about?”

“Well, sir, I went into that alley-gate up there to get suth’in to eat; I might a-knowed suth’in ’d happened, for there was a dead book agent layin’ on the flower bed, and a liniment man with the side of his head all caved in leanin’ up again the peach tree.”

“Well?”

"You see I allus was ventursome ; so I very politely stepped up and taking off my hat asked a woman standin' there, would she be kind enough to give me a berry pie and some breast of chicken?"

"Well, what happened then "

"Now, my friend, that's what I'm in doubt about. I'm thinking it over now. I don't seem to make out whether I got the pie or the back porch fell down on me, or perhaps I fell asleep under a pile driver. I don't know anything about it, but to give myself the benefit of the doubt, I believe I'd sooner work half an hour than go into that yard again. I would."

A Truthful Boy.

"Where were you, Charlie?"

"In the garden, ma."

"No, you have been swimming ; you know I have cautioned you about going to the creek. I will have to correct you. Look at your hair, how wet it is."

"Oh, no, ma, this is not water — it is sweat."

"Ah, Charlie, I have caught you fibbing ; your shirt is wrong side out."

Boy triumphantly. "Oh, I did that just now, ma, *climbing the fence*."

Large Bugs.

Eli Perkins.

One day they were talking in Uncle Hank's grocery about large bedbugs and tough bedbugs.

"I boiled a bedbug nine hours and it swam around on the top all the time," said old Gifford.

"I put a bedbug in a kerosene lamp," said Charley Campbell, "kept it there four years, and it hatched out twenty-seven liters of bedbugs right in the kerosene."

Old Hank Allen, who had been listening as an outsider, here

gave in his experience in corroboration of the facts. Said he :

“Some years ago I took a bedbug to Wood’s iron foundry, and dropped it into a ladle where the melted iron was, and had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet for six years, and here the other day she broke it all to smash ; and what do you think, gentlemen ? that ’ere insect just walked out of his hole where he’d been layin’ like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost up-stairs. But,” added he, by way of parenthesis, “by ginger, gentlemen, he looked mighty pale !”

* *
*

A book agent took refuge under a hay-stack during a thunder-storm and the lightning struck him on the cheek, glanced off and killed a mule two hundred yards away.

* *
*

A Colorado traveler who had chartered half a bed at a crowded hotel, and was determined to have the best half, buckled a spur on his heel before turning in. His unfortunate sleeping partner bore the infliction as long as he could, and at last roared out :

“Say, stranger, if you’re a gentleman, you ought to cut your toe-nails !”

Gen. Butler on Three Great Liars.

“I have the honor,” said Gen. Butler at the Medico-Lego dinner at Delmonico’s — “I have the honor of knowing three of the greatest liars — the greatest living liars in America.”

“Who are they ?” asked the venerable Sam Ward, as he dropped a chicken partridge to listen to the General.

“Well, sir,” said the General, as he scratched his head thoughtfully, “Mark Twain is one, and Eliar Perkins is the other two !”

Arise and sing !

An Officer of the Weather Bureau in Topeka.

Topeka (Kans.) Commonwealth.

Among the arrivals at the Windsor yesterday morning was a venerable old bald-headed man, who closely resembles the pictures of Baron Humboldt. There was an air of mystery about the old man that the guests could not fathom. Some said it was Sir Morton Peto, the English railway king. Others said it was Samuel J. Tilden. Finally a *Commonwealth* reporter sent his card up to the venerable stranger's room, when he was graciously received by the stranger and presented to his wife and five beautiful daughters. It was a strange thing to see five beautiful daughters travelling with the same parents and all of them seemingly about the same age.

When our reporter ventured to ask the illustrious stranger about his mission to Topeka, he said :

"I am the chief of the new weather bureau recently established in New York. Our mission and business is to furnish weather to suit the different states. I arranged the recent hurricane in Kansas City and am now in Topeka to be present at a hurricane which we have appointed to take place next Thursday."

"And you say that the Kansas City hurricane was gotten up especially for that city?"

"Certainly, young man; you see there had been a good deal of wind about Topeka, especially about the state house, and Kansas City was jealous, so they sent for me to get up the rival wind, and I fancy I succeeded very well. Yes, sir," said the old man, as he rubbed his bald head with a silk handkerchief, "it was a pretty fair hurricane—pretty fair."

"How hard did it blow over there?" asked our reporter, believing the Kansas City papers had lied about their own wind.

"Well, my son, it blew hard—yes, very hard. In several instances it blew post holes clear over the river into Clay



county. Deacon Coates, of the Coates House, told me that it blew his cook stove seventeen miles and came back the next morning and got the griddles."

"My gracious!"

"Yes, sir, and worse than that. Four Kansas City editors got caught out in that wind. They carelessly left their mouths open when the wind caught them behind their teeth and turned them inside out and ——"

"Heavens! did it kill them?"

"Well, no, but they were a good deal discouraged, my son. There was one very queer circumstance, though. It seems that about a dozen Journal reporters were returning from prayer meeting——"

"Prayer meeting?"

"Yes, my son; returning from prayer meeting, when the wind caught them and blew them right up against a stone wall and flattened them out as thin as wafers. In the morning there they stuck on the wall and ——"

"Did it kill them?"

"No, you can't kill a reporter, my son. But as I was saying, the next morning there they stuck until Mr. Van Horn went out with a wheelbarrow and spade and scraped them off."

"Did you see these flattened reporters?"

"I did. Mr. Van Horn was just sending them to Texas by express."

"What for? What could they do with these flat reporters in Texas?"

"Mr. Van Horn told me they were to be used as circus posters, and ——"

"What is your name?" asked our reporter.

"You can rely upon my statements, young man. My name is Eli Perkins, and ——"

"Eli?"

"Yes."

"Good morning, Eli!" and our reporter was away.

The Texas Cow Boy.*First Cowboy:*

I'm the howler from the prairies of the West.
 If you want to die with terror, look at me.
 I'm chain-lightning. If I ain't, may I be blessed.
 I'm the snorter of the boundless perarie.

Chorus—He's a killer and a hater;
 He's the great annihilator;
 He's a terror of the boundless perarie.

Second Cowboy:

I'm the snoozer from the upper trail;
 I'm the reveler in murder and in gore;
 I can bust more Pullman coaches on the rail
 Than any one who's worked the job before.

Chorus—He's a snorter and a snoozer;
 He's the great trunk line abuser;
 He's the man who put the sleeper on the rail.

Third Cowboy:

I'm the double-jawed hyena from the East;
 I'm the blazing bloody blizzard of the States;
 I'm the celebrated slugger, I'm the beast;
 I can snatch a man bald-headed while he waits.

Chorus—He's a double-jawed hyena;
 He's the villain of the scena;
 He can snatch a man bald-headed while he waits.

R. S. Criswell's Story.

When Grandfather Lickshingle heard it read from a newspaper that Mrs. Peter Ripley, of Sherman, N. Y., had a lamp-chimney which they have used constantly for thirteen years, he rapped savagely on the floor with his cane and said:

“Now what the dickens is the use of putting such stuff as that in a newspaper? If they want some information about lamp-chimneys, let them come to me and get it. When me and your grandmother broke up house-keeping we had a lamp-chimney that was a lamp-chimney. But you can tell your aunt's folks that it wasn't made in these shoddy times. I paid

three cents in gold for it the day after we were married. That was away back somewhere in 1700. We used it night and day for seventy-nine years and eight——”

“Why, grandpa, you didn’t have to use it in the daytime, did you?”

“Didn’t have to—no! But we did. Used it at night on the lamp, and in the daytime we used it to drive nails with. Sometimes the children cracked hickory-nuts with it, and the Street Commissioner borrowed it several times to pound rocks on the street. One day he thought sure he had lost it. His workmen had left it on the track, and the street cars ran over it seventeen times before it was found.”

“This lamp-chimney had been in a railroad collision, twenty-two lamps had exploded under it in its time, a mule kicked it through the side of a stable, and it came out of it all without as much as a crack. But it’s broke now,” said grandfather, with a heavy sigh.

“Then you were foolish enough to allow the hired girl to attempt to clean it, were you not?” asked mother.

“Naw, but we might as well. When we quit keepin’ house I gave it to General Butler, who lived up in Boston. He was hard of heerin’, and wanted it for an ear trumpet. One day Ben Butler tried to tell Solon Chase, up in Maine, that a green-back currency was the only thing that would save this country, and busted the chimney into a million pieces:” and grandfather hammered on the floor with his cane, and said it was a sad, sad day for this country when the Green-back party was born.

The Way to Deny a Lying Rumor.

The following paragraph began to be extensively circulated in the newspapers in 1875:

Eli Perkins was once a resident of Fulton, and to-day his wife and a handsome eighteen-year-old daughter are occupying a cosy dwelling on a principal street here. Few besides the

little family he left behind him can call him by his true name."
—Fulton *Times*.

This is the way the lie was corrected :

To the Editor of the New York Sun :

Now, if this paragraph is true, it is time that I were arrested for bigamy, for I am at present pretending to occupy the position in New York of the devoted husband of the only original and most loving little wife on this continent.

If I ever abandoned a wife in Fulton, N. Y., it must have been some other man's wife. I have done a good deal of that kind of thing in my life, and if all our lawyers, editors, and clergymen would follow my example in such things closer than they do, they would reduce unhappiness in this life and the price of sulphur in the next.

I abandoned a daughter years ago, when I was about eighteen years old. She was the daughter of a merchant — young, beautiful and wealthy. I did not abandon her on my own account, but her father came to me with a shot-gun and asked me to do it. If you had seen the man and the gun you would have abandoned a whole drove of daughters. But even then, if she had urged me to stay, I should have picked out the buck-shot and continued to board with her father and mother.

Yours truly,

ELI PERKINS.

P. S.—RECAPITULATION.

I. I never was in Fulton, N. Y.

II. I never had a daughter.

III. I am now living in New York with my "only original," loving wife, and I love her as the angels do an honest, truthful journalist. There is more danger of my wife abandoning me than there is of my abandoning her; and if any editor will insure me against being abandoned, I will give him \$300.

E. P.

Famous Wind Storms.

(Remarks made at the Hatchet Club.)

"Talking about hard blows out west," said Mr. Lewis, of the *Detroit Free Press*, at a meeting of the "Hatchet Club," "talking about heavy winds, why I saw a man out in Michigan sitting quietly on his doorstep eating a piece of pie. Suddenly, before he could get into the house, the wind struck

him. The gale first blew the house down, and then seized the man, carried him through the air a hundred yards or so, and landed him in a peach-tree. Soon afterward a friendly board from his own house came floating by. This he seized and placed over his head to protect himself from the raging blast, and — finished his pie. (*Sensation.*)

“That was a windy day for Michigan, I presume,” said Mr. Wm. Nye, of Laramie, “but that would not compare with one of our Laramie zephyrs. Why, gentlemen, out in Laramie, during one of our ordinary gales, I’ve seen boulders big as pumpkins flying through the air. Once, when the wind was blowing grave-stones around, and ripping water-pipes out of the ground, an old Chinaman with spectacles on his nose was observed in the eastern part of the town seated on a knoll, calmly flying his kite — an iron shutter with a log-chain for a tail.” (*Hear, Hear!*)

“That was quite windy,” said a Boston man, who had just returned from Nevada. “We had some wind out there. One day as I was passing a hotel in Virginia City, the cap blew from one of the chimneys. It was a circular piece of sheet-iron, painted black, slightly convex, and the four supports were like legs. The wind carried it down street, and it went straddling along like a living thing.”

“Well, what was it?” asked a member.

“Why, it turned out to be a bed bug from the hotel, and, by George! I never saw anything like it,” then he added, “outside of Boston.” (*Sensation.*)

“You have seen some strong winds, gentlemen,” observed Eli Perkins, “but I have seen some frisky zephyrs myself, and, as to night is the 22d of February, the birthday of the patron saint of the “Hatchet Club,” I will tell you about them.

“Once, out in Kansas, they told me the wind blew a cook-stove eighty miles, and came back the next day and got the griddles. (*Wonder and applause.*)

A reporter of the Kansas City paper was standing out in

the street looking at the stove as it floated away, when the wind caught him in the mouth, and turned him completely wrong side out. (*Sensation.*)

"In Topeka," continued Mr. Perkins, "post holes were ripped out of the ground and carried twenty miles (*hear, hear*), and careless citizens who ventured out were blown right up against brick walls and flattened out as thin as wafers (*Sensation, and a voice, 'that's too thin'*). Yes, thousands of citizens," continued Eli, "were thus frescoed onto the dead walls of Topeka. The next day after the wind subsided, Deacon Thompson went around with a spade and peeled off a wagon load of citizens, and —"

"What did he do with them?" gasped the members of the Club.

"Why, gentlemen, if I remember rightly, he shipped them to Texas and sold them for circus posters and liver pads."

"Arise and sing!"

Very Windy.

"Talking about the wind," said George Peck, Milwaukee liar, "Talk about the wind blowing the grasshoppers away! One of them faced the gale the other day for an hour, and then yanked a shingle off a house for a fan, saying it was awfully sultry."

SATIRE AND RIDICULE,

How Satire Differs From Humor.

Satire is one of the strongest weapons we have. The Satires of Juvenal changed the customs of Rome, Dean Swift changed the political aspect of England with his "Tale of a Tub," Cervantes broke up the awful custom of Knight errantry in Spain by Don Quixote, and Nasby with his cross-roads letters did more for the Union during the last war than a brigade of soldiers.

Satire and Ridicule in the Bible.

Eli Perkins,

The bible is full of ridicule and satire. Elijah was always using it, and our Saviour himself, on several occasions, uttered the most laugh-provoking ridicule. You remember when he said :

"Ye be blind leaders of the blind : Ye strain out a gnat and ye swallow a cammel."

Suppose our Saviour had said :

"Ye strain out a musquito and ye swallow a buffalo." It would not have been more ridiculous, nor convincing.

Elijah broke down the heathen Priests of Bael with ridicule. You remember the prayer test, where the priests of Bael said, Bael could light the tinders as well as Elijah's God. Then Elijah turned upon them and said :

"Pray away ! Bael is a God, but peradventure he sleeneth. Peradventure he hath gone on a journey ! Pray louder !"

Satire on Modern Church Music.

Eli Perkins.

My cousin Julia is learning to sing hi— opera in the choir. Everything is on the hi now; hi— opera, hi— church, hi— heels, or hi—pocracy.

When Eugene Augustus asked her to sing some modern high church music last night, she flirted up her long train, coquettishly wiggle-waggled to the piano, and sang :

When ther moo-hoon is mi-hild-ly be-heaming
 O'er the ca-ham and si-hi-lent se-e-e-e-a;
 Its ra-dyunce so-hoftly stre-heaming,
 Oh! ther-hen, oh, ther-hen,
 I thee-hink
 Hof thee-he,
 I thee-hink,
 I thee-hink,
 I thee-hink,
 I thee-he-he-hehehehe hink hof the-e-e-e-e!!

“Beautiful, Miss Julia! beautiful!” and we all clapped our hands. “Do please sing another verse—it’s perfectly divine, Miss Julia!” said Eugene Augustus. Then Julia raised her golden (dyed) head, touched the white ivory with her jewelled fingers and warbled :

When the sur-hun is bri-hight-ly glo-ho-ing
 O'er the se-hene so de-hear to me-e-e;
 And swee-heet the wee-hind is blo-ho-ing,
 Oh! ther-hen, oh ther-hen,
 - I thee-hink
 Hof thee-hee,
 I thee-hink,
 I thee-hink,
 I thee he-he-hehehehe-hink, hohohohohohoho-
 hohoho-of-the-eeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!!

“There, that will stun the congregation next Sunday, won’t it?” said Julia.

We all told her we thought it would.

Satirizing Darwin.

Instead of defending Christianity, it is better to satirize the Anti-Christians.

"I believe with Huxley and Darwin in a religion of reason," satirizes Eli Perkins. "Before we can make our new doctrine of reason successful we must destroy all the churches, and have a new bible. The old theory of creation is all wrong. Nothing was created. Everything grew. In the old bible we read: 'In the beginning God created heaven and earth.'

"Now this is all wrong," says Darwin and I. Our new bible is to commence like this:

GENESIS. CHAP. I.

1. There never was a beginning. The Eternal without us, that maketh for righteousness, took no notice whatever of anything.

2. And Cosmos was homogeneous and undifferentiated, and somehow or another evolution began, and molecules appeared.

3. And molecule evolved protoplasm, and rythmic thrills arose, and then there was light.

4. And a spirit of energy was developed and formed the plastic cell, whence arose the primordial germ.

5. And the primordial germ became protogene, and protogene somehow shaped cocene,—then was the dawn of life.

6. And the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its own kind, whose seed is in itself, developed according to its own fancy. And the Eternal without us, that maketh for righteousness, neither knew nor cared anything about it.

7. The cattle after his kind, the beast of the earth after his kind, and every creeping thing became evolved by heterogeneous segregation and concomitant dissipation of motion.

8. So that by survival of the fittest there evolved the Simi-

ads from the jelly-fish, and the simiads differentiated themselves into the anthropomorphic primordial types.

9. And in due time one lost his tail and became a man, and behold he was the most cunning of all animals; and lo! the fast men killed the slow men, and it was ordained to be so in every age.

10. And in process of time, by natural selection and survival of the fittest, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, and Charles Darwin appeared, and behold it was very good.

Kyle's Satire on the Dude.

Mr. George W. Kyle furnishes one of the cleverest of satires on "Dude" or "Swell" in the form of a soliloquy:

I say! I wonder why fellahs ever wide in horse-cars. I've been twying all day to think why fellahs ever do it, weally! I know some fellahs that are in business, down town, you know—C. B. Jones, cotton dealer; Smith Brothers, woolen goods; Bwown & Company, stock bwokers and that sort of thing, you know—who say they do it every day. If I was to do it every day, my funeral would come off in about a week. 'Pon my soul it would. I wode in a horse-car one day. Did it for a lark. Made a bet I would wide in a horse-car. 'Pon my soul I did. So I went out on the pavement before the club-house and called one. I said, "Horse-car! horse-car!" but not one of 'em stopped, weally! Then I saw that fellahs wun after them—played tag with them, you know, as the dweadful little girls do when school is coming out. And sometimes they caught the cars—ah—and sometimes they did not. So I wun after one, I did weally, and I caught it. I was out of breath, you know, and a fellah on the platform—a conductor fellah—poked me in the back and said, "Come! move up! make room for this lady!" Ah—by Jove he did, you know! I looked for the lady so (*eye-glass business*), but I could see no lady, and I said so. There was a female person behind me,

with large market-basket, crowded with—ah—vegetables and such dreadful stuff, and another person with a bundle and another with a baby, you know. The person with the basket prodded me in the back with it, and I said to the conductor fellah, said I,

“Where shall I sit down? I—ah—I don’t see any seat, you know. (*Eye-glass business.*) The seats seem to be occupied by persons, conductor,” said I. “Where shall I sit?”

He was wude, very wude, indeed, and he said:

“You can sit on your thumb if you have a mind to.”

And when I wemonstrated with him upon the impwopwietiy of telling a gentleman to sit on his thumb, he told me to go to thunder. “Go to thunder!” he did indeed. After a while one of the persons got out and I sat down; it was vewy disagweeable! Opposite me there were several persons belonging to the labowing classes, with what I pwesume to be lime on their boots, and tin kettles which they carried for some mysterious purpose in their hands. There was a person with a large basket, and a colored person. Next to me there sat a fellah that had been eating onions! ’Twas vewy offensive! I couldn’t stand it! No fellah could, you know. I had heard that if any one in a car was annoyed by a fellah-passenger he should weport it to the conductor. So I said:

“Conductor! put this person out of the car! he annoys me vewy much. He has been eating onions.”

“But the conductor fellah only laughed. He did indeed! And the fellah that had been eating onions said:

“Hang yer impidence, what do ye mean by that?”

“It’s extwemely disagweeable, you know, to sit near one who has been eating onions,” said I. “I think you ought to resign, get out, you know.” And then, though I’m sure I spoke in the most wespectful manner, he put his fist under my nose and wemarked,

“You’ll eat that, hang you, in a minute!” He did indeed. And a fellah opposite said:

"Put a head on him, Jim!" I suppose from his tone that it was some colloquial expression of the lower orders, referring to a personal attack. It was vewy disagweeable indeed. I don't see why any fellah ever wides in the horse-cars. But I didn't want a wow, you know. A fellah is apt to get a black eye, and a black eye spoils one's appeawance, don't you think? So I said, "Beg pardon, I'm sure." The fellah said, "Oh, hang you!" He did, indeed. He was a vewy ill-bred person. And all this time the car kept stopping and more people of the lower orders kept getting on. A vewy dweadful woman with a vewy dreadful baby stood right before me, intercepting my view of the street; and the baby had an orange in one hand and some candy in the other. And I was wondering why persons of the lower classes were allowed to have such dirty babies, and why Bergh or some one didn't interfere, you know, when, before I knew what she was doing, that dweadful woman sat that dweadful baby wight down on my lap! She did indeed. And it took hold of my shirt bosom with one of its sticky hands and took my eye-glass away with the other and upon my honor, I'm quite lost without my eye-glass.

"You'll have to kape him till I find me money," said the woman.

"Weally!" said I, "I'm not a nursery-maid, ma'am."

Then the people about me laughed. They did indeed. I could not endure it. I jumped up and dwopped the baby in the straw.

"Stop the car, conductor," said I, "stop the car." What do you suppose he said?

"Hurry up now, be lively, be lively; don't keep me waiting all day!" And I was about to wemonstrate with him upon the impwopwiety of speaking so to a gentleman, when he pushed me off the car. That was the only time I ever wode in a horse-car. I wonder why fellahs ever do wide in horse-cars? I should think they would pwefer cabs, you know.



"You'll have to kape him till I find me money." (See page 222.)

M. Quad's Satire on Foreign Charity.

There were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical in some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and then Mrs. Graham added :

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten-dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked :

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed the children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blackened the cook-stove, and made the beds, I'll donate ten dollars."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said :

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels the money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this X goes to the society," said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that do not need darning, I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members, and as you are not a member, I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."

Satirizing the Managing Boston Girls.

Eli Perkins.

Last evening as Mr. Stub was playing his sweet music in the Saratoga ball room, an old maid from Boston was promenading out on the flirting balcony with Mr. Jack Astor, one of our swell young gentlemen from New York.

As the lancers stopped, Miss Warren looked languidly over into the park, sighed four times and then pathetically remarked :

"Nobody loves me, my dear Mr. Astor ; nobody —"

"Yes, Miss Warren, God loves you, and — your mother loves you."

"Mr. Astor, let's go in !"

And five minutes afterward Miss Warren was trying the drawing-out dodge on another poor innocent, unsuspecting fellow.

Satire on the Critic.

Ivan Tourganef.

There was a fool. For many years he lived comfortably. Then, little by little, the news came to him from all quarters that he was a brainless fellow.

The fool was very much confused by this, and was very anxious to find some way to put an end to such disagreeable news.

At last a sudden idea brightened his poor head, and without much ado he put it into practice.

An acquaintance met him in the street and began to praise a famous painter.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the fool. "This painter was forgotten long ago. Don't you know that? I did not expect that from you. You are behind the times."

The acquaintance was confused, and hastened to agree with the fool.

"What a beautiful book that is," another acquaintance said to the fool, talking of a new book.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the fool, "that book is good for nothing; there is not a single novel idea in it. Everybody knows that. Don't you know it? Oh! you are behind the times."

And this acquaintance was also confused, and he, too, agreed with the fool.

"What a fine and noble man my friend N. N. is," said another person to the fool.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the fool, "he is a well known scoundrel; he has cheated all his relatives. Who does not know that? You are behind the times."

And this person agreed with the fool and forsook his friend. And the same sort of remarks the fool made whenever they praised anybody or anything in his presence. Sometimes he added: "Do you believe yet in authorities?"

Thus it came about that people began to talk of the fool thus: "What an angry misanthrope he is!" "But then what a clear head!" "And what a sharp tongue!" "Ah, he is a genius!"

At length the editor of a large journal asked the fool to conduct its department of criticism. And the fool criticised everything and everybody in his own peculiar manner.

The fool who denounced all authorities has now become an authority himself, and the youths revere him and fear him. They cannot help it, for did they not revere the fool he would class them among those who are behind the times.

How happy fools are among cowards.

Eli Perkins Satirizes the Shoddy Saratoga Girl

Conversations as varied as the crowd greet you on every hand at Saratoga. Last night, Mr. Winthrop, a young author from Boston, was talking to Miss Johnson, from Oil City. Miss Johnson is a beautiful girl—very fashionable. No material expense is spared to make her attractive. She is gores and puckered to match her pannier, and ruffled and fluted and cut on the bias to correspond with her overskirt, but alas! her literary knowledge is limited.

As Mr. Winthrop was promenading up and down the balcony last night, he remarked to Miss Johnson as he opened Mr Jenkins' English book :

"Have you seen 'Ginx's Baby,' Miss Johnson?"

"Oh, Mr. Winthrop! I think all babies are dreadful—awful—perfectly atrocious! Mrs. Ginx don't bring her baby into the parlor does she?"

"But how do you like 'Dame Europa's School,' Miss Johnson?" continued Mr. Winthrop.

"I don't like any school at all, Mr. Winthrop, except dancing school—they're dreadful—perfectly atrocious! O, the divine round dances, the—"

"Have you seen the 'Woman in White,' by Wilkie Collins, Miss Johnson?"

"No, but I saw the woman in dark blue by Commodore Vanderbilt—and such a dancer—such a—"

"Did you see Napoleon's 'Julius Caesar'?" interrupted Mr. Winthrop.

"Napoleon's Julius seize her! you don't say so, Mr. Winthrop! Well, I don't wonder. I wanted to seize her myself—any one who would wear such an atrocious polonaise!"

And so, aristocratic Miss Johnson went on. In every word she uttered I saw the superiority of the material over the mental—the preponderance of milliner over the schoolmaster. I was glad to sit with the poor Boston author at the fountain

of Miss Johnson's wisdom—to drink in a perpetual flow of soul, and to feast on reason.

But when a moment afterward I saw Miss Johnson and empty-headed Mr. Witherington of Fifth avenue floating down the ball room in the redowa, I felt that my early education had been neglected.

“Alas, I cannot dance!” I sighed. “I cannot dance the German!”

“O,” I sighed in the anguish of my heart, “would that I directed my education in other channels; would that I had cultivated my brain less and my heels more, and that books and art and architecture had not drawn me aside from the festive dance. Would that the palace of the Cæsars, the Milan Cathedral, and the great dome of St. Paul's were in chaos! Would that Dickens and John Ruskin and old Hugh Miller had never lived, and that the sublime coloring of Rembrandt and Raphael had faded like the colors of a rainbow.”

* * * * *

“After death comes the judgment; and what will it profit a man to gain the whole world and fail with Miss Johnson to dance the round dances?” In the anguish of my heart I cry aloud, “May the Lord have mercy on my soul and not utterly cut me off because I have foolishly cultivated my brain while my heels have rested idly in my boots.”

So I went on!

Griswold Satirizes the Dishonest Business Man.

The Fat Contributor.

“I'll tell you how it is,” said old Perkins, of Boston, to a friend who was about to fail in business, “you can make a fortune by going into bankruptcy, if your debts are only big enough. The more you owe, you know, the more you make. Do you see?”

“No; I don't really see how I shall make money by losing it,” said the unfortunate friend. “I owe enough, the Lord

knows, if that's all you want, but how I'm ever to pay even fifty cents on the dollar, and have anything left to commence over again, is one of the things I can't see into."

"But you don't want to pay your debts, man. Well, but you are a green 'un—that is too good. Pay! Ha, ha! What are you going to fail for?"

"Because I can't help it. Now, what are you laughing about?"

"I'm laughing because you don't seem to understand that you can't afford to fail in these hard times unless you can make a snug thing out of it. You mustn't plunge headlong into ruin, you know, with your eyes shut," said brother Perkins, adjusting his diamond pin.

"Mustn't I?"

"No! Never do in the world. Have your wits about you, and keep your head clear. Don't let the trouble worry you into fogging your brain with too much drink. Wouldn't do it at all. Keep your eye peeled and watch for the main chance."

"Yes—yes; I see. But how, Mr. Perkins?"

"Well, first, you must appoint your own receiver, and be sure to select the stupidest man you can find. Get a man who don't know enough to drive a cow, and too lazy to add up a column of figures, even if he knows how. If you can find an ignoramus that can't read, so much the better. Make him believe there ain't hardly anything to divide, and you can buy him off cheap."

"So, ho, that's the way, is it? Go on, I'm learning fast."

"If the man you get is green enough, and not too blamed awkward to stumble on to the true state of things accidentally, you won't have a bit of trouble. Divide with him right on the start, and——"

"But the creditors—what are they to do?"

"Them? The creditors! Oh! never mind them. You just take care of yourself. You can't take care of everybody when you fail; but take care of yourself, my boy, and if you fail

often enough you'll die a millionaire. I've tried it myself, you know. Look at me ! Failed eight times, and now I'm President of two savings banks, and to-morrow I'm going to endow a theological seminary."

And Brother Perkins consulted his magnificent stem-winder, and said it was about time to go in and join Elder Mines and Deacon Griswold to arrange about the \$4,000 which the church had lent him for safe-keeping.

Lewis' Satire on the Patriotic Politician.

He found half a dozen American freemen waiting for him when he reached his office yesterday morning. The first one admitted removed his hat and gave three cheers.

"What's that for?" asked the candidate.

"It's for the triumph of principle over corruption—honesty over fraud—integrity over iniquity and wickedness. The freemen are going to rally."

"How much do you want?" asked the candidate, as he pulled out his wallet.

"There will be such a rally of honest electors as—"

"How much?"

"The horny handed sons of toil have become dis—"

"How much, I say?"

"Well, sir, I'll have to keep seven of the boys full of beer from now to election day, and I'm thinking that about ten—"

"Take it; here it is. Good morning; next!"

The next entered with a cat-like tread, looked all around the room for listeners, and then, sinking his voice to a whisper, he exclaimed:

"Hush ! 'Tis the battle cry of 10,000 freemen coming to the rescue !"

"Will \$2 be enough this morning?" coldly inquired the candidate.

"You'll get there by the largest majority this county has

ever seen? One part of my ward was going solid against you thinking—”

“I’ll make it \$3.”

“But I crushed out the opposition, and when the glorious sun of Nov. 7 gilds the spires and steeples, there will be such an uprising—”

“Here’s \$4—go ’long—don’t bother me any more—big hurry—anybody else?”

A Little Sarcastic.

’Twas Harry who the silence broke:

“Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?”

“Because, because—I’m board,” she spoke.

“Oh, no, because you’re woo’d,” said he.

“Why are you like a tree!” she said;

“I have a—heart?” he asked, so low,

Her answer made the young man red,

“Because you’re sappy, don’t you know?”

“Once more,” she asked, “why are you now

A tree?” He couldn’t quite perceive,

“Trees leave sometimes, and make a bow,

And you may also bow—and leave.”

Satire on the Commercial Traveler.

“Is this seat engaged?” he asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and, finding that it wasn’t, he put his sample box in the rack and braced himself up for solid enjoyment.

“Pleasant day,” said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue unkinked. “Most bewildering day, isn’t it?”

“Y-yes, miss,” stammered the drummer. He was in the habit of playing pitcher in this kind of a match, and the position of catcher didn’t fit him as tight as his pantaloons.

“Nice weather for traveling,” continued the girl, “much nicer than when it is cold. Are you perfectly comfortable?”

"Oh, yes, thanks," murmured the drummer.

"Glad of it," resumed the girl, cheerfully. "You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you rather sit next to the window and have me describe the landscape to you?"

"No, please," he murmured, "I am doing well enough."

"Can I buy some peanuts or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy! Suppose I slip my arm around your waist! Just lean forward a trifle, please, so that I can!"

"You'll—you'll have to excuse me," gasped the wretched drummer; "I don't think you really mean it."

"You look so tired," she pleaded; "wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down and I'll tell you stories."

"No, thanks! I won't today! I'm very comfortable," and the poor drummer looked around helplessly.

"Your scarf-pin is coming out. Let me fix it. There!" and she arrayed it deftly. "At the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you?" and she smiled an anxious prayer right into his pallid countenance.

"I think I'll go away and smoke," said the drummer, and hauled down his gripsack and made a bolt for the door, knee-deep in the grins showered upon him by his fellow-passengers.

"Strange!" murmured the girl to a lady in front of her. "I only did with him just what he was making ready to do with me, and big and strong as he is, he couldn't stand it. I really think women have stronger stomachs than men; besides that, there isn't any smoking-car for them to fly to for refuge. I don't understand this thing." But she settled back contentedly all the same; and at a convention of drummers, held in the smoker that morning, it was unanimously resolved that that seat was engaged, as far as they were concerned, for the balance of the season.

Satire on Hiring Servants in New York.

Ladies who go to intelligence offices to employ servants, are often subjected to most impertinent questioning on the part of the Irish chambermaids and cooks. They always want one afternoon out, the privilege of a front room to see beaux in, etc. Mrs. Perkins has been troubled so much with servants that Eli finally put the following satirical advertisement in the *Herald*. Strange to say, the advertisement was answered the next day by over 400 cooks :

COOK WANTED—LADY.—A woman in respectable circumstances, living 74 E. Seventy-sixth street, and who can give good references from the last lady who worked for her, wishes a situation as mistress over two young ladies to act in the capacity of cook and chambermaid. The advertiser has a husband and one child, but if the child is an objection, it will be sent out to board. The ladies who consent to enter into the alliance will have full management of the house. They will be allowed to employ an inferior person to assist them in doing their own washing and ironing, provided they will allow the advertiser to put in a few small pieces, such as collars, cuffs and baby clothes. The advertiser will assist in the heavy work, such as wiping down the stairs, building fires, and such other labor as may be considered unbecoming in a lady. A gentleman of color will be in attendance to wash door steps, scrub stairs, clean knives and dishes, carry water, and run on errands. The young ladies will have Sundays and Saturday afternoons to themselves, and can use the back parlor for evening company during the week, provided the advertiser can use it in the morning. In case the young ladies desire to give a party, the advertiser, after giving up the keys of the wine cellar and larder, will spend the night at the hotel. If the young ladies have relatives, they can supply them with flour, chickens and vegetables from the common larder. Presents will be exchanged on Christmas, and the young ladies can have a set of jewelry or a point lace underskirt on Easter morning.

Candidates will please send address to Mrs. Eli Perkins, 74 E. Seventy-sixth street, when the advertiser will call on them with her recommendations and certificates of good character.

Eugene Field Satirizes Railroad Swindlers.

Ben-Ali-Sneezer, late one afternoon,
 Met Sheik-Bak-Gammon on old Horeb's mount,
 And thus he, in the language of the east,
 His multifarious hardships did recount:
 "O Shiek, I bow me in the dust and mourn—
 For lo! whilst browsing on the fertile plain,
 Two of my choicest heifers fair and fat,
 Were caught in limbo and were duly slain
 By that infernal pest of recent birth,
 The half-past 8 accommodation train!"

Then quoth the Sheik: "One of my whitest lambs,
 Which I did purpose soon to drive to town,
 While frisking o'er the distant flowery lea,
 Was by that self-same fatal train run down.
 Now, O Ben-Ali! by the prophet's beard,
 What are we ruined shepherd-folk to do?
 Suppose we take our troubles into court;
 You swear for me, and I will swear for you;
 And so, by mutual oaths it's possible
 We may most hap'ly pull each other through."

Ben-Ali-Sneezer, some months after met
 The Sheik Bak-Gammon, and, inclined to sport,
 The two sat down upon a cedar stump
 To talk of their experiences in court.
 Ben-Ali quoth: "Them cows was thin as rails;
 Now that they're gone, it's mighty glad I am!"
 Bak-Gammon said: "Now that the judgment's paid,
 I don't mind telling you that the slaughtered lamb,
 So far from being what you swore in court,
 Was, by the great horned spoon, not worth a d——!"

Satire on the Ancient Fables.

Eugene Field, the original author of the modern fable series, is one of the most versatile wits of the times. The following are specimens of his modern fables:

An Impressario once Approached a Mule and offered him Advantageous Terms to become a Prima Donna. "Alas!" quoth the Mule, with a Sigh, "that is an Impossibility, for

though I have an Ear for Music my Voice is Sadly Attuned." "But you can Kick?" inquired the Impressario. "At kicking," admitted the Mule, "I am Positively Peerless." "Then," exclaimed the Impressario, "you have the Highest Qualification of a Prima Donna. Consider yourself Engaged."

A Dog and his Tail fell into a Dispute as to which should Wag the Other. An itinerant Wasp passing that Way casually Remarkd: "Speaking of Tails, reminds me that I Possess one which May possibly be Influential enough to Wag you Both." This fable Teaches that ten cents worth of Dynamite is a bigger man than a Church Steeple.

Satire on the Old World's Ruins.

(From Eli Perkins' Lecture in the Princeton College Lecture Course in 1882.)

My uncle Consider went to see the Prince of Wales while he was here. They had a long talk, the Prince and Consider did.

"How do you like our country—America?" asked my uncle, as he held the Prince's hand tremblingly in his.

"It is great, Mr. Perkins—g-r-e-a-t. Europe with her 2,000 years of civilization only excels you in one thing."

"What is that, your Highness?"

"Alas! in her magnificent ruins, Mr. Perkins——"

"But, your Worshipful, we have a remedy for that. You have old ruins in Germany and England, but we build our houses very shabbily, and we shall soon have ruins—s-p-l-e-n-d-i-d young ruins here, too. Look at Washington monument! It looks like a y-o-u-n-g 1-u-i-n now. (Laughter.) Go to Mount Vernon and see the crumbling tomb of the Father of our Country. Go to Princeton and see the sidewalks."

"Yes, Mr. Perkins, I see the enterprize of you Americans on the ruin question, but you cannot quite compete with us yet. You have the crumbling tomb of the Father of your Country but you have no Kenilworth; you have Washington

monument but you have no Pantheon—no Coliseum—no ruined Senate Hall, no ——”

“But your worshipful has not seen all our ruined halls. You have not seen our magnificent ruin of Tammany Hall. It is beautiful to behold. It is the reward of virtue.”

“Yes,” continued my uncle, thoughtfully. “We have other and grander ruins than all of these. We have the ruins of a standing army—we have the ruins of aristocracy and caste—we have the ruins of nullification and secession—and we have that still grander ruin, the ruin of human slavery. (Applause.)

“We have the ruins of that old feudal law of entail and primogeniture—and we have the ruins of that stupendous policy of you old world despots, the divine right of kings !”

“Yes, Mr. Perkins,” interrupted the Prince, as he laid his hands on my uncle’s shoulders and looked him straight in the face—“and on these ruins you have reared your magnificent civilization. On these ruins you have reared a nation whose sublime progress makes Europe look like a pigmy !

“And this,” he continued, “is American Democracy. Alas !” he continued to mourn, “if we had more of your republican ruins—more ruins of slavery and despotism—more ruins of aristocracy in place of our ruined towers and Pyramids, Cathedrals and Coliseums, we would be better off !”

Burdette’s Satire on “The Home” in Weekly Newspapers.

Several newspapers, like the *Detroit Free Press* and *Chicago Tribune*, have established a ladies’ page in their Saturday’s edition, where all sorts of communications are printed from lady subscribers. As a satire on this the *Hawk-Eye* established what it calls “The Mushery.” Under this heading there recently appeared the following letters in the *Hawk-Eye* :

THE MUSHERY.

From Minnie May, Aledo, Ill. — Can any of the numerous contributors to "The Mushery" tell me how I can make a rag carpet out of two pairs of old pantaloons, a linen vest, and an old flannel night-gown, so it will cover a room fourteen by sixteen feet? And how can I make a rag carpet so that it cannot be detected from body Brussels?

From Henry S. T., Peoria. — I would like to exchange jack-knives, sight unseen, with any contributor to "The Mushery." I have also a fine, large meat-hound, well trained to look into the kitchen-door and dive for biscuit, that I will exchange for farm property in Nebraska.

From Jennie Jessamine, Mount Pleasant, Ia. — Can the editor of "The Mushery" or any of its contributors tell me where to find that beautiful poem by Herbert Algernon L'Awrence, in which occurs the tenderly charming lines:

"Oh, sweetling, sweetest of the sweetly sweet."

From Bluebell, Monmouth, Ill. — I see that another "young mother" in "The Mushery" complains that her baby is suffering with a sore mouth, and that no medicine that she has used does any good. I used the following perscription for our little "Daisy." It was given me by an aged widow lady who has had great experience with children: Take equal parts of burnt alum, burnt borax, nutmeg, loaf sugar, burnt leather, oil of cloves, powdered chalk, ground ginger, burnt flannel, teaspoonful of goose-grease, common salt, a little white-wine vinegar and a pinch of snuff. Rub on in a dry powder with a stiff tooth-brush.

From Honest John Thompson, Muscatine, Ia. — I would like to learn how to paint in water colors and oil in six weeks without a master. Cannot some of the contributors to "The Mushery" tell me how I can do this?

Pliny C. Elderkin, Fort Madison, writes: I tenderly love a beautiful girl who lives back near the hill in the house with

the new porch. Can any one tell me what will take fresh paint stains out of the foundation of a pair of broadcloth pants?

From Mrs. A. L. C., Ottumwa. — What will take ink stains out of the face of a postage stamp?

From Eleanor Eldreth, Galesburg. — Can any of the literary people of "The Mushery" tell me who is author of Milton's "Paradise Lost?"

From Myrtle May, Oquawka. — How do you dye a pair of black kids white, when you want to wear them to a wedding two days after you go to a funeral.

Lewis' Satire on Divorce Law.

They were in to see a divorce lawyer yesterday — Mary Ann and her mother. Mary Ann was a little embarrassed, but the old woman was calm. When they spoke about a breach-of-promise case the lawyer asked :

"What evidence have you got?"

"Mary Ann, produce the letters," commanded the mother, and the girl took the cover off a willow basket and remarked that she thought 927 letters would do to begin on. The other 651 would be produced as soon as the case was fairly before the court.

"And outside of these letters?" queried the lawyer.

"Mary Ann, produce your diary," said the mother. "Now turn to the heading of 'Promises,' and tell how many times this marriage business was talked over."

"The footing is 214 times," answered the girl.

"Now turn to the heading of 'Darling,' and give us the number of times he has applied the term to you."

"If I have figured right, the total is 9,254 times."

"I guess you counted pretty straight, for you are good in arithmetic. Now turn to the heading of 'Woodbine Cottage,'

and tell us how many times he has talked of such a home for you after marriage."

"The footing is 1,395 times."

"Very well. This lawyer wants to be sure that we've got a case. How many times has Charles Henry said he would die for you?"

"Three hundred and fifty," answered the girl as she turned over a leaf.

"How many times has he called you an angel?"

"Over 11,000, mamma."

"How about squeezing hands?"

"Over 384,000 squeezes."

"And kisses?"

"Nearly 417,000."

"There's our case," said the mother, as she deposited basket and diary on the lawyer's table. "Look over the documents, and if you want anything further I can bring in a dozen neighbors to swear to facts. We sue for \$10,000 damages, and we don't settle for less than an eighty-acre farm, with buildings in good repair. We'll call again next week—good day, sir!"

Satire on the Growth of Aristocracy.

Eli Perkins.

His name was Ezra Green, Jr. He was a high-toned New York Englishman, and he turned and cast upon me an "imperial look."

"I disdain a Yankee," he said in scorn.

I thought this was queer when I remembered that his father and mother still live on Second avenue—over there where the Fifth avenue fellows go to flirt with the girls Sunday afternoons.

Alas! Ezra's father was once a tailor on Avenue II. Time passed, and this respectable tailor grew to be a

MERCHANT
TAILOR.

More time went on. Providence prospered Ezra, and his coats fit well. He spent much of his feeble income in improved signs. One day I saw a flashy painter paint these letters over his door:

EZRA GREEN,
MERCHANT Tailor and IMPORTER.

More time skipped along, the tailor moved up town, and I saw *Ezra* raise the imperial arms of England and France on each end of his sign. Then it read, in bright gilt letters—

English Arms.	E. GREEN, IMPORTER, PARIS, LONDON, NEW YORK.	French Arms.
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Alas! the poor “tailor” became smaller and smaller, until it faded entirely away—and still Ezra made clothes.

One day a retired Broadway merchant saw the imposing sign, and, stepping in, innocently asked Ezra the price of “exchange on London.”

“The price of the which?” inquired Ezra, sticking his shears behind his ears.

“O! I am mistaken. You do not do bank business?”

Ezra said he made clothes for a good many bankers, but the Broadway merchant slid away as if ashamed of his mistake.

Fortune smiled upon Ezra, affluence gilded his destiny, and his clothes wore well. He rode in a liveried Landaulet, traveled in foreign climes, reveled with the nobility in palaces without expending a cent outside for patching his pants. His career was happy and glorious abroad, and his breeches never ripped at home.

And now Ezra, Jr., has become a great swell. He is the Dude of Dudes. He has a corner house on Fifth avenue, is President of the Polo club, drives a tandem team at Newport and every night he adorns the front proscenium box at the

opera. He despises labor so much that when his coat loses a button he goes into the clothes press where no mortal eye can see him and—sews it on.

Virtue is its own reward. Alas—alas!

Satirical Banking Rules.

The following rules used in the 2d National Bank, New York, are recommended to the attention of those who do business at all banks. They will be the means of saving a great deal of time and annoyance—by not following them:

If you have any business with a bank, put it off until two o'clock, or, if it is possible, a little later, as it looks more business-like to rush in just as the bank is closing.

In depositing money, try to get it upside down and wrong end foremost, so that the teller may have a little exercise in straightening it up before counting it.

It is best not to take your bank-book with you, but call at another time to have it entered. You can thus make two trips to the bank where one would answer.

If a check is made payable to your order, be careful not to indorse it before handing it to the teller, but let him return it to you and wait while you indorse it; this helps to pass the time, and is a pleasure and relief to the teller.

You can generally save time when making a deposit by counting your money down to the teller, as you can nearly always count more speedily and correctly than he can.

When you make a deposit do not use a deposit ticket, but mix indiscriminately together, checks and bills, since it facilitates matters exceedingly.

If you make a deposit of one hundred dollars, and give a check for fifty dollars, it is a good thing to call frequently at the bank and ask how your account stands, as it impresses the officers favorably with your business qualifications.

Never keep any record when your notes fall due, and then if they are protested, censure the bank for not giving you notice.

Always date your checks ahead, it is a never-failing sign that you keep a good balance in bank, or if you do not wish it generally known that you are doing a good business, do not deposit your money until about the time you expect your check will be in.

A strict observance of the foregoing rules will make your accounts desirable for any bank, and will make you a general favorite with all the bank officers.

Eli on the Bear.

Coming up from Broad street in the cars yesterday, I met a poor, disconsolate Wall street broker. His heart seemed broken, and his face was the picture of despair. I had been usher at his wedding a few months before, when he seemed the picture of happiness ; so, smiling, I asked :

“Why, Charles, what has happened ; what makes you look so sad ?”

“Oh, Eli !” he sighed, “I am all broken up. I have met with a dreadful misfortune.”

“What is it, Charley ?” I asked sympathetically.

“O, Eli ! Nellie, my dear wife, is dead !” and then he broke down. Pretty soon he continued : “Yes, I’m all broken up. I don’t take any interest in anything now. My mind is constantly with my poor angel wife. I dream of her all the time—in the morning and at night, and—by the way, Eli, how did you say Erie closed to-night ?”

“Erie is down, and they are ‘all off,’ Charley.”

“Well, that’s cheering,” he sobbed, “for when I got ‘short’ of Nellie, I went ‘short’ of the whole market, and it’s very consoling in my grief to find things looking so cheerful in the street.”

Lewis' American Fables.

A Peasant who had often heard that Truth was a Jewel lying at the bottom of a well, one day descended into his well to search for the treasure. He skinned his knees and elbows, barked his nose, run an old fork into his foot, and shivered around for six long hours before his wife drew him up and asked :

“What in Goodness name were you doing down there?”

“Looking for Truth.”

“Why, I could have told you before you went down that you were the biggest fool in America!”

Moral.—You can get more Truth than you want around any well-curb.

Eli Perkins' Satire on the Old-Time Kentucky Gentleman.

A gentleman is a mysterious being down in Kentucky. I've often heard Kentuckians say, “By Gad, sah, I'm a gen'leman!” but I never knew what it meant till to-day. The clerk of the Kentucky hotel met the passengers at the cars. He was soliciting customers for the hotel. He was a ponderous man, and a handsome man, too, as are all Kentuckians. He did not shout rudely, as do Northern porters :

“Burnett House! Carriage!”

“Palmer House! Free 'bus!”

He simply walked up as if you were the guest of the city, and remarked :

“Sah, I should be glad to show you to a hotel, sah; the finest in the city—the Palace, sah! I'm a gen'leman, sah, and I will treat you right.”

I hesitated a little about handing my portmanteau to a seedy-looking menial to carry, when the landlord said :

“Let him carry it, sah. He's a gen'leman; he'll take good care of it, sah; perfectly safe, sah.”

"Yes," remarked the landlord as we walked up the hill, "that man carrying your bag is a gen'leman, sah. Why, sah, he was once worth \$200,000; had seventy niggers and 700 acres of the best blue-grass land in Kentucky."

"What became of it, sir?" I asked.

"Drank it all up, sah. Fast horses, and fast women and whisky got away with it all, sah. And poker had a heap to do with it, too. That man lost \$4,000 and a 2:20 horse in one night. Oh, sah, he's got gen'lemanly instincts, he has, sure's yer bo'ne. He's poor, and ragged, and dirty, and bloated with whisky, and all falling to pieces like—a perfect wreck, but he's a gen'leman! He won't steal your carpet-bag!"

White's Satire on Modern Love Stories.

One evening when Lucy's papa had come home from the office and eaten his supper, he went into the parlor and planted himself on the sofa. After he had been there a little while he noticed that Lucy did not come in and make a break at the piano, as was her custom. This puzzled the old gentleman greatly, but he was very happy, because the parents of girls who play the piano usually feel like taking an axe to that instrument. But pretty soon Lucy entered the room and began telling her papa how much she loved him, and how dark and cheerless her life would be in case he should be called above.

This sort of talk made her papa feel rather solemn, for he had been to the races a good deal and would occasionally go out with the boys, and when a man gets on the shady side of 50 he doesn't particularly care to have people lug the "Sweet By and By" into their conversation. But pretty soon Lucy placed her lily-white hand on her papa's brow and began to smooth his hair, saying how glad it would make her if she could only smooth the furrows of care that time had placed there. Then she artfully shifted the subject, and spoke of how cold the weather was getting and what lovely sealskin saques

she had seen in the store windows down town that afternoon.

Then her papa saw what she was up to, and dropped on himself. So, by the time Lucy got around to that part of her talk where she put her arms around his neck and kissed him, and asked him to buy her a sealskin, he had neatly arranged his lie. He told her of how poor the crops had been, and that trade was in a very dull state because of the uncertainty as to what office Ben Butler would want next, and sung such a song that Lucy began to think she was lucky to have a place to sleep in and a pair of heavy shoes for the winter.

"No, my child," he said, "I cannot think of spending three hundred dollars for a sealskin sacque when times are so hard." And Lucy said that she was sorry she had mentioned the subject, and went away feeling quite sorry for her papa.

Soon after she had left the room her big brother came in. "I saw that horse you were talking about," he said to his papa.

"Did you?" asked the old gentleman. "How fast can he go?"

"Two-thirty," replied the big brother, "and \$1,000 will buy him."

Rising quickly from the sofa, Lucy's papa wrote a check and handed it to his son. "Go and close the trade tonight," he said, "and tomorrow afternoon I will make some of these people that think they own trotters look like hired men."

So you see, children, that some papas think more of beating two-forty than they do of making an only daughter happy.

The Honest Book Agent.

Atlanta Constitution.

"We had better understand each other," he said, deprecatingly, as he shambled into the editorial room, "before we begin. I'm a book agent."

Unmindful of the groan that met this statement he went on:

"I am not a white-haired philanthropist from New Haven, who has come south through sympathy for your stricken people.



'I'm a fair, square, bald-headed book agent.' (See page 245.)

"I'm a fair, square, bald-headed book agent." Encouraged by the reception of this frank avowal, he took a seat, and, dropping his feet in a waste-basket, said :

"I'm not a retired clergyman, who seeks to scatter religious instruction while he builds up his wornout frame in your balmy clime. I'm not an apostle of art, who has consented to seek your benighted region, and educate your people by parting with a few picture books in parts. I'm not a temperance lecturer from Bangor, who pays expenses by dispensing of literature on commission while he regenerates the rum-sucker. I'm not all of these—nor either. I'm an unmodified book agent, with none of the corners rounded, running on cheek in pursuit of tin."

"Here's candor, at least," remarked the young man who writes the puffs of hardware stores.

"Yes, candor at best. I'm not a gilded sham. You don't pick me up for a prince in disguise, or art or morality going incog. I do not fly the skull and cross-bones hid behind a holiday flag till I've grappled and boarded you. I've got the regular old death's head nailed to the mast, and I'm a pirate from keel to centre-board, and if you don't want that sort of company blow me out of the water."

He had the whole force on deck at this point.

"I've got no off-hand preamble to my bloody work. I do not lead you through flowery paths of ease to where I've got the trap sprung. I do not beguile with an anecdote, inspire with eloquence, soothe with persuasion, or pique with local gossip. I was not directed to you as a leader of culture or a person who'd be likely to buy. I won't show you a list of high-toned decoys who have put their names down to get rid of me and to draw you in. I don't show the work I'm selling, and I've never been able to learn the idiot's soliloquy that explains the pictures."

Here he paused while the manager called for the cash boy.

"That's about the size of me and my business. The book's

right here—fifty parts, 50 cents a part, plenty o' pictures and big type for the reading, written by somebody or other, and means \$10 clear to me every time I work one off. Do you take, or do I go?"

By this time eleven copies of the first part were ordered, and the 'eleven able' resumed their work, while the office boy indites this tribute to a man who ain't ashamed of his little racket.

Eli Perkins' Dudes.

There are three kinds of dudes in New York. There is the inanimate rich dude who don't want to do a thing on earth but exhibit himself. Then there is the poor dude, who dresses like the rich dude, and who wants to marry a rich girl and board with her mother, and, lastly, there is the wicked club house dude, who wastes his rich father's money, and then marries four or five rich women, kills them off and lives off of their estates.

The Poor Dude.

The poor dude wears the same one-barrelled eye-glass that the rich dude does. He wears apparently the same high collar, the same peaked-toed shoes, with drab tops, the same English topcoat and the same embroidered kids, but when you examine them closely they all prove to be an inferior imitation, made on Sixth avenue. The poor dude don't have rooms at Delmonico's. He rents a hall bedroom and eats when he is invited. He goes to the opera on \$1-stand-up-tickets, and then goes and visits some rich young lady who is sitting in a \$20 box. They always go to parties as escorts, the poor dudes do, and let some rich young lady find the carriage.

I knew a poor New York dude whose pet theory for years has been to marry a rich orphan girl with a bad cough—with the consumption. One day he came into my room a' most heartbroken.

"My pet theory is exploded, Eli," he said "I can dis-

couraged. I want to die." Then the tears rolled down his cheek.

"What is it, Charley? O, what has happened?" I asked.

"Ohoooo, Eli," he sobbed, and then he broke down.

"But what is it, Charley? Confide in me," I said, my heart almost breaking in sympathy with his bereavement.

"Well, my friend, my dear friend, I will tell you all about it."

Then he leaned forward, took my hand tremblingly in his, and told me his sad, sad story.

"The other day, Eli," he said, "I met a very rich young lady—the rich Miss Astor from Fifth avenue. She was very wealthy—wore laces and diamonds—but, alas! she didn't have any cough to go with them. She had piles of money, but no sign of a cough—no quick consumption—just my luck!"

Then he buried his face in his hands. He wept long and loud.

* * * * *

"What else, Charley?" I asked, after he had returned to consciousness.

"Well, yesterday, Eli, I met a beautiful young lady from Chicago. She was frail and delicate—had just the cough I wanted—a low, hacking, musical cough. It was just sweet music to listen to that girl's cough. I took her jeweled hand in mine and asked her to be my bride; but, alas! in a fatal moment I learned that she hadn't any money to go with her cough, and I had to give her up. I lost her, O, I lost her!"

And then the hot scalding tears trickled through his fingers and rolled down on his patent leather boots.

Sad Reflections.

A kind old father-in-law on Madison avenue, who is supporting four or five poor dudes as sons-in-law, went down to see Barnum's Feejee cannibals.

"Why are they called cannibals?" he asked of Mr. Barnum.

"Because they live off of other people," replied the great showman.

"Oh, I see," replied the unhappy father-in-law. "Alas! my four dude sons-in-law are cannibals, too—they live off of me."

Eli Perkins' Rich Dude.

The rich and wicked New York dudes!

I do not mean the harmless Fifth avenue dude—the dude who sits like a plaster cast around the swell Knickerbocker Club. I do not mean the dawdling dude, who wears the high collar, the English top-coat, the tight trousers, and the lemon-colored gaiter tops. I mean the wicked dude—a brother of the simple dude.

Who are these wicked dudes?

Why, New York city is full of them. They have rich fathers; they drive their father's horses; their fathers are stockholders in the Academy, and the boys occupy the seats. Their mission is to spend their father's money and live like barnacles on his reputation. They don't know how to do anything useful, and they don't have anything useful to do. They come into the world to be supported. They are social and financial parasites. A poor dude does the best he can, but these fellows do the worst they can.

Rich girls "go for" them on account of their rich fathers. They marry them, have a swell wedding, and then spend a lifetime mourning that they did not marry a brave, strong, working fellow, who would have felt rich in their affections, and who, with a little help from father-in-law, would have hewn his way to wealth and position.

Rules for Making Rich Dudes.

Below I give ten cardinal rules, which, if followed, will make a rich dude out of any brainless son of a rich father. Any young New Jersey Stockton, Kentucky Ward or Massa-

chusetts Lawrence — yes, any Darnphool Republican Prince of Wales can carry out these simple rules, and thus attain to the glorious position of a rich dude. If carried out they will produce the same result nine times out of ten. I have seen them tried a thousand times.

Rules.

First. If your father is rich or holds a high position socially — and you are a good-for-nothing, dissipated darnphool of a swell, without sense or character enough to make a living, pay your addresses to some rich girl — and marry her, if you can.

Second Go home and live with her father, and magnanimously spend her money. Keep up your flirtations around town just the same. Gamble a little, and always dine at the clubs.

Third. After you wife has nursed you through a spell of sickness, and she looks languid and worn with anxiety, tell her, like a high-toned gentleman, that she has grown plain-looking; then scold her a little and make love to her maid.

Fourth. If your weary wife objects, I'd insult her — tell her you won't be tyrannized over. Then come home drunk once or twice a week and empty the coal-scuttle into the piano, and pour the kerosene lamps over her Saratoga trunk and into baby's cradle. When she cries I'd twit her about the high (hic) social position of my own (hic) family.

Fifth—If, weary and sick and heartbroken, she finally asks for a separation, I'd blacken her character—deny the paternity of my own children—get a divorce myself. Then by wise American law you can keep all her money, and, while she goes back in sorrow to her father, you can magnanimously peddle out to her a small dowry from her own estate.

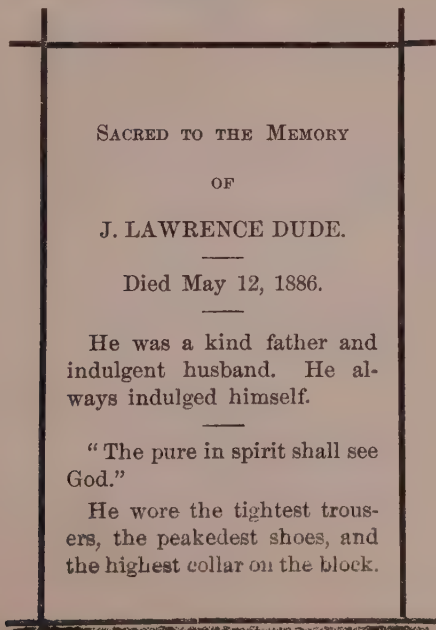
Sixth—If she asks you—audaciously asks you—for any of her own money, tell her to go to the dev—devil (the very one she has come to).

Seventh—Now I'd keep a mistress and a poodle dog, and

ride up to the park with them in a gilded landaulet every afternoon. While this miserable, misguided woman will be trodden in the dust by society you can attain to the heights of modern chivalry by leading at charity balls in public and breeding bull pups and coach dogs at home.

Eighth—After you have used up your wife's last money in dissipation, and brought your father's gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave, I'd get the delirium tremens and shoot myself. This will create a sensation in the newspapers and cause every other rich dude to call you high-toned and chivalrous.

Ninth—Then that poor angel wife, crushed in spirit, tried in the crucible of adversity, and purified by the beautiful "Do-unto-others" of the Christ-child, will go into mourning, and build with her last money a monument to the memory of the man who crushed her bleeding heart.



THE DUDE'S MONUMENT.

19 and 26.

Below I give the diary of two days in the life of a New York coquette. At nineteen she is honest, lovable and innocent. Seven years after she becomes a heartless woman of the world, a *blasé* flirt.

HER DIARY — 1883.

May 1, 1883. — Nineteen today — and I'm too happy to live! How lovely the park looked this morning. How gracefully the swans swam on the lake, and how the yellow dandelions lifted up their yellow faces — all smiles!

Albert — dear Albert — passed mamma and me, and bowed so gracefully! Mamma frowned at him. O, dear! I am not quite happy.

Last night my first ball, and Albert was there. Four times he came, and I let him put his name on my card — then mamma frowned savagely. She said I ought to be ashamed to waste my time with a poor fellow like Albert Sinclair. Then she brought up old Thompson, that horrid rich old widower, and I had to scratch Albert's name off. When Albert saw me dancing with Thompson the color came to his cheeks, and he only just touched the ends of my fingers in the grand chain.

O, dear, one of Albert's little fingers is worth more than old Thompson's right arm. How stupidly old Thompson talked, but mamma smiled all the time.

Once she tipped me on the shoulder, and said in a low, harsh voice, "Be agreeable, Lizzie, for Mr. Thompson is a great catch." Then Thompson, the stupid old fool, tried to talk like the young fellows. He told me I looked "stunning," said the ball was a "swell" affair, and then asked me to ride up to the park in his four-horse drag. Bah! Mother says I must go, but, O, dear, I'd rather walk two blocks with Albert than ride ten miles in a chariot with the old dyed whiskers.

After supper such an event took place. Albert joined me, and after a lovely waltz we wandered into the conservatory and had a nice confidential chat together. It is wonderful how we both like the same things. He admires the beautiful moon — so do I. I love the stars, and so does he! We both like to look out of the open window, and we both like to be near each other — that is, I know I do. Albert dotes on Longfellow, and, O, don't I! I like Poe, and so does Albert, and the little tears fairly started (but Albert didn't see them) when he repeated softly in my ear :

“For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams,
Of my beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of my beautiful Annabel Lee,”

—and a good deal more besides, about love and the sounding sea. Then Fannie Carter, who is in my class at Mrs. Hoffman's, came by with Will Mason, and sat right down in the next window. I do believe she loves him!

What a nice, *sensible* talk Albert and I had! First, we began talking about the soul — how destiny sometimes bound two souls together by an invisible chain. Then we considered the mission of man and woman upon the earth — how they ought to comfort and support each other in sickness and in health. And then Albert quite startled me by asking me if I had ever cared for any one. And when I said “Yes, papa and mamma,” he laughed, and said he did not mean them, and then I felt quite hurt, and the tears would come into my eyes, for I do love mamma, even if she does make me dance with that horrid old Thompson, with his dyed whiskers.

Then Albert leaned his face toward mine. I felt his mustache almost touch me as he whispered such nice words in my ear. He told me how he had longed for an opportunity to speak to me alone, how — and then I was so happy, for I knew he was going to say something very nice indeed.

when ma, with that dreadful old widower, came along and interrupted us.

"Come, Lizzie, you go with Mr. Thompson, for I want to present Mr. Sinclair to Miss Brown," and then ma—O, dear! she took Albert and presented him to the girl that I hate worst of anybody in school. I didn't see Albert again, for when he came around, ma said, "Lizzie, it looks horrible to be seen dancing with Albert Sinclair all the evening. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

O, dear, I look like a fright—I know I do, but I do hope I shall look better when I see Albert on the avenue tomorrow. Let's see—I wonder if he won't write to me? But I'll see him when he walks up from business tonight—maybe.

HER DIARY—1890.

May 1, 1890.—Out again last night. What a horrible bore parties are! I hate society. New York women are so prudish, with their atrocious high-neck dresses, and the fellows are so wretchedly slow. O, dear! Everything goes wrong. If I hadn't met Bob Munroe, who took us to the *Mubille* and the Alhambra, on the other side last summer, I'd 'a' died. Bob's *double entendre* rather startled the poky New York girls, though. Gracious, they ought to hear the French *beaux* talk! They do make such a fuss about our Paris *décolleté* dresses. Why, Bessie Brown wore a dress at a Queen's Drawing Room with hardly any body on at all—and she had that same dress on last night. Of course I could not stand any chance with her, for *décolleté* dresses do take the fellows so. But I'll be on hand next time.

Young Sinclair, with whom I used to "spoon" years ago, was there—and married to Fannie Carter, my old classmate. Pshaw! she is a poky, old, highnecked, married woman now, and Sinclair—well, they say that he was almost broken-hearted at my conduct—that he drank, and then reformed and joined the church, and is now a leading clergyman. Well, I'm glad

Sinclair became a preacher. I always knew black would become his complexion. What if I should go and hear him preach, flirt with him a little, and get his poky old wife jealous! Goodness! but don't he look serious, though! There's a glass—gracious! I'm as pale as a ghost! There's no use of my trying to dress without *rouge*. I do wish they would learn how to put on pearl white here—why, every wrinkle shows through. Then I do wish New York fellows would learn how to dance!—that atrocious galop upset my pads, and I had to leave in the middle of the dance to arrange things. Old Thompson is dead, died single—but his brother, the rich whiskey man, was there, and gracious! it was fun to dance with him after he had taken in his usual two bottles of champagne. He turned everything—the lancers, polka, and all—into the Virginia *reel*. That's Bob Monroe's pun. But after we got through dancing, didn't I have a flirtation with Old Thompson No. 2 while Albert Sinclair was helping mother to some refreshments! Dear old thing, she don't bother me in my conservatory flirtation any more. Well, Old Thompson No. 2 got quite affectionate—wanted to kiss my hand, and when I let him he wanted to kiss *me*! The old wretch—when he's got a wife and three daughters. But I had my fun—I made him propose conditionally—that is, if Mrs. Thompson dies; and I tell ma then I'm going to be one of our gay and dashing young wives with an old fool of a husband—and plenty of lovers. O, dear! I'm tired and sleepy, and I do believe my head aches awfully, and it's that abominable champagne. What goosies Fannie Carter and Albert Sinclair have made of themselves! What fun can she have with the men? O, dear!

Ridicule

Melville D. Landon, A.M.

Ridicule* is pure wit. It consists in exaggerating man's statement or argument so as to make it appear absurd or ridic-

*See Chapter on Humor.

ulous. Ridicule is the strong weapon of the lawyer. Ingersoll ridicules orthodoxy by overdrawing pictures of orthodoxy. For instance, Ingersoll takes the Christian church of 800 years ago, when the people of England and Spain were semi-barbarous—when every man went round encased in armor, with a spear in one hand and a battle-axe in the other—when lecherous Henry the VIII was boring Christian eyes out in England and the Spanish inquisitorial kings were quartering Christians in Spain. I say he takes the church of the barbarous inquisition and puts it down in front of our young men of today. Then he points to a Catholic partisan boring a real Christian's eyes out, and says, "Now, young men, do you want to belong to any such shaky old church as that?" He even makes us laugh at that old church. He ridicules it. Then he says that is the present church, and wants you to laugh at the church of today.

* * * * *

To ridicule a man's ideas you simply want to exaggerate them. That is the way Ingersoll ridicules Christianity. To illustrate how you can ridicule a man's false ideas :

One day I met George Francis Train in Madison square, surrounded by children. Dr. Hammond had told me that ridicule was an infallible test for insanity—that if a man got mad at a harmless joke, a joke with no animus in it, it was a pretty sure sign of insanity.

"Do you see these hands?" commenced George, as he always does. "See the blood run into them. There's health for you! All this comes from vegetable diet, sir. No meat for me. I eat nothing but vegetables. Vegetables make muscle, sinew, strength, manhood."

"Yes, George," I said, "you're right. Meat is weakening. I always notice all the strong animals live on vegetables. There's the weak lion and the tender panther, they live on vegetables; and there's the sturdy sheep, the hardy goose, the savage calf, the wild and ravenous jackass, they live on meat entirely. They—"

"It always makes me mad to talk to an infernal fool," said Train, coloring up, while he turned on his heel and left in a huff.

Then I knew George Francis was insane.

* * * * *

To show you how you can always ridicule a man, when you cannot answer him, I will tell you a little incident which Mr. Lewis says happened down in a Mississippi railroad eating house:

Among the passengers who rushed in from the train to get a twenty-minutes dinner was a fault-finding gentleman, who, as usual, had made his mind up to say something unpleasant when he came to pay for his meal. He was growling when he went in and he growled all the while he was eating, and when he slouched up to the desk to pay his seventy-five cents he broke out with:

"Them sandwiches are enough to kill a dog!"

"What sandwiches?"

"Why, them on the table."

"But we have no sandwiches on the table, sir," protested the landlord.

"You haven't? Well, I should like to know what you call them roasted brick-bats on that blue platter?"

"You didn't try to eat one of those?"

"Yes, I did!"

"Then, my friend, you had better go for a doctor at once! Those are table ornaments, made of terra-cotta, and were placed there to help fill up space! Land o' cats! but you must have lived in a cane-brake all your life!"

The traveler rushed into the car and began to drain a brandy-flask, and he didn't get over looking pale for three hours.

And they were sandwiches after all, said Mr. Lewis—real good ham sandwiches made that day. The landlord had adopted that particular style of ridicule instead of using a club.

Satirical Advice on Etiquette.*Eli Perkins.*

Engage in an argument with every person you meet.

Never listen to the other person, for if you do you may forget what you want to say yourself.

Always talk of your private, personal and family matters while conversing with strangers. They like to listen to long accounts of how you had the rheumatism.

If you are a professional man, always discuss professional matters in the presence of non-professionals.

If a person makes a mistake in grammar, or calls a word wrong, always correct him, especially if there are several people around to hear you.

If a man has a glass eye, a wooden leg, or a wig, always refer to it.

Never talk in a mild, gentle and musical voice, but toot up high and loud. Drown other people's voices if you can't drown their ideas.

When a man is talking let your eyes and mind wander about the room, and when he gets through ask him to repeat what he said again.

If with a stranger, always use profanity and vulgar words. You will be surprised how it will change their estimation of you.

Insist on talking about subjects that the rest of the company have never heard anything about. If you can't find a foreign subject like Europe, or what you did in college, pick out the prettiest girl in the room and whisper to her.

Always make fun of the locality where you are staying. If you can't do that, ridicule or abuse some of the leading citizens. A son or a daughter may be present, and they will like to hear you ridicule their old father.

Always pretend to great gentility yourself, and ridicule people who came up from a modest beginning. If you can't say

that your ancestors belonged to some notable family, make a strong point of being acquainted with a great many distinguished people yourself, and constantly refer to the time when you were in college.

Ridiculing the "Swell" Soldiers.

Eli Perkins.

I was charmed by our swell Seventh Regiment when it came to Saratoga. Every man wore white pantaloons, white kids, English side whiskers, and parted his hair in the middle.

"Don't they look too sweet for anything!" exclaimed all the young ladies at once, as the boys came onto the hotel balconies.

The only indignity the handsome fellows suffered was when Col. Clarke wanted to borrow some nut crackers from the hotel, and Mr. Marvin objected, because he said it wouldn't do to let the regiment have them.

"Why?" asked Col. Clarke, indignantly. "Why don't you lend the boys the nut crackers?"

"Because it's dangerous," said Mr. Marvin.

"How dangerous?"

"Why, Colonel," said Mr. Marvin, as he wiped his head with a red bandana handkerchief, "don't you know that when the boys crack the nuts they'll be liable to burst the shell against the kernel?"

But the sweetest thing of all was the polite dress-parade in front of the hotel for the ladies, who were kept back by a guard of white satin ribbon.

Before going through the manual of arms, Col. Clarke bowed to and shook hands with every member of the regiment—and then commenced the polite drill as follows:

Attention, if you please, gentlemen! Ah! (takes off his hat and bows sweetly) thank you!

Will you be kind enough to shoulder arms? Thanks (smiling and bowing with hat in hand), gentlemen, thanks!

Will you now favor me by ordering arms? Ah, thanks, gentlemen!

If it is not asking too much, will you now be kind enough to order arms again? Ah—thanks—(bowing very low and taking off hat) you are very kind!

I hope, if not too fatiguing, that you will now be kind enough to present arms! Ah—very good (smiles sweetly), I'm too much obliged to you!

If agreeable to you, will you shoulder arms, please? You are—ah, very kind—(bowing)—I'm so much obliged to you!

If not too much fatigued, gentlemen, might I ask you to order arms? Thanks, gentlemen! Ah! you're very kind! (Bows very low and salutes regiment.)

You are now dismissed, gentlemen! (Bows profoundly.) I'm—ah—awfully obliged to you. If agreeable to you, ah—meet you again to-morrow evening! Good-day, gentlemen! (Bows and shakes hands all around, while the soldiers return to flirt with the young ladies on the balconies.)

**Eli Perkins ridiculing the "Shoddyites" who buy
Big Diamonds.**

Since they have discovered diamonds in Africa they are getting too common on Fifth avenue to be even noticed. One young, rich lady wears finger-ring diamonds in her hair. A Chicago lady, staying at the Fifth Avenue, alleged to have lived with her present husband two weeks without getting a divorce, wears diamond dress-buttons; and even one of the colored waiters—an African, too, right from the mines—showed me a diamond weighing thirty-seven pounds, which he offered to sell me in the rough for \$4—a clear indication that even the Africans don't appreciate the treasure they have found.

This morning a lady from Oil City went into Tiffany's great jewelry store and said she desired to purchase a diamond.

"I understand solitaire diamonds are the best, Mr. Tiffany," she said, "please show me some of them."

"Here is a nice solitaire," answered the silver-haired diamond prince. "How do you like it?"

"Putty well," said the rich lady, revolving it in her fingers. "It shines well, but are you sure it is a solitaire, Mr. Tiffany?"

"Why, of course, madame."

"Wall, now, if you will warrant it to be a real, genuine solitaire, Mr. Tiffany, I don't mind buying it for my daughter Julia — and — come to think," she continued, as she buttoned her six-button kid-gloves and took her parasol to leave, "if you've got five or six more real, genuine solitaires just like this one, I don't mind takin' 'em all so as to make a big solitaire cluster for myself."

"Yes, madame, we'll guarantee it to be a real solitaire," smilingly replied Mr. Tiffany, and then the head of the house went up to his private office, and in the presence of four hundred clerks sat down and wrote his official guarantee that the diamond named was a genuine solitaire. As the lady bore the certificate from the big jewelry palace she observed to herself: "There's nothing like knowing you've got the real, genuine thing. It's really so satisfyin' to feel sure!"

But that evening her fiendish husband refused to buy the diamonds — "and then this beautiful woman," said Mr. Tiffany, "all dressed up in silks, and laces, and garnet earrings cut on a bias sat down in the hotel parlor and had to refuse to go to a party at Mrs. Witherington's because her jewels did not match her polonaise!"

"O dear!" said the great jeweler, and in the fullness of his grief he poured a coal-scuttle into a case full of diamonds, and watches, and silver spoons, and a basket full of diamonds, and pearls and garnets into the coal stove!

REPARTEE.

Many Laugh-Provoking Examples.

Æschines' Greek Jokes translated by Melville D. Landon, A.M. (Eli Perkins).

We find much splendid repartee in the writings of Æschines, Diogenes, Plato and Aristippus. It is hard to translate it, and not have it lose its force, but I give below a free translation of some of the best repartee in the old Greek :

One day, the tyrant Dioysius asked Aristippus, a pupil of Socrates, but a cringing toady to the King, "Why do you philosophers always come to the rich, while the rich never, never return your calls?"

"Because," said Aristippus, "we philosophers want money which the rich can give us, but the rich want brains which we can't give them, even if they do return our visits."

Cræsus, a rich but illiterate Athenian, brought his stupid son to Aristippus to be educated.

"How much will you charge to make my boy a scholar?" he asked.

"How much?" mused Aristippus, as he put his hand on the boy's low forehead. "How much? Why about five hundred drachmas."

"Five hundred drachmas!" exclaimed Cræsus. "Why, that is too dear. Why with that I could buy a slave."

"Then go and buy a slave," said Aristippus, "and you'll have twins, you'll have a pair of them."

"But how will it benefit my son five hundred drachmas worth?" asked the shoddy Greek.

"Why, if he gets no other good when he goes to the theater you can tell your blockhead boy from the wooden benches."*

One day when Dionysius asked Aristippus why he came to him so much for?

"Why, I come to exchange something which I have for something which you have."

"What is that?"

"Why, I come to trade brains for money!"

One Greek writer, *Æschines*, says Aristippus said "When I want wisdom I go to Socrates but when I want money, I come to you."

Alex. Stevens' Repartee.

A. H. Stephens is said to weigh but seventy-four pounds; yet, he was always considered in the South as a man of weight.

Mr. Stephens once severely worsted a gigantic Western opponent in debate.

The big fellow, looking down on Stephens, burst out, "You! — why, I could swallow you — whole."

"If you did," answered the latter, "you would have more brains in your bowels than ever you had in your head."

Oscar Wilde Demolished.

Oscar, the long haired esthete, was delivering himself of an eloquent tirade against the invasion of the sacred domain of art by the meaner herd of trades-people and miscellaneous nobodies, and finally, rising to an Alpine height of scorn, exclaimed,

"Ay, all of you here are Philistines—mere Philistines!"

"Yes," said an old gentleman, softly, "we are Philistines, and I suppose that is why we are being assaulted with the jaw bone of an ass."

*The literal Greek reply was "he will not be one stone setting on another." "The seats of the Athenian theater were of stone;

Gen. Carey Worsted.

"You can not keep me down," shouted Gen. Sam Carey, the great Ohio orator, at a public meeting; "though I may be pressed below the waves I rise again; you will find that I come to the surface, gentlemen."

"Yes," said an old whaler in the audience, "you come to the surface to blow."

Very Gentle Repartee.

Eli Perkins.

Oliver Wendell Holmes and John G. Saxe were once talking about brain fever.

"I once had a very severe attack of brain fever myself," said Mr. Saxe.

"How could you have brain fever?" asked Mr. Holmes, smiling. "It is only strong brains that have brain fever."

"How did you find that out?" asked Saxe.

Scotch Repartee.

A Scotchman complained that he had got a ringing in his head.

"Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked his friend.

"No."

"I'll tell ye—it's because it's empty."

"And ha'e ye never a ringing in your head?" asked the other.

"No, never."

"And do ye ken the reason?—because it's cracked."

What Is Repartee?

Melville D. Landon, A.M.

Repartee is a sudden flash. It is turning a current of thought in an opposite direction. It is the upsetting of a train of thought. It is really *deforming* a thought. Repartee

is a case where one *speaker* makes a plain statement, aimed in a certain direction, which a *hearer* collides with and reverses so as to shoot straight back at the speaker.

"What I want," said a pompous orator, aiming at his antagonist, "is good common sense."

"Exactly," was the whispered reply, "that's just what you need."

Repartee is often very unkind, but its unkindness is excusable when the person indulging in it has been attacked. For instance, Abernethy, the famous surgeon, swore violently at a poor Irish paver who had piled some paving-stones on the Doctor's sidewalk.

"Remove them ! away with them !" screamed Abernethy, with an oath.

"But where shall I take them to ?" asked Pat.

"To hell with them !" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Hadn't I better take them to heaven ? Sure, and they'd be more out of your honor's way there," said Pat, as he leaned on his spade.

An instance of unkind repartee is recorded of Charles Lamb :

One day a loving mother brought her beautiful golden-haired baby into dinner in her arms. She was very proud of her sweet babe, and, holding it up with pride and joy in her eyes, she said :

"Mr. Lamb, how do you like babies ?"

"I like 'em boiled, madam -- boiled !"

Of course that mother never loved Mr. Lamb after that.

The finest piece of repartee in the English language is the instance where two Irishmen were walking under the gibbet of Newgate. Looking up at the gibbet, one of them remarked :

"Ah, Pat, where would you be if the gibbet had done its duty ?"

"Faith, Flannagan," said Pat, "and I'd be walking London - *all alone!*"



"Hadn't I better take them to heaven?" "Sure, and they'd be more out of your honor's way there." (See page 264.)

A mild species of repartee was the reply of Charles James Fox to a man who kept dunning him for a small debt :

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fox," said the dunner, "but you know I have waited a long while. Still, I do not want to make the time of payment inconvenient to you. I only desire you will fix upon some day certain in the future when you will pay."

"That is very kind of you," responded Fox, "and I will accede to your request with pleasure. Suppose we name the Day of Judgment. But stop ! that will be a very busy day for you ; suppose we say the day after."

A fine bit of repartee is attributed to Douglas Jerrold :

"Have you seen my *Descent Into Hell*?" inquired an author, a great bore, who had written a book with a fiery title.

"No," replied Douglas Jerrold, "but I should like to."

BULL, BLUNDER AND PARADOX.

Paradox—American Bulls—Remarkable Blunders.

Mr. Gough once asked an Irishman if he ever saw a teetotaller drunk ?

“Och !” replied Paddy, with earnestness, “I’ve seen many a man drunk, but I couldn’t tell whether he was a teetotaller or not.”

Shopping Blunders.

Eli Perkins.

“Can you show me something pretty in scarfs ?” he asked of one of the rosy-cheeked sales ladies at Macy’s.

“O, yes, sir ; here’s some blue satins for a dollar—just two sweet for anything.”

“I think you are a little dear,” he said, with a pleasant smile.

“You are very complimentary,” she said, her cheeks covered with a crimson blush.

When he thought how he had been misunderstood he blushed and stammered :

“O, I beg pardon, Miss, I didn’t mean to say *you* were a little dear. I meant——”

“Never mind, there are plenty of young men who do think so, sir ! Good morning !”

Servants’ Blunders.

Mrs. Howard Hinckle, a Cincinnati lady, has recently had a remarkable experience with a new Irish girl :

“Biddy,” said she, one evening, “we must have some sausages for tea this evening, I expect company.”

"Yes, ma'am."

Tea time arrived, and with it the company; the table was spread, the tea was simmering, but no sausages appeared.

"Where are the sausages, Biddy?" inquired Mrs. Hinckle.

"And sure they're in the tay-pot, ma'am! Didn't you tell me we must have 'em for tay?"

Which Blundered?

Eli Perkins.

"Is any one waiting on you?" asked the handsome young fellow at the counter of one of our up town stores, of a young lady from the country.

"Yes," she replied, blushing crimson. "I've had a fellow waiting on me for over a year and——"

"I mean," stammered the young man, "is there any one waiting on you in this store?"

"Well—ah, not yet," she said looking up archly, "but——"

"Shall I have the pleasure of waiting on you then?" he asked smilingly.

"O—ah—well—you are very kind, thank you," she said blushing scarlet, "but perhaps you are engaged?"

"O no I'm not engaged. I can wait on you now just as well as not."

"Well, I don't know that it would be right," she said blushing, "I'm about halfway engaged myself. That is John—he's gone to California now, but just before he left he asked me——"

"O, my dear girl, you're mistaken ——"

"No, no, there's no mistake," she said sadly. "John, I expect, really considers that we are engaged. Now," she said with a puzzled look, "do you really think it would be right to let any other young man wait on me during John's absence? If you think so ——"

"My dear, dear girl, it's all a blunder! It's ——"

"Then you don't want to wait on me?" she interrupted poutingly.

"Why, yes—no—*con-found* it!" and he fell fainting on the floor.

When last seen she was fanning him and telling him to cheer up and she would dismiss John—perhaps.

Bulls, Blunders and Repartee.

Melville D. Landon, A.M.

Repartee is an intended bull or blunder. Repartee is always hurled at some other person; while the bull or blunder is against the speaker himself. Repartee is in the active transitive, while the bull or blunder is in the passive. Repartee cuts like a two-edged sword, while the bull or blunder is purely innocent. One causes the laugh of derision, while the other causes the laugh of amusement. As an instance of the innocent bull or blunder, I give from the pen of Mr. Alexander Sweet:

"Why didn't you deliver that message as I gave it to you?" asked an Austin gentleman of his stupid servant.

"I did de best I could, boss."

"You did the best you could, did you?" imitating voice and look. "So you did the best you could. If I had known that I was sending a donkey, I would have gone myself."

As an instance of unkind repartee or retort, I give Mr. Charles Lamb's reply to the kind mother, whose guest he was:

One day, a loving mother came into a dinner to which Charles Lamb was invited, dandling her beautiful baby in her arms.

"How do you like babies, Mr. Lamb?" asked the fond mother, lifting the baby up and down with great pride.

"I like 'em b—b—boiled, madam, BOILED!" exclaimed Mr. Lamb.

Bulls or blunders are akin to the paradox, but they are not the same. A paradox states a logical impossibility, while a bull is a thoughtless blunder. When they were talking about

the barefooted peasantry of Ireland and the society of leather, Sir Boyle Roache, the Irish baronet, said :

“If leather is so dear, gentlemen, why can't we make the under leather of wood?”

This is a blunder. In his confusion of ideas, Sir Boyle used “leather” in place of “sole.”

Again, an Irishman, with a heavy bundle on his shoulders, riding on the front of a horse-car, was asked why he did not set his bundle down on the platform. “Be jabbers,” said Pat, “the horses have enough to drag me ; I'll carry the bundle.”

Sir Boyle once wrote the following resolution in regard to the new jail in Dublin :

“Resolved, that the new prison shall be built on the site, and with the materials of the old one, and that the prisoners shall continue to reside in the old prison until the new one is completed.”

Once, when a member of parliament stated, on a money grant, that it was unjust to saddle posterity with a debt incurred to benefit the present, Sir Boyle rose and said :

“Why should we beggar ourselves to benefit posterity? What has posterity done for us?” The laugh which followed rather surprised him, as he was unconscious of his blunder. He explained :

“Sir, by posterity I do not mean our ancestors, but those who come immediately *after them*.”

And it was Sir Boyle who said : “Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater.

Fearing the progress of revolutionary opinions, Sir Boyle drew a frightful picture of the future, remarking that the house of commons might be invaded by ruffians who, said he, “would cut us to mince meat and throw our bleeding heads on that table, to stare us in the face.”

On another occasion Sir Boyle was arguing for the habeas corpus suspension bill in Ireland : “It would surely be better,

Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole* of our constitution, to preserve the *remainder*!"

Bulls are caused by the person answering a question without thought. Now, in the following case, the listener thought the questioner had asked about cold weather, instead of about cold summers: "Did ye ever know such a cold summer as this?" asked Mike of a fellow Irishman.

"Yes," answered Pat.

"When?"

"Last winter, be jabers."

Here is another:

"Bridget, I wish you would go and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning."

Bridget returned in a few minutes with the information that Mrs. Jones was 72 years, 10 months and 8 days old.

Often public speakers whose minds are not on their long sentences make a paradox or bull. A German orator once said: "There is no man or child in this vast assembly who has arrived at the age of 50 years, that has not felt the truth of this mighty subject thundering through his mind for centuries."

John B. Gough once said solemnly to an audience: "Parents, you may have children, or, if not, your daughters may have."

Again: A physician once boasted to Sir Henry Halford: "I was the first to discover Asiatic cholera and communicate it to the public."

Mrs. Partington's Blunders.

The Partington papers had a great run about twenty years ago. The fun of them consisted in an old woman getting the meaning of a word wrong or in pronouncing the word wrong. For instance:

When Mrs. Partington read in the Boston *Globe* that at the

Music Hall the "Prayer of Moses" was executed on one string, she remarked :

"The Prayer of Moses executed on one string ! Praying, I suppose, to be cut down. Poor Moses !" she sighed, "executed on one string ! Well, I don't know as I ever heard of anybody being executed on two strings, unless the rope broke."

Good Taste.

"You can't bear children," said Mrs. Adams, disdainfully.

"Perhaps if you could you would like them better," continued the old lady, wiping her spectacles.

Fancy Diseases.

"Diseases is very various," said Mrs. Partington. "Now old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs, and Mary Simms is dying of hermitage of the lungs. One person has tonsors of the throat and another finds himself in a jocular vein. New names and new nostrils everywhere !"

Blind as a Bat.

Gentleman to his rustic servant : "Well, Jean, did you give the Governor my note ?"

"Yes, sir ; I gave it to him ; but there's no use writing him letters ; he can't see to read them. He's blind—blind as a bat !"

"Blind !"

"Yes, sir ; blind. Twice he asked me where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time. Blind as a bat, sir !"

The Deaf Man.

Old Hunter was a very deaf man. One day the boys, to get a joke on him, gave him the following mock toast :

"Here's to old Hunter, the two-sided old villain ; may he be kicked to death by mules, and his body be sunk in the sea

a hundred fathoms deep. May no prayer be said over him, and may his blind soul wander rayless through all eternity."

The toast was drunk with great glee, in which the old man joined.

"The same to yourselves, gentlemen," said he, "The same to yourselves."

Old Hunter had not heard a word that was said.

Charley Bender's Blunder.

Charley Bender who used to live in South Bend, went to Reno, Nev. While there he hit upon a scheme to advertise his business, and told the editor of the *Reno Gazette* to announce that he would give a special premium to the lady exhibiting a baby at the fair that most resembled her. The announcement appeared among the fair notes, and read: "Charles T. Bender offers a special premium to the lady exhibiting a baby that most resembles him." Charley was out of the city for several days, and when he came back couldn't understand why the ladies, with whom he had always been a great favorite, looked at their noses when they passed him, and the matter grew absolutely serious when a very intimate lady friend to whom he proffered his hand, exclaimed, "Don't you dare to shake hands with me, sir, you vile thing." It was all made as plain as day when Charley saw the typographical error, and he is not to be blamed for hunting up the editor with his revolver.

Blunders in Newspapers.

An illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote to the secretary as follows: 'Also enter me for the best jackass; I am sure of taking the premium.'

Among the replies to an advertisement of a music com-

mittee for "a candidate as organist, music-teacher," etc., was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for organist and music-teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

A recent advertisement contains the following startling information: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whale-bone ribs and an ivory handle, he will be suitably rewarded."

An Irish agricultural journal advertises a new washing-machine under the heading: "Every man his own washer-woman," and in its culinary department says that, "potatoes should always be boiled in cold water."

Blunders in Punctuation.

There is a tombstone in the Saratoga graveyard on which is this epitaph:

"Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A correspondent introduces a piece of poetry to the editor of an American newspaper in these words:

"The following lines were written fifty years ago by one who has for many years slept in his grave merely for his amusement."

The compositor on a Philadelphia paper, by displacement of a space, informed the *masses* of that city that Mr. — would address *them asses* at National Hall.

EM Perkins' American Blunders.

Punctuation makes a great many bulls in this country. The other day I picked up a newspaper in Wisconsin full of curious things. I inclose a few specimens:

"The procession at Judge Orton's funeral was very fine and

nearly two miles in length as was the beautiful prayer of the Rev. Dr. Swing from Chicago."

Another :

"A cow was struck by lightning on Saturday belonging to Dr. Hammond who had a beautiful spotted calf only four days old."

A distressing accident is thus chronicled :

"A sad accident happened to the family of John Elderkin on Main street yesterday. One of his children was run over by a market wagon three years old with sore eyes and pantalets on that never spoke afterwards."

A Towanda (Penn.) sign reads thus :

"John Smith—teacher of cowtillions and other dances—gramer taut in the neettest manner—fresh salt herrin on draft—likewise Godfreys cordial—rutes, sassage and other garden truck.—N.B. A bawl on frida nite—prayer meeting chuesday also salme singin by the quire."

I cut this advertisement from the N. Y. *Herald*:

"Run away—A hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of corduroy pants, much worn."

This, also, from the personal column of the *Herald*:

"Personal : If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an ivory handle to the slate-roofed grocer's store, he will hear something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother, now no more, with the name engraved upon it.

"I say, Jim," said a creditor to a bankrupt the other day, "what'll you pay?"

"Wall, I'm going to pay fifty cents on the dollar if I have to pay it out of my own pocket."

The next morning after lecturing at Janesville I saw this paragraph :

"George Peck an intemperate editor from Milwaukee fell

over the gallery last night while Eli Perkins was lecturing in a beastly state of intoxication."

"The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that Mr. Peck came to his death by remaining too long in a cramped position while listening to Mr. Perkins' lecture which produced apoplexy on the minds of the jury."

The Paradox.

Melville D. Landon, A.M.

A paradox is an instance of *deformed* logic. It is a case where a sentence destroys not itself, as in the case of the anticlimax, but all the logic in itself. The anticlimax is the deformed sentence itself, while the paradox is the deformity of its logical sense. The best paradox in the English language is the one made by Artemas Ward when the humorist said :

"I'm bound to live within my means if I have to borrow money to do it."

The best paradox I ever constructed was a sentence once used in complimenting the West. It was made in a dinner speech. I commenced thus :

"I like the West. I like her self-made men, and the more I travel west, the more I am with her public men, the more I am convinced of the truthfulness of the Bible statement that the wise men *came from the East!*"

Here is another :

"How do you think Smith's property will stand after all his debts are paid?" asked a lawyer in a bankrupt case.

"I believe he will owe several thousand dollars," was the reply.

Another instance: Two men were pulling on their boots. One pulled away at the straps till one broke, when he exclaimed :

"I don't believe I'll ever get these boots on till I've worn them a spell!"

An Irishman was trying to sell some iron window-sashes, and in recommending them said :

"These sashes will last you forever, sir; and afterwards, if you have no further use for them, you can sell them for old iron."

Again :

A Judge in Dublin asked an Irish policeman, "When did you last see your sister?"

"The last time I saw her, my Lord, was about eight months ago, when she called at my house, and I was out."

"Then you did not see her on that occasion?"

"No, my Lord; I wasn't there."

Again:—

At a crowded concert to hear Patti the other night, a young lady was looking for a seat.

"It is a seat you want, Miss?" asked the Irish usher.

"Yes, a seat, please."

"Indade, miss," said Pat, "I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

Again:—

An Irishman, describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee, said :

"Bedad, if he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next mornin' and go round selling maps to the inhabitants."

Again:—

An Irishman boasted that he had often skated sixty miles a day.

"Sixty miles!" exclaimed an auditor, "that is a great distance; it must have been accomplished when the days were the longest."

"To be sure it was; I admit that," said the ingenious Hibernian, "but whoile ye're standin' sit down, an' oi'll tell ye all about it."

Again:—

An Irish lover said, "It is a great comfort to be alone especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."

Again you all remember the triumphant appeal of an Irishman who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said,

"Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

Again:—

An Irishman got out of his carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast.

"Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "hould on, ye murthen ould stame injin—ye've got a passenger on board that's left behind."

Again:—

My wife's cook was sick. She was sure she was going to die. It was the colic.

"Would you take anything, Bridget?" asked my wife, pouring out some bitter cordial.

"Indade," said Bridget, "I would take anything to make me well, if I knew it would kill me."

Again:—

"A man who'd maliciously set fire to a barn," said Elder Podson, "and burn up a stable full of horses and cows, ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'd like to be the one to do it."

Again:—

Two deacons once disputing about a proposed new graveyard, one remarked: "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live!" "What an obstinate man!" said the other "If my life is spared I will."

IRISH BULLS AND BLUNDERS.¹⁶

The Irish Hack Driver.

Ed Perkins.

The Quaker Indian Commissioners recently returned to Philadelphia. The "Broadbrims" landed, carpet bag in hand at the Pennsylvania depot, when an Irish hackdriver who chanced to have a broadbrim also, stepped up, and to ingratiate himself into their good graces passed himself off as a brother Quaker.

"Is thee going towards the Continental Hotel?" asked the hackdriver.

"Yea, our residences are there," replied the Quaker.

"Will thee take my carriage?"

"Yea—gladly."

As they seated themselves, the hackdriver asked very seriously—

"Where is *thou's* baggage?"

* *
*

Two Irishmen met once, and referred to the illness of a third.

"Poor Michael Hogan! Faith, I'm afraid he's going to die," said one.

"And why would he die?" asked the other.

"Oh, he's got so thin! You're thin enough, and I'm thin—but, by my sowl, Michael Hogan is thinner than both of us put together."

* *
*

Two Irishmen, who, fancying that they knew each other,

* The Irishman has made so many good natured bulls and blunders, that a separate chapter has to be given to them.

crossed the street to shake hands. On discovering their error :

"I beg your pardon !" cried the one.

"Oh, don't mention it," said the other. "It's a mutual mistake ; you see, I thought it was you, and you thought it was me, and after all, it was neither of us !"

* *
*

"As I was going over the bridge the other day," said an Irishman, "I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?'"

"Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly," says he.

"Donnelly," says I, "that's not my name."

"Faith, then, no more is mine Hewins."

"So with that we looked at each other agin, an' sure enough it was nayther of us."

Taking it Easy.

Mr. O'Rafferty has a boy named Mike, that for laziness cannot be beaten. This assertion is not absolutely correct, however, for he is beaten for laziness every day by the old man. After one of these sad scenes between parent and child, Mike remarked dismally :

"I persoom that there is no plazin' of yez. It is wishin' I was dead I am."

"It is loike yerself," retorted the father, "to be wishin' ye was stretched in an expinsive and convaynient coffin, takin' it aisy for the rest of yer life."

* *
*

The captain of a steamboat seeing an Irishman smoking away abaft the wheelhouse, stepped up to him and said :

"Don't you see that notice stuck up there?"

"D'ye mane that bit o' painted tin?"

"To be sure I do. Why don't you follow it?"

"I haven't sayn it move ; it's nailed fast, I'm considerin'."

"I mean, have you read that notice?"

"Divil a bit; shure I don't know how to rade."

"Well, it says: 'No smoking allowed here.'"

"By the powers! it doesn't consarn me a smite, thin, for I never smoked 'aloud' in my life."

* *
* *

Two good natured Irishmen on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning, one of them inquired of the other:

"Dennis, did you hear the thunder last night?"

"No, Pat; did it raily thunder?"

"Yes, it thundered as if hivin and airth would come together."

"Why in the divil, then, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape whin it thunders."

An Irishman's Will.

In the name of God, Amen! I, Timothy Delona, of Barrydownderry, in the county of Clare, farmer; being sick and wake in my legs, but of sound head and warm heart: Glory be to God!—do make the first and last will the ould and new testament; first I give my soul to God, when it pleases Him to take it; sure no thanks to me, for I can't help it then; and my body to be buried in the ground at Barrydownderry Chapel, where all my kith an' kin that have gone before me, an' those that live after, belonging to me, are buried; pace to their ashes, and may the sod rest lightly over their bones. Bury me near my godfather, Felix O'Flaherty, betwixt and between him and my father and mother, who lie separate altogether, at the other side of the chapel yard. I lave the bit of ground containing ten acres—rale old Irish acres—to me eldest son Tim, after the death of his mother, if she survives him. My daughter Mary and her husband Paddy O'Ragan are to get the white sow that's going to have twelve black bonifs. Teddy;

my second boy that was killed in the war of Amerikay, might have got his pick of the poultry, but as he is gone, I'll lave them to his wife who died a wake before him ; I bequeath to all mankind fresh air of heaven, all the fishes of the sea they can take, and all of the birds of the air they can shoot ; I lave to them the sun, moon and stars. I lave to Peter Rafferty a pint of fulpoteen I can't finish, and may God be merciful to him !

* *

An Irishman who was standing on London Bridge said to a youth :

"Faith, and I think I know yees ; what's yer name?"

"Jones," said the boy.

"Jones ! Jones !" said the Irishman ; "and I knew seven-reen ould maids by that name in Dublin. Was aither of them your mither?"

* *

Said a member of Congress from Ohio to a New Yorker, who was trying to tell him something about hogs : "You can't tell me anything about hogs. I know more about hogs than you ever dreamt of. I was brought up in Cincinnati right among 'em."

* *

"Are you sick, Pat?" asked the doctor.

"Sick, is it ! Sick ! Faith, and I laid spachless siven long weeks in the month of August, and did nothin' but cry 'Wather ! wather !' all the time."

* *

"How is the man that was hurt?" was asked of an Irishman the next day after a railroad smash-up on the Erie road.

"Sure, how is the man that was hurt?" repeated Pat

"I mean is he any better?"

"No ; he's no better."

"Is he conscious?"

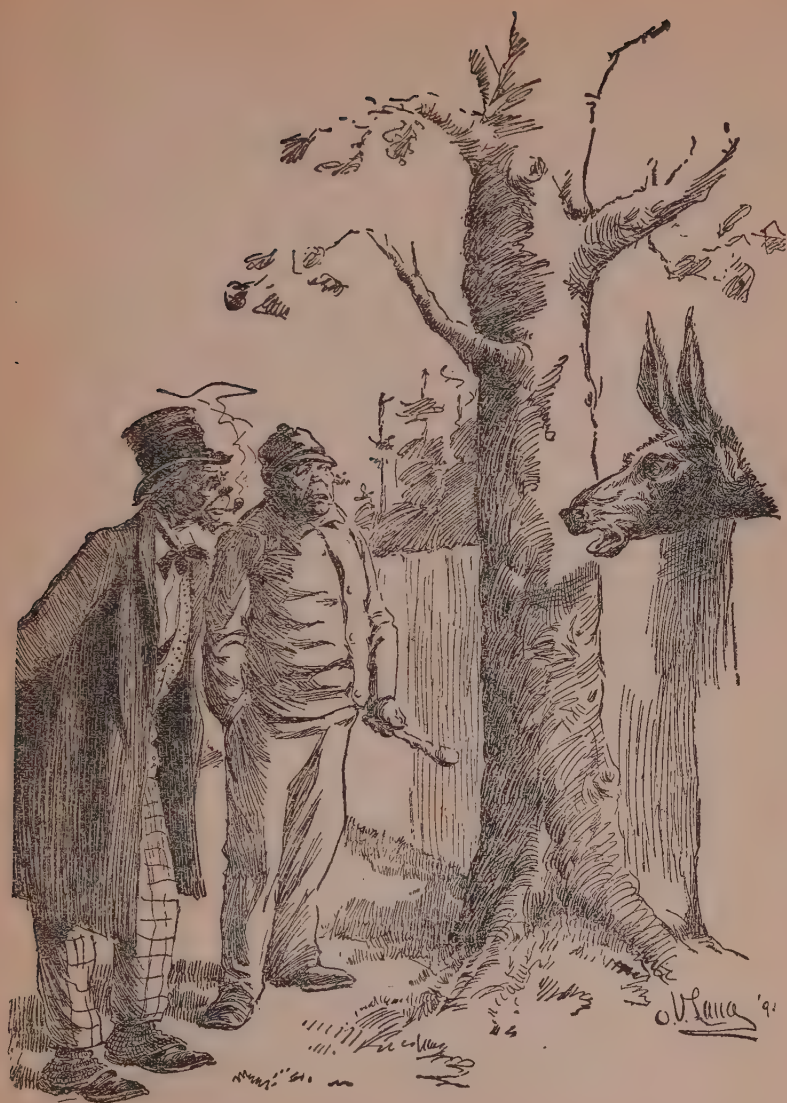
"Yis, he's conscious, but divil a thing does he know "

The Irish Letter.

TULLYMUGGLESCRAG, Parish of Ballyraggett,
near Ballysluggathey, County of Kilkenny,
Ireland, Jiniary the 1th.

MY DEAR NEPHEW : I haven't sent ye a letther since the last time I wrote to ye, bekase we have moved from our former place of livin' and I didn't know where a letther would find ye ; but I now wit pleasure take up me pin to inform ye of the death of yer ownly livin' uncle, Ned Fitzpatrick, who died very suddenly a few days ago afther a lingerin' illness of six weeks. The poor fellow was in violent convulsions the whole time of his sickness, lyin' perfectly quiet and intirely speecless—all the while talkin' incoherently, and cryin' for wather. I had no opportunity of informin' ye of his death sooner, except I wrote to ye by the last post, which same went off two days before he died ; and then ye would have postage to pay. I am at a loss to tell what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was by his last sickness, for he was nivir well ten days together during the whole of his confinement ; and I believe his death was brought about by his aitin' too much of rabbit stuffed with pais and gravy, or pais and gravy stuffed with rabbit ; but be that as it may, when he brathed his last, his doether gave up all hope of his recovery. I needn't tell ye anything about his age, for ye well know that in June next he would have been just seventy-five years old lackin' ten months, and had he lived till that time, would have been just six months dead. His property now devolves to his next of kin, which all died some time ago, so that I expect it will be divided between us ; and ye know his property, which was very large, was sold to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost at a horse race ; but it was the opinion of iverybody at the time he would have won the race, if the baste he run aginst hadn't been too fast for him.

I niver saw a man in all my life, and the doethers all said so,



"It's a fine ear the bird has got for music, but he's got a wonderful
cowld." (See page 283.)

that observed directions or took medicine bettther than he did. He said he would as leve dhrink bitter as sweet if it had only the same taste, and ipecakana as whisky punch, if it would only put him in the same humor for fightin'. But, poor sowl ! he will niver ate or dhrink any more, and ye haven't a livin' relation in the world except meself and yer two cousins who were kilt in the last war. I cannot dwell on the mournful subject any longer, and shall sale me letther with black salin-wax, and put it in yer uncle's coat-of-arms. So I beg ye not to brake the sale when ye open the letther, and don't open it until two or three days afther ye resave this, and by that time ye will be well prepared for the sorrowful tidings. Yer old sweetheart sinds her love unknownst to ye. When Jarry McGhee arrives in America, ax him for this letther, and if he don't brung it from amongst the rest, tell him it's the one that spakes about yer uncle's death, and saled in black.—I remain yer affectionate ould grandmother,

BRIDGET O'HOOLEGOIN.

P.S.—Don't write till ye resave this.

N.B.—When yez come to this place stop, and don't rade any more until my next.

* *
*

An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving an Irishman stationed behind him reading it, said nothing, but finished his letter in these words :

"I would say more, but a big, tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write."

"You lie, you scoundrel !" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

* *
*

Two Irishmen, in crossing a field, came in contact with a jackass, which was making "daylight hideous" with his unearthly braying.

Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment, then turning to Pat, who was also enraptured with the song, he remarked :

"It's a fine ear t' a bird has got for music, but he's got a wonderful cowl'd."

An Irishman hearing of a wonderful musician, concluded to take lessons from him, and inquired of his terms. The answer was :

“Six dollars for the first month and three dollars for the second month.”

“Then,” said the Irishman, “I’ll come the second month.”

* *
*

“It’s a great comfort to be left alone,” said an Irish lover, “especially when your sweetheart is *wid you*.”

* *
*

An Irish editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says : “Her cup of miseries has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full.”

* *
*

A spirit-merchant in Dublin announced, in one of the Irish papers, that he has still a small quantity of the whisky on sale *which was drunk by his late Majesty while in Dublin*.

* *
*

A music dealer, not long since, received the following order :

“Please send me the music to ‘Strike the Harp in Praise of God and Paddle Your Own Canoe.’ ”

* *
*

A venerable Irish lady in Taunton, Mass., went into the telegraph office, the other evening, and stated her wish to send a message to her son in a neighboring city. Whereupon the obliging operator asked her if he should write it for her, to which she hesitatingly responded :

“Av ye plaze, Mister, I’ll do it meself, for James knows my writing.”

* *
*

A Yorkshire clergyman, preaching for the Blind Asylum, began by gravely remarking :

“If all the world were blind, what a melancholy *sight* it would be ! ”

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry when one of them fell into a deep quarry hole. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole and called out, "Arrah, Pat, are ye killed entirely? If ye're dead, spake." Pat reassured him from the bottom by saying in answer, "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but I'm spachless."

* *
*

"I am a native American citizen, born, bejabers, in this country," said Mr. Muldoon, at a recent political gathering, "and if ye disbelieve it, come around home and I will show ye me naturalization paphers."

* *
*

A lady the other day, meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?"

"Please, ma'am, I don't live *nowhere* now," replied the girl; "*I am married.*"

* *
*

Some years ago two Irishmen were carrying the hod at a new brick building going up on the street fronting on the North River, New York. At noon, one of the Cunard steamers, going out to sea, fired off the usual guns.

"Do you hear that, Larry?"

"The goons, do you mane? What is it?"

"Why, ov coorse; it's *an arrival goin' out!*"

* *
*

"Where did you put the hoe I saw you wid?"

"It's gone intirely, feyther."

"Thin I'll break ivery bone in your body wid it if you don't find it."

* *
*

An Irishman, hearing of a friend who had a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed:

"Faith, that's good. Sure an' a stone coffin 'nd last a man a lifetime."

A colored clergyman in Philadelphia recently gave notice as follows from the pulpit: "There will be a four-days' meeting every evening this week, except Wednesday afternoon."

* *
*

Captain. "How many fathoms?"

Pilot. "Can't touch bottom, sir."

Captain. "Well, d—n it, how near do you come?"

An Irish magistrate, censuring some boys for loitering in the streets, argued: "If everybody were to stand in the street, how could anybody get by?"

* *
*

"Gentlemen, is not one man as good as another?"

"Uv course he is," shouted an excited Irish chartist, "and a great deal bether."

* *
*

Said an Irish justice to an obstreperous prisoner on trial: "We want nothing but silence, and but little of that."

* *
*

"Pat, do you understand French?"

"Yis, if it's shpoke in Irish."

* *
*

A grocer in Washington advertises that he has "whisky for sale that has been drunk by all the Presidents, from Gen. Jackson down to the present time."

* *
*

A New York policeman swore to the following affidavit:

"I hereby solemnly swear that the prisoner set upon me, calling me an ass, a precious dolt, a scarecrow, a ragamuffin, and idiot, all of which I certify to be true."

* *
*

Brown, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation. "Ah," said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

An Irishman once ordered a painter to draw his picture and to represent him standing behind a tree.

Natural Blunder.

Eli Perkins.

"You made these boots, didn't you?" asked a mad man with with a bad-fitting pair of shoes.

"Yes," said the shoemaker, looking up from his last, "I made 'em."

"Well, confound it! I told you to make one larger than the other, didn't I?"

"Yes, and I did."

"No you didn't either. One is smaller than the other."

"But change that big boot onto the big foot and see if it won't fit," said the shoemaker.

"By gum! you're right. One is bigger than the other."

* *
*

"Do you call that a veal cutlet, waiter?" said a customer.

"Why, it is an insult to a calf to call that a veal cutlet."

"I didn't mean to insult you, sir," said the waiter.

SCHOLASTIC WIT.

School, College, Teacher, and Pupil.

A Harvard professor, dining at the Parker House, Boston, ordered a bottle of hock, saying as he did so :

“Here, waiter, bring me a bottle of hock—*hic, hæc, hoc.*”

The waiter, who had been to college, smiled, but never stirred.

“What are you standing there for?” exclaimed the professor. “Didn’t I order some hock?”

“Yes, sir,” said the waiter, “you ordered it, but you afterwards declined it.”

German Student Pomposity.

Eli Perkins.

A party of American travellers were on the railroad platform at Heidelberg. One of the travellers happened to crowd a Heidelberg student, when he drew himself up, scowled pompously, and said :

“Sir, you are crowding ; keep back, sir !”

“Don’t you like it, sonny ?” asked the American.

“Sir !” scowled the student, “allow me to tell you, sir, that I am at your service at any time and place.”

“Oh, you are at my service, are you ?” said the American.

“Then just carry this satchel to the hotel for me !”

A Collegian’s Unbelief Cured.

“I don’t believe much in the things spoken of in the bible.” said a collegian to an old Quaker.

“Does thee believe in France ?” asked the Quaker.

"Yes, I do ; I never saw it, but I have plenty of proof that there is such a country."

"Then thee does not believe in anything unless thee or thy friends have seen it?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Did thee ever know of anybody that has seen thy brains?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

The collegian had nothing more to say on the subject.

* *

The following is the reply of a fond father, who had just received a letter from his son, a student in his own alma mater : "My dear son—Accept my heartiest congratulations. I was engaged to the same Miss Bunter when I was in college, and can appreciate the fun you are having. Go it while you are young. Your loving father."

* *

Prof. Blackie once chalked on his notice board in college :

"The professor is unable to meet his classes tomorrow."

"A waggish student removed the 'c' leaving 'lasses.'" When the professor returned, he noticed the new rendering. Equal to the occasion, the professor quietly rubbed out the "l" and the notice read :

"The professor is unable to meet his asses tomorrow."

Eli Perkins on Dr. McCosh's Impression.

"Ah, I have an impression!" exclaimed Dr. McCosh the president of Princeton college, to the mental philosophy class. "Now, young gentlemen," continued the doctor, as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?"

No answer.

"What; no one knows? No one can tell me what an impression is!" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class.

"I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An impression is a dent in a soft place."

"Young gentleman," said the doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day."

* *
*

A freshman hesitates on the word "connoisseur."

Prof. "What would you call a man that pretends to know everything?"

Freshman answers: "A professor."

* *
*

Yale student, reading Virgil—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and—that's as far as I got, professor."

Prof. Thatcher: "Well, Mr. Evarts, I think that was quite far enough."

A Bright Student.

The Rev. Dr. Ranson, of Edinburgh, was examining a student before the class, and these were some of the results:

"And you attend the class for mathematics?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes, sir."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"What are they?"

"An inside and an outside!" and then the class roared.

The Doctor was *nonplused*, but continued the examination:

"And you attended the philosophy class also?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you would hear lectures on subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a barrow."

The class roared again, and the Doctor asked no more questions.

A Class Joke that Kicked Back.

"Where is the place in the horizon called the zenith?" asked Prof. Jackson of the mathematical astronomy class at Union College.

"It is the spot in the heavens directly over one's head," remarked John Bailey.

"Can two persons have the same zenith at the same time?" asked Prof. Jackson, with a twinkle of his eye.

"They can, sir," answered Mr. Bailey.

"How?" asked the Professor, who thought he was on the eve of a class joke.

"Why, when one stands on the other's head!"

A Wasted Education.

Opie P. Read.

"Jim, it do seem to me dat yer's putting yer edycation ter a mighty po' use. I ain't heard a big word from yer yet. I can un'erstan' yer gist as well as I did 'fore yer went ter dat school. Ef a man's edycated I want him to talk so I can't un'erstan' him. Me and yer mudder hab been talkin' 'bout dis matter, an' we'se so grieved way down in de flesh. Jim, what's de big word fur grasshopper?"

"Orthopterous insects of the genus gryllus, according to Webster," replied the young man.

"But de tuther day when dem folks was heah yer spoke of a grasshopper jest de same as de ignorantest nigger in de country, and brought shame down on de heads of yer mudder and myself. What's de big word fur goat?"

"Mammiferous quadruped of the genus capra," answered the young man.

"But why didn't yer say so 'stead of sayin' goat like a nigger, an' bringin' de tingle ob embarrassment to yer fader's face? What did I gin yer dat schoolin' fur — to talk like an unedycated son of a po' white man? Think dat I'se gwine ter keep yer heah in idleness 'lessen yer can reflec credic on de family? Jim, what is de big word fur fool?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Yer don't? Den yer ain't 'quainted wid yerself. Yer doan' recognize whar yer stands. Go out dar in de field wid a mule an' identify yerself."

How Girls Study.

Belle McDonald.

Did you ever see two girls get together to study of an evening? I have, and it generally goes like this:

"In 1673 Marquette discovered the Mississippi. In 1673 Marquette dis——. What did you say, Ide? You had ever so much rather see the hair coiled than braided? Yes, so had I. It's so much more stylish, and then it looks classical, too; but how do you like—O, dear! I never will learn this lesson!

In 1863 Lafayette discovered the Wisconsin. In 1863 Lafayette discovered the—well! what's the matter with me, anyhow! In *sixteen seventy-three* Marquette discovered the *Mississippi*. I don't care if he did. I suppose the Mississippi would have got along just as well if Marquette had never looked at it. Now, see here, Ide, is there anything about my looks that would give you to understand that I know when Columbus founded Jamestown, and how George Washington won the battle of Shiloh? Of course there isn't. History's a



"Yer doan' recognize whar yer stands." (See page 292.)

horrid study anyhow. No use, either. Now, French is ever so much nicer. I can introduce French phrases very often, and one must know I have studied the language. What is the lesson tomorrow? O, yes; conjugation of *parler*. Let's see; how does it commence? *Fe parle, tu parle, il par—il pa—il—well, il, then!*

"Conjugations don't amount to anything. I know some phrases that are appropriate here and there, and in most every locality; and how's anybody going to know but what I have the conjugations all by heart?

"Have I got my geometry? No, I'm just going to study it. Thirty-ninth, is it not?

"Let the tri-angle A B C, tri-angle A B—say, Ide, have you read about the Jersey Lily and Freddie? I think it is just too utterly ut, and Freddie is simply gorgeous. I'm completely crushed on him—

"Oh, this theorem!

"Let the tri-angle A B C be right-angled at B. On the side B C erect the square B D, on the side A B, the square A I. On the side—did I tell you Sister Carracciola gave me a new piece today, a sonata? It is really intense. The tones fairly stir my soul. I am never going to take anything but sonatas after this. I got another new piece, too. Its name is Etudes. Isn't it funny? I asked Tom this noon what it means, and he says it is Greek for nothing. It is quite apropos, for there is really nothing to it—the same thing over and over.

"Where was I? O, yes, the side A C, the square A E. Draw the line—come on, let's go at our astronomy. It's on 'Are the planets inhabited?'

"Now, Ide, I think they are, and I have thought about it a great deal. I banged my hair again last night. I wanted a Langtry bang just too bad for any use, but pa raved, and I had to give in. Yes, I think they are inhabited. I should like to visit some of them, but you would not catch me living

on Venus. Eight seasons! Just think how often we would have to have new outfits to keep up with the styles.

"What! you are not going? I am so sorry, but I suppose you are tired. I am. It always makes me most sick to study a whole evening like this. I think sister ought to give us a picture."

And they go to school the next morning and tell the other girls how awfully hard they have studied.

Round or Flat.

A Buffalo teacher was being examined by the school board. Among the questions asked was this:

"Do you think the world is round or flat?"

"Well," said the teacher, as he scratched his head in deep thought, "some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please."

Practice vs. Theoretical Knowledge.

A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman:

"Do you understand philosophy?"

"No, never heard of it."

"Then one quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?"

"No."

"Then one-half of your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?"

"No."

"Then three-quarters of your life is gone."

But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman:

"Can you swim?"

"No."

"Then the whole of your life is gone."

Effect of One Term in College.

When young Mr. Spitzer left home for college, he took leave of his mother in this manner :

“Mother, I will write often and think of you constantly.”

When he returned, two years later, he remarked to the anxious parent :

“Deah mothaw, I gweet you once moah !”

Imagine the feelings of a fond mother.

The Effect of Education.

Uncle Remus.

Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth, who goes to school at the Atlanta Colored University :

“Look hyar, boy, you goes ter school, don't yer ?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the boy.

“Gittin' eddykashun, ain't yer ?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Larnin' rithmetick and figgerin' on a slate, eh ?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, it don't take two whole days to make an hour, do it ?”

“Why, no !” exclaimed the boy.

“You was gwine ter bring dat hatchet back in an hour, wasn't yer ?”

“Yes, sir.”

“An' it's bin two whole days since you borrowed it. Now, what good's eddykashun gwine ter do you thick-skulled niggers when you go to school a whole year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fotch back a hatchet ?”

The boy got mad and slung the hatchet over the fence and half-way through an ash-barrel.

A Smart Student.

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us, on the globe?" asked a teacher.

"Don't know, sir."

"Well, now," continued the perplexed teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where you come out?"

"Out of *the hole*, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph at having solved the great question.

* *
*

Teacher. "Who was the first man?"

Head scholar. "Washington; he was the first in war, first in——"

Teacher. "No, no; Adam was the first man."

Head scholar. "Oh, if you're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was."

* *
*

Abraham Lincoln was once talking about food for the army. From that the conversation changed to the study of the Latin language.

"I studied Latin once," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Were you interested in it?" asked Mr. Seward.

"Well, yes. I saw some very curious things."

"What?" asked Mr. Seward.

"Well, there's the word *hominy*, which we have just ordered for the troops. I see how the word originated. I see it came from the Latin word *homo* — a man.

"When we decline *homo*, it is :

Homo — a man.

Hominis — of man.

Homini — for man.

So you see, *hominy* being 'for man,' comes from the Latin."

E. P.

Horstility.

A pedagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell hostility.

"H-o-r-s-e, horse," began Pat.

"Not horse tility," said the teacher, "but hostility."

"Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me the other day not to say hoss? Be jabbers, it's one thing wid ye one day and another the nixt."

Child Philosophy.

"Ethel," asked the teacher, when Ethel had grown quite large, and began to think a little, "whom do the Ancients say supported the world on his shoulders?"

"Atlas, sir."

"Yes. Quite right. Now, if Atlas supported the world, who supported Atlas?"

"I suppose he married a rich wife," replied Ethel, thoughtfully.

Blundering into the Truth.

"When rain falls, does it ever arise again?" asked the professor of chemistry.

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Why, in dew time——"

"That will do, Mr. Mason. You can sit down."

* *
*

A colored lyceum in a Georgia college discussed the question, "Which is de most useful, paper or gunpowder?" The debate was closed by a disputant who spoke as follows:

"Mr. President: S'pose dar war a bar at de do', an' you war to go dar and shake de paper at him, you'd see what de

bar would do. But jess shoot a cannon at him and see what comes. I calls for de question."

The president forthwith decided in favor of powder.

What Ailed the Schoolmaster.

"Come here, sir!" said a stern parent. "What is this complaint the schoolmaster has made against you?"

"It's just nothing at all, Pa. You see, Jiminy Hughes bent a pin, and I only just left it on the teacher's chair for him to look at, and he came in without his specs and sat right down on the pin, and now he wants to blame me for it!"

* *

Irritable schoolmaster. "Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?"

Dull boy. "A mouse, sir."

A Plea for Precise Adjectives and Adverbs.

Eli Perkins.

The intellectual bankruptcy of many of our rich and vulgar people is shown by their eternally using such indefinite adjectives as "spoony," "nobby," "swell," "jolly," "loud," etc. These terms are not in the dictionary, and us common people do not know what they mean. For example, I asked the fashionable Miss Astor the other day if she liked Mr. Brown.

"Yes, rother, but you kneuw he's too 'swell' for me, you kneuw," replied Miss Astor, pulling on her fourteen-buttoned gloves.

Now I didn't know what Miss Astor meant by "swell," so I said: "If you refer to my friend Mr. Brown of Grace church, I beg to say you are wrong. He's not swelled at all. It is all the result of a good 'square,' healthy diet and gentle Sunday exercise. No, Miss Astor, there is no swell there—not a bit of it!"

"Pshaw! Mr. Perkins, we don't mean your 'poky' Mr. Brown at all. We mean 'natty' Fred Brown, of Fifth avenue," said Miss A.

"Fred drives a 'nobby rig,'" continued Miss Astor.

"Yes, awful; but deuced 'loud,'" suggested young Vanderbilt.

"'Jolly' with the fellows, and awful 'spooney' on the girls, eh?" suggested Lord Mandeville.

"'You bet!' 'regular brick!'" said Miss A., "but he 'sours' on them quick. Don't mean business, Fred don't; he's 'spooney,' then 'chills' all at once!"

"Like the sermon yesterday?" asked Lord Mandeville.

"Pshaw! too slow!" said Miss Astor. "Rum, eh, to hear old Swope pitch into the Jews? Did you notice Fanny Green laughing when he read about David 'going for' Goliath? Ha! ha! too funny. How did you like the singing? Just 'too lovely,' wasn't it?"

"Oh, 'so-so.' Fact is, I've 'chilled' on last year's operas. They're a 'bore.' I'm afraid our 'singing business' is going to 'bust up.'"

"Oh, awful! that would be perfectly dreadful! shocking!! perfectly atrocious!!!" etc., etc.

I find, on examination, that these terms are almost all foreign importations; they came straight from London. They are simply the literary coinage which passes among the London chaps, in the clubs, and in the ante-room after the Lord Mayor's dinner.

It wounds my national pride to think that we have to depend entirely on England for these "cant" phrases. It is a sad thing that in bob-tail grammar, that great mark of civilization, we should be, indeed, behind London. With tears in my eyes, I turn away from the sad spectacle—a nation's humiliation. I resolve that we should be no longer eclipsed—that we shall "bang" the tail of language as well as they.

So I have invented a new dictionary, or appropriated one which was being used by a young lady friend.

Startling invention !

And so simple ! In five minutes' practice you can express precisely, by the terms of this new discovery, every sentiment or emotion of the human heart. Linley Murray, who caused so much unhappiness to our forefathers, is at last superseded—eclipsed—"thrown into the shade."

Thoughts are now expressed in percentages. One hundred is the superlative or the par basis of every emotion, quality, quantity, or sentiment. The rate below one hundred gives the precise positive and comparative value of the object rated.

See how in our conversations we now eclipse the old "swells" of the Brevoort House and the cockney chaps of Rotten Row !

"How did you like Longfellow before he died, Miss Smith ?"

"100."

"Tennyson ?"

"75."

Now, hate or disgust, which are negative emotions, or rather passions, are expressed by the negative sign (—) before the percentage, while positive passion of Love, as Lord Kame calls it, or adoration, is expressed by the plus sign (+) after the percentage.

"How did you like poor dead Walt Whitman ?"

"—5." (She hates him).

"Is Mr. Brown good-looking ?"

"60."

"Dress well ?"

"30."

"How do you like him ?"

"95." (Strong friendship.)

"How is the weather ?"

"100." (Beautiful.) (25, shabby ; 10, atrocious.)

"What theatre do you like best?"

Wallack's, 95; Booth's, 90; Niblo's, 50; Bowery, 20.

"Is Smith clever?"

"—10." (He's a fearful "bore.")

"Do you love me, darling?"

"75." (Cool friendship.)

"How do you like Mr. Thompson, the banker?"

"105+." (Heavens! She's in love with him.)

"Like to dance the round dances?"

"120+." (Adores them!)

"Fond of the square dances?"

"—25." (Despises them.)

"Will you *be sure* to give me first 'round' at the next Inauguration Ball?"

"100."

"How was Mr. Tweed for honesty?"

"—75." (How much nicer than to say he stole!)

"Was Mr. Greeley honest before he died?"

"100 generally, 95 with Mr. Seward, 75 with Conkling, 60 with Grant, 5 with Murphy, and about 50 on Protection."

"Do you think Mr. Dana used to love General Grant before they died?"

"—374½."

"How much did Grant use to care?"

"0,000,000,000."

Teaching a Boy to be Studious and Thoughtful.

Detroit Tribune Humorist.

"Pa," asked Willie Jones, as he was studying his history lesson, "who was Helen of Troy?"

"Ask your ma," said Mr. Jones, who was not up in classic lore.

"Helen of Troy," said Mrs. Jones, who was sewing a new heel on the baby's shoe, "was a girl who used to live with us; she came from Troy, New York, and we found her in an in-

telligence office. She was the best girl I ever had before your father struck Bridget."

"Did pa ever strike Bridget?" asked Willie, pricking up his ears.

"I was speaking paragorically," said Mrs. Jones.

There was silence for a few moments, then Willie came to another epoch in history.

"Ma, who was Marc Antony?"

"An old colored man who lived with my pa. What does it say about him there?"

"It says his wife's name was Cleopatra."

"The very same! Old Cleo' used to wash for us. It's strange how they come to be in that book."

"History repeats itself," murmured Mr. Jones vaguely, while Willie looked at his ma with wonder and admiration that one small head could carry all she knew. Presently he found another question to ask.

"Say, ma, who was Julius Cæsar?"

"Oh, he was one of the pagans of history," said Mrs. Jones, trying to thread the point of her needle.

"But what made him famous?" persisted Willie.

"Everything," answered Mrs. Jones, complacently; "he was the one who said, 'Eat, thou brute,' when his horse wouldn't take its oats. He dressed in a sheet and pillow-case uniform, and when his enemies surrounded him he shouted, 'Gimme liberty or gimme death,' and ran away."

"Bully for him!" remarked Willie, shutting up the book of history. "But say, ma, how came you to know so much? Won't I lay over the other fellows tomorrow, though?"

"I learned it at school," said Mrs. Jones, with an oblique glance at Mr. Jones, who was listening as grave as a statue.

"I was always a very close student. When other children were slidin' down hill winter evenings I was studying by the midnight oil. When my teacher told me anything I always treasured it up, I always sought for wisdom and ——"

"Well, I say, ma, who was Horace?" interrupted Willie.

"Your pa will tell you about him, I am tired," said Mrs. Jones.

Then she listened with pride and approval while Mr. Jones informed his son that Horace was the author of the Tin Trumpet and a rare work on farming, and the people's choice for President, and only composed Latin verses to pass away the time and amuse himself.

Lipo Conjugated.

Dr. McCosh was hearing the Greek recitation when he was a young professor in England.

"Now, young men," he said, "the verb is *lipo*, conjugate it, Mr. Mason."

"*Lipo, lipo, li—*"

"No, *eipas*," prompted Dr. McCosh.

"I make it next!" shouted a half-sleeping sophomore.

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Teacher. "Well, how stupid you are, to-be-sure! Can't multiply eighty-eight by twenty-five! I'll wager that Charles can do it in less than no time."

Abused pupil. "I shouldn't be surprised. They say that fools multiply very rapidly these days."

Rex Fugit.

It was in a Latin class, and a dull boy was wrestling with the sentence "*Rex fugit*," which, with a painful slowness of emphasis, he had rendered, "The king flees."

"But in what other tense can the verb '*fugit*' be found?" asked the teacher.

A long scratching of the head, and a final answer of "*Perfect*," owing to a whispered prompting.

"And how would you translate it then?"

"Dun-no."

"Why, put a 'has' in it."

Again the tardy emphasis drawled out, "The king has fleas."

Popular Errors about Wit, Humor and Laughter.

Melville D. Landon, A.M.

What causes laughter?

All the old writers and rhetoricians from Plato to Lord Kames have agreed that laughter is caused by wit, and that wit is a "short-lived surprise." They say laughter is caused by a short-lived surprise. But the old writers are all wrong. Laughter is always caused by some deformity in art or nature. It is caused by deformed music, deformed grammar, deformed rhetoric, deformed logic, deformed language and deformed truth itself. If surprise alone would cause laughter, then those passengers who were pitched over Ashtabula bridge would have screamed with laughter. If surprise would cause laughter, then a man would laugh when he is shot in the back. No, my friends, surprise unless caused by a deformity will not cause laughter. It is the deformity that does it. The deformity is the real cause of the laughter. You wouldn't laugh at a beautiful swan, but if you were walking along, and should see a double headed rooster running both ways to get away from itself, you would burst out laughing.

The deformities that produce laughter the quickest can be mentioned.

Deformed grammar is a very fertile source of fun. To illustrate: To a little girl learning to read I said,

"Didn't you have a hard time learning to read?"

"Yes," she said, "I did have a hard time learning to read, but I kept on learning to read and bimeby I *rode*."

You remember the little girl who did not want her sister to skin a potato for her. "You need not skin a potato for me, Jenny," she said; "I have one already skun."

Again, I met two chambermaids who were talking about banging their hair. One asked the other if she banged her hair.

"Yes, Mary," she said, "I bang my hair—keep a banging it, but it don't stay bung!"

The following couplet about Boss Tweed is a very good instance of deformed grammar :

A cautious look around he stole,
His bags of chink he chunk ;
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

Deformed rhetoric, the anti-climax, is a prolific source of laughter. For instance, I once heard a New Jersey clergyman describing a storm, and he described it like this : "The winds howled like the roaring of Niagara, the thunders rumbled and grumbled and pealed like Vesuvius laboring with a volcano, the lurid lightnings flashed through the sky like—like sixty !"

Deformed music and deformed oratory always produce laughter. The speaker now gave instances of deformed oratory that set the house in a roar of laughter. These instances can not be reported without destroying them. Deformed language (the dialects and all stammering stories) is always funny. The Irish, Dutch and Negro dialects are simply instances of deformed language.

All stammering stories are funny, on account of the deformity of the language. For instance, my old rat story told years ago about our stammering New York banker, Mr. Traverse.

One day Mr. Traverse went into a dog fancier's on Centre street to buy a rat-terrier. Turning round to the dog merchant, he asked :

"Have you got an-any rat-rat-rat terriers?"

"Certainly," said the man. "Can't you see them all around here?"

"Can your rat-rat-rat terriers catch a—catch a r-r-rat?"

"Certainly, that is what they are for, to catch rats."

“ Well, won't you put one of your rat-rat-rat-terriers into a box here w-w-with some rats and let me see him c-c-catch one.”

The dog fancier put the rat terrier into a box with five or six large rates, and one of them, a ferocious fellow, made a dive for him, caught him by the throat and killed him—killed the dog! Mr. Traverse eyed the dead dog a moment, and then, putting his hand into his pocket, said :

“ Well, my friend, w-what will y-y-you take for the r-r-rat?”

CLERICAL WIT AND HUMOR.

Wit of Divines and Churchmen.

"Mr. Beecher," said General Grant to the famous Brooklyn divine, one day, "why does a little fault in a clergyman attract more notice than a great fault in a bad man?"

"Perhaps—" said Mr. Beecher, thoughtfully, "perhaps it is for the same reason that a slight stain on a white garment is more readily noticed than a larger stain on a colored one."

Cardinal McClosky Wants Information.

Ell Perkins.

One day Cardinal McClosky, who always likes a good clerical joke, met Mr. Talmadge and made some enquiries about Plymouth church, presided over by Mr. Beecher.

"I see," said the Cardinal, "that in speaking of Mr. Beecher's church you always say the Plymouth brethren?"

"Yes," said Mr. Talmadge, "Plymouth brethren means the church."

"But when you speak of the Plymouth brethren why do you not speak also of the Plymouth sisters?"

"Because," said Mr. Talmadge with a twinkle of the eye, "because I suppose the brethren embrace the sisters."

Never Get Excited.

"Boys," said a good old clergyman to the boys in the bible class, "you should never lose your tempers. You should never swear or get angry or excited. I never do. Now to illustrate,

you all see that little fly on my nose. A good many wicked men would get angry at that fly, but I don't. I never lose my temper. I simply say: 'Go away, fly—go away—' CONFOUND IT! IT'S A WASP!!!"

The Sabbath-School Lesson.

"My dear children," said a kind old clergyman to the Sabbath-school, who was showing off his school to some visiting clergymen, "I am going to tell you about Peter.

"Who knows who Peter was?"

There was no reply.

"Can't any of you large boys tell who Peter was?" he continued, looking at the large boys and girls.

The big boys and girls were utterly dumb.

"Can any little boy or girl in the school tell me who Peter was?" urged the clergyman.

"I can," said a little fellow in the corner.

"Ah! that's a good boy! Now you come by my side and stand up on this chair, and tell those big boys and girls who Peter was."

The little fellow mounted the chair, and in a shrill voice repeated:—

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her."

At this point he was stopped by the alarmed clergyman, but not before the children all took up the rhyme and repeated it loudly to the close. They all knew who Peter was.

Of course the visitors screamed with laughter.

Didn't Want To Cool off the Meeting.

Bishop Ames tells a story of a slave-master in Missouri, in the olden time of negro vassalage, who said to his chattel:

"Pompey, I hear you are a great preacher."

"Yes, massa; de Lord do help me powerful sometimes."

"Well, Pompey, don't you think the negroes steal little things on the plantation?"

"I'se mighty 'fraid they does, massa."

"Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the negroes about stealing."

After a brief reflection, Pompey replied :

"You see, massa, dat wouldn't never do, cause 'twould trow such a col'ness over the meetin'."

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A good old Methodist preacher, long ago removed from this scene of temptation, in relating his "experience," said that woman's eye was once so powerful as to draw him thirteen miles over a rough road in winter, simply for her to tell him that she wouldn't marry him.

The Devil He.

Highlanders have the habit, when talking their English, such as it is, of interjecting the personal pronoun "he" where not required—such as "The King he has come," instead of "The King has come." Often, in consequence, a sentence or an expression is rendered sufficiently ludicrous, as the sequel will show :

A gentleman says he has had the pleasure of listening to a clever man,—the Rev. Mr. Bruce, of Edinburgh,—and recently he began his discourse thus :

"My friends, you will find the subject of discourse this afternoon in the first Epistle general of the Apostle Peter, chapter 5th and verse 8th, in the words, 'The devil he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' Now, my friends, with your leave, we will divide the subject of our text to-day into four heads :

"Firstly, we shall endeavor to ascertain 'Who the devil he was.'

“Secondly, we shall inquire into his geographical position--namely, ‘Where the devil he was,’ and ‘Where the devil he was going.’

“Thirdly,--and this is of a personal character,—‘Who the devil he was seeking.’

“And fourthly and lastly, we shall endeavor to solve a question which has never been solved yet:—‘What the devil he was roaring about.’”

Whispering Angels.

The Rev. Mr. Armour was more prominent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was preaching on “The Ministry of Angels,” and in the peroration he suddenly observed :

“Methinks I hear an angel whisper now !”

The change of tone startled the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and, springing to his feet, he spoke :

“I guess it is the boys in the gallery.”

Special Prayer.

“Uncle Josh,” I said, “don’t you believe in the efficacy of special prayer?”

“Dat depends, Mister Perkins, on what yo’ pray for.”

“How is that, Uncle Josh?”

“Wall, I allays notice dat when I pray de Lord to send one of Massa Shelby’s turkeys fo’ de ole man it don’t come, but when I prays dat He’l send de ole man for de turkey my prayer is allays answered.”

Better Than Nothing.

A good old Methodist lady, very particular and very pious, once kept a boarding house in Boston. Staunch to her principles, she would take no one to board who did not hold to the



"What do you believe?" (See page 311.)

eternal punishment of a large portion of the race. But the people were more intent on carnal comforts than spiritual health, so that in time her house became empty, much to her grief and alarm.

After some time a bluff old sea captain knocked at the door, and the old lady answered the call.

"Servant, ma'am. Can you give me board for two or three days? Got my ship here, and shall be off soon as I load."

"Wa'al, I don't know," said the old lady.

"Oh, house full, eh?"

"No, but——"

"But what, ma'am?"

"I don't take any unclean or carnal people in my house. What do you believe?"

"About what?"

"Why, do you believe that any one will be condemned?"

"Oh, thunder! yes."

"Do you?" said the good woman, brightening up. "Well, how many souls do you think will be on fire eternally?"

"Don't know, ma'am, really—never calculated that."

"Can't you guess?"

"Can't say—perhaps fifty thousand."

"Wa'al, hem!" mused the old woman; "I guess I'll take you; fifty thousand is better than nothing."

The Colored Preacher's Logic.

This incident really occurred in Zanesville, Ohio. The Judge mentioned was Judge Andrews, then a member of Congress.

Parson Jones, an earnest preacher who has since been gathered to his fathers, was delivering the discourse at a revival meeting. The old colored man was eloquent and his logic was irresistible.

"My dear friends and brethren," said he, "de soul ob de

brack man is as dear in de sight ob de Lord as de soul ob de white man. Now you all see Judge Andrews a-sitting dah leaning on his golden headed cane ; you all know de judge, niggas, and a berry fine man he is, too. Well, now, I'se gwine to make a little comparishment: Suppose de judge, some fine mornin' puts his basket under his arm and goes to market to buy a piece of meat. He soon finds a nice, fat piece of mutton and goes off with it. Do you 'spose de judge would stop to 'quire wedder dat mutton was ob a white sheep or ob a brack sheep? No, nuffin ob de kind ; if de mutton was nice an' fat it would be all de same to de judge ; he would not stop to ax wedder de sheep had white wool or brack wool. Well, jis so it is wid our Hebenly Master. He does not stop to ax wedder a soul 'longs to a white man or a brack man — wedder his head was kivered wid straight har or kivered wid wool ; the only question he would ax will be, 'Is dis a good *soul*?' and if so de Massa will say, 'Enter into de joy ob de Lord, an' sit down on de same bench wid de white man ; ye's all on a perfect 'quality.'

Eli Perkins Tells How They Swindled a Poor Clergyman.

The reason why I urge upon every one, however smart, not to put too much confidence in his own smartness, will be seen further on.

Yesterday I had to wait several hours at Monmouth, Ill., a station on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road. Monmouth has been frequented by three-card monte men for years. I have always known it, have often seen them there, and have often written about them.

Well, yesterday they were there again. One of them, with a Canada-Bill dialect wanted to show me some strange "keerds" that he got up in Chicago.

"What were you doing up there," I asked, knowing that he

was a three-card monte man, and feeling an interest in his modes.

"Me and pap," he said, "took up some hogs. We took up a pile on 'em, an' made a heap; but pap he got swindled by a three-keerd monte man. Got near ruined. But I grabbed the keerds, and I'll show you how they done it."

"Never mind, boys," I said, "I know all about it. I know the whole racket. Now I'll keep quiet, mind my own business, and let you try your monte game on someone a little more fresh."

The monte-boy saw at once that I was posted, and soon turned his attention to a good-looking, jolly, young and innocent clergyman in the depot. In a few moments I saw that the innocent clergyman had become deeply interested. His interest grew as he watched the cards. There were three ordinary business-cards like these :

ST. LOUIS RAILROAD,

TICKET AGENT.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

NEW YORK.

MACY'S DRY GOODS STORE,

NEW YORK.

"I believe I can tell which card has 'Mutual Life Insurance Co.' on it," said the innocent clergyman.

"All right — try it," said the monte-man, flopping them about.

"There, that one!" said the clergyman, smiling.

Sure enough he was right.

"I don't see how your poor father could lose all his money at such a simple game as that," said the clergyman. "Why your eyes can see the cards all the time."

"Suppose you bet \$5 that you can tell," suggested the monte-man.

"All right, I'll risk it," said the clergyman, "though I don't like to win money that way."

The cards were turned, and of course the poor, unsuspecting clergyman lost. Again he tried it, hoping to get his \$5 back, but lost again. Then he put up his last dollar, and lost that. Then seeming to realize his situation, he put his hand to his head and walked out of the depot.

"To think," he said, "that I, a clergyman, should get caught at this game. Why I might have known it was three-card monte. I've no respect for myself," and he wiped his eyes like like a man who felt the most acute condemnation.

"Why don't you complain of the scoundrel?" I asked.

"I would, but I'm a clergyman, and if they should hear of my sin and foolishness in Peoria, I would be relieved. My family would suffer for my sins."

"Then I'd keep quiet about it," I said; "but let it be a lesson to you never to think you know more than other people."

"But they've got my last dollar, and I want to go to Peoria. I must be there to preach on Sunday," said the innocent, suffering man.

"Can't you borrow of some one?" I asked.

"No one knows me, and I don't like to tell my name here after this occurrence," said the poor man, half crying.

"Very well," I said, "hand me your card, and I will let you have \$5, and you can send it to me at the Palmer House, Chicago, when you get to Peoria," and I handed the poor man the money.

A moment afterwards I spoke to the agent at the depot about the wickedness of those monte men, and told him how I had to lend the poor clergyman \$5 to get home.

"And you lent him five dollars?"

"Yes, I lent the poor man the money."

"Well, by the great guns!" and then he swung his hat and yelled to the operator:

"Bill, you know that ministerial-looking man around here?"

"You mean the capper for the three-card monte-men, don't you?—Bill Keyes—Missouri Bill."

"Yes."

"Well, by the great guns, he's the best man in the whole gang; he's just struck old Eli Perkins for \$5. It does beat me what blankety-blank fools them darned literary fellers are!"

The Unbeliever in Indiana.

"Yes, sir, I've been to Sodom and Gomorrah, and seen the pillar of salt Lot's wife was turned into."

"Good salt—genewine?" asked a Hoosier of the travelled gospeller.

"Yes, sir, a pillar of salt!"

"In the open air?"

"Yes, sir, in an open field, where she fell."

"Well, all I've got to say is, if she'd dropped in Indiana, and in our parts, the cattle would have licked her up before sundown!"

He Found The Wicked Man.

A celebrated camp-meeting revivalist in Kentucky used to summon the worshipers to service after dinner by blowing a horn from the camp-meeting platform. One day a worldly-minded fellow who had never experienced the "wrath to come" poured some soft soap into the clergyman's tin horn.

Of course, when he sounded the horn, he blew a blast of soft soap all over his astonished brethren. Taking it from his mouth, the revivalist wiped the nozzle on his sleeve, looked over the congregation and cried out in his wrath :

“Brethren, I have passed through many trials and tribulations, but nothing like this. I have served the ministry for thirty years, and in that time have never uttered a profane word, but I’ll be cussed if I can’t whip the man that soaped that horn.”

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Some two days after the horn-soaping, a tall, swarthy, villanous-looking desperado strolled on the grounds, and leaned against a tree, listening to the eloquent exhortation to repent which was being made by the preacher. After a while he became interested, finally affected, and then took a position on the anxious seat, commenced groaning in “the very bitterness” of his sorrow. The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation—he was too great a sinner, he said. Oh, no—there was pardon for the vilest. No, he was too wicked—there was no mercy for him.

“Why, what crime have you committed ?” said the preacher ;
“have you stolen ?”

“Oh, worse than that !”

“What ! have you committed perjury ?”

“Worse than that—oh, worse than that !” sobbed the man.

“*Murder*, is it ?” gasped the horrified preacher.

“Worse than that !” groaned the smitten sinner.

The excited preacher commenced taking off his coat.

“Here, brother Cole !” he shouted, “hold my coat—I’ve found the fellow that soaped that horn !”

Very Truthful.

“Well, Father Brown, how did you like my sermon yesterday ?” asked a young preacher.

“Ye see, parson,” was the reply, “I haven’t a fair chance

at them sermons of yourn. I'm an old man now, and have to set putty well back by the stove ; and there's old Mrs. Smith, 'n widder Taff, 'n Mrs. Rylan's darters, and Nabby Birt, 'n all the rest setting in front of me with their mouths wide open a-swallerin' down all the best of the sermon ; 'n what gits down to me is putty poor stuff, parson, putty poor stuff."

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"Do you know why half-farthings are coined in England?" asked a Scotchman of an Irishman.

"Faith an' I do. It was to give Scotchmen an opportunity to subscribe to charitable institutions."

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"Mr. Smith," said a lady at a church festival, "won't you buy a bouquet to present to the lady you love?"

"That wouldn't be right," said Mr. Smith ; "I'm a married man."

The Darky's Hell.

An old negro minister, in a sermon on Hell, pictured it as a region of ice and snow, where the damned froze through eternity.

"Why do you tell your congregation that hell is a cold place!" asked the visiting Bishop.

"I don't dare to tell them people nothing else, Bishop. Why, if I was to say that Hell was warm, some of them old rheumatic niggers would be wanting to start down the first frost."

I Vash So Glad I Vash Here.

One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said that some believe it necessary to go down into the water, and come up out of it, to be baptized. But this he claimed to be fallacy,

for the preposition "into" of the Scriptures should be rendered differently, as it does not mean into at all times. "Moses," he said, "we are told, went up into the mountain; and the Savior was taken up into a high mountain, etc. Now we do not suppose either went into a mountain, but went unto it. So with going down into the water; it means simply going down close by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way, by sprinkling or pouring." He carried this idea out fully, and in due season closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to rise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of his brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke the silence that was almost painful, as follows:

"Mister Breacher, I is so glad I vash here tonight, for I has had explained to my mint some dings dat I neffer could pelief before. Oh, I is so glad dat into does not mean into at all, but shust close by or near to, for now I can pelief many dings vot I could not pelief pefore. We reat, Mr. Breacher, dat Taniel vosh cast into de ten of lions, and came out alife. Now I neffer could pelief dat, for wilet peasts would shust eat him right off; but now it is fery clear to my mint. He vash shust close py or near to, and tid not get into de ten at all. Oh, I ish so glad I vash here tonight. Again we reat dat de Heprew children vash cast into de firish furnace, and dat always look like a peeg story too, for they would have been purnt up; but it ish all blain to my mint now, for dey was shust cast py or close to de firish furnace. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here tonight. And den, Mr. Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah vash cast into de sea, and taken into de whale's pelly. Now I neffer could pelief dat. It alwish seemed to me to be a peeg fish story, but it ish all blain to my mint now. He

vas not into de whale's pelly at all, but shump onto his pack and rode ashore. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here tonight.

And now, Mister Breacher, if you will shust exblain two more passages of Scriptures, I shall be oh, so happy dot I vos here tonight! One of dem ish vere it saish de vicked shall be cast into a lake dat burns mit fire and primstone alwish. Oh, Mister Breacher, shall I be cast into dat lake if I am vicked, or shust close py or near to — shust near enough to be comfortable? Oh! I hope you tell me I shall be cast only shust py a a good veys off, and I will pe so glad I vash here tonight. De oder bassage is dat vich saish blessed are they who do these commandments, dat dey may have right to de drie of life, and enter in droo de gates of de city, and not shust close py or near to — shust near enough to see vat I have lost — and I shall pe so glad I vash here tonight."

A Novel View of Adam's Fall.

The Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Va., the author of the new sun-do-more doctrine, preached the following sermon on the fall of Adam:

My tex, bruderen and sistern, will be found in de fus' chapter ob Ginesis and de twenty-seben verse: "So de Lor' make man jus' like Hese." Now, my bruderen, you see dat in de beginnin' ob de world de Lor' make Adam. I tole you how he make him. He make 'im out ob clay, an' He sot 'im on a board, an' he look at him, an' he say, "Firs rate;" and when he get dry he breathe in 'im de breff' of life. He put him in de garden ob Eden, an' he sot 'im in one corner ob de lot, an' he tole him to eat all de apples, 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he wanted for he winter apples. By-me-bye Adam he got lonesome. So de Lor' make Ebe. I tole you how he make her. He git Adam lodlum till he git sound 'sleep; den he gouge a rib out he side and make Ebe; and he set Ebe in de corner ob de garden, an' he tole her to eat all

de apples, 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he winter apples. Wun day de Lor' go out a bisitin'; de debbil cum along; he dress hisself in de skin ob de snake, and he find Ebe; an' he tole her, "Ebe! why for you no eat de apple in de middle ob de orchard?" Ebe say: "Dem de Lor's winter apples." But de debbil say: "I tole you for to eat dem, case deys de best apples in de orchard." So Ebe eat de apple and gib Adam a bite; an' debbil go away. Byme-bye de Lor' come home, an' he miss de winter apples; an' he call: "Adam! you Adam!" Adam he lay low; so de Lor' call again: "You Adam!" Adam say: "Hea, Lor'!" and de Lor' say: "Who stole de winter apples?" Adam tole him he don't know—Ebe he expec'! So de Lor' called: "Ebe!" Ebe she lay low; de Lor' call again: "You Ebe!" Ebe say: "Hea, Lor'!" De Lor' say: "Who stole de winter apples?" Ebe tole him she don't know—Adam she expec'! So de Lor' catch 'em boff, and he trow dem over de fence, an' he tole 'em, "Go work for your libin'!"

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"Children," said a country minister, addressing a Sunday-school, "why are we like flowers? What do we have that flowers have?"

And a small boy in the infants' class, whose breath smelled of vermifuge, rose up and made reply:

"Worms!" and the minister crept under the pulpit chair to hide his emotion.

He Was Not Surprised.

The travelling clergyman was a devout Christian, and had made the study of the Bible and a proper understanding of the big Book the highest aim in life.

When he arrived at the sea of Galilee his heart was filled with awe, and he felt enervated and cleansed by the thought that he was gazing on the very spot where his Saviour once stood.

Approaching the boatman, he addressed him in his choicest Arabic, and with Bible and commentary in hand awaited an answer.

"Ah! what 'smather'th yer? Why don't yer talk United States?" asked the man contemptuously. He was a real live Yankee who was picking up a living by ferrying tourists across the sea.

"So this is the sea of Galilee," devoutly murmured the searcher after knowledge.

"Y-a-a-s."

"And this is where our Savior walked upon the waters?"

"Y-a-a-s."

"How much will you charge to take me to the exact spot?"

"Wa-al, you look like a clergyman, an' I won't charge you nothin'."

The devout one boarded the boat, and at last was pointed out where the miracle is said to have occurred. After gazing at the waters, and dividing his time between glances at his books and devout ejaculations of satisfaction, the searcher signified his willingness to return.

"Charge you \$20 to take you back," said the speculative Yankee.

"But you said you would charge nothing."

"Naw I didn't. It was nothing to bring you out. Twenty to get back."

"And do you charge everybody \$20 to take them back?" asked the astonished teacher.

"Ya-a-s. That's about the figger."

"Well, then," said the devout one, as he went down into his clothes, "no wonder our Savior got out and walked."

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"If the winds blow this way for another hour," said the captain on board of a ship in danger of being wrecked, to a passenger who was a clergyman, "we shall all be in heaven."

"God forbid!" was the prayerful answer of the divine.

Moody's Realistic Sermon.

At a very refreshing season of revival in Chicago, Mr. Moody announced that he would devote an evening to the men connected with the roads, inviting them all to be present, and promising something that would be of interest to them. The night came around, and the railroad men were on hand. Perhaps they did not take much stock in emotional religion, but they were prepared to pay respectful attention to anything that might be said.

"Ring the bell!" exclaimed Mr. Moody, plunging into his theme without further introduction, hoping to please his auditors he continued reference to their avocation. "Toot, toot—toot! Away we go!" and he began to hop up and down and stagger around the stage. His imitation of car motion was infectious, and the men bobbed around their seats.

"We are plunging along at sixty miles an hour," he roared.

The audience said nothing but looked at each other with raised eyebrows.

"There is nothing between us and death!" continued Mr. Moody. "It is a station to which we are all bound! Look out! Ha! That switch is open! Now we are bound to eternal perdition! There is no help for us! We are—"

But all he could see were assorted sizes of legs disappearing through doors and windows. There was but one man left in the audience, and he was screwing an imaginary brake with all his might.

"My friend—" began Mr. Moody.

"Jump, you idiot," roared the solitary Brakeman. "If we've cut the switch, and hell's ahead, you want to jump!"

"But you, my brother, but you—!" exclaimed Mr. Moody, hoping to impress one emotional soul.

"Never mind me!" yelled the Brakeman, setting his foot firmly and crouching over the wheel. "Never mind me! I've been brakeman on this road for twenty-one years, and I'm

willing to lay off in hell for a little rest ! Jump, you infernal fool, unless you're tired of preaching."

Referring to the occasion subsequently, Mr. Moody solemnly affirmed that he had made his last effort at a realistic sermon.

Leaving the Dance to Pray.

Eli Perkins.

Do not think because I write about the follies and foibles of Saratoga that good and true men do not sometimes go there. The good man will be good everywhere. He will be just till he has no bread, just till he has no drink, just chained to the stake, till he sees the faggots piled about him and curling flames gnawing at his quivering flesh—clinging to the throne of God.

In the mazes of the dance you will see brave men with hearts to love and pray ; Christian mothers with faces all aglow with the smiles of Heaven ; children with beautiful angel faces, and babes in arms, sweet blossoms born from the bosom of Divinity.

Last summer you might have seen enacted daily, at one of the most fashionable hotels in Saratoga, one of the sweetest incidents in the Christian life. As the thoughtless watering-place throng swayed in and out of the great dining-room, and the endless clatter of tongues and cutlery seemed to drown every holy thought, a silver-haired old man entered quietly at the head of his Christian family and took his seat at the head of the table.

Instantly the laughing faces of a tableful of diners assumed a reverential look. Their knives and forks rested silently on the table while this silver-frosted Christian, with clasped hands, modestly murmured a prayer of thanks—a sweet benediction to God. The scene lasted but a moment ; but all day long the hallowed prayer of this good man seemed to float through the air, guiding, protecting and consecrating the thoughtless army of wayward souls.

It was a long time before I could find out who this grand old Christian was ; but one night it came to us all at once.

That night a lovely Christian mother arose early from the hop-room, with her two little girls, to return to her room.

"Why do you go so early, Mrs. Clarke? The hop is not half over," remarked a lady friend.

"You will laugh at me if I tell you. Now, really, won't you, my dear?"

"No, not unless you make me," replied her friend.

"Well then," said this Christian mother, as she leaned forward with a child's hand in each of hers, "You know I room next to that dear, good old white-haired man, and every night at ten he does pray so beautifully that I like to go with the children and sit in the next room and hear him pray; for I know when we are near his voice nothing can happen to the children."

With tears in her eyes, her friend said, "Let me go with you;" and right there, in the middle of the lancers, these two big-hearted Christian women went out with their children to go and kneel down by the door in the next room to listen to the family prayer of good old Richard Suydam.

Special Prayer.

Queer notions of prayer some people have. At a meeting in the northern part of Maine, the pastor remarked that if any present had relatives or friends in distant lands, prayer would be offered in their behalf. Then uprose a simple-looking individual and said:

"I would like you to pray for my brother. He went away two weeks ago, and I haven't heard from him since. I don't know just where he is, but you needn't pray below Bangor."

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"Well, brother Slummidge, how much shall I put you down for to get a chandelier for the church?" asked Parson Brown.

"Shoo! Parson, what we want to get a chandeleeer for? The' hain't nobody kin play on ter it when we do git it!"

An Earnest Response.

A few years ago, at a negro camp-meeting held near Flushing, the colored preacher said :

"I tell you, my blubbed bredern, dat de debble is a big hog, an' one ob dese days he'll cum along an' *root* you all out."

An old negro in one of the anxious pews, hearing this, raised himself from the straw, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed in the agony of his tears :

"Ring him, Lord ! ring him !"

We Shall Meet Again.

One day a kind old clergyman got on the train near Auburn. He had a sweet, Christian face and venerable silver hair. Near him sat five or six young ragamuffins — thoughtless rascals, who, to annoy the good old minister, kept scoffing at religion and telling disagreeable stories.

The good old man endured it all, hearing everything without answering, and without being moved. Arriving at his journey's end, he got out, and only remarked :

"We shall meet again, my children."

"Why shall we meet again?" said the leader of the band.

"Because I am a *prison chaplain*," was the reply.

Forgiving the Priest.

"I'm ashamed to see you again in this beastly condition, Patrick, after the solemn promise, made only a week ago, that you would nevermore get drunk, and after having taken the pledge. It's a burning shame to you," said Father Daly, "and a sin against God and the Church, and sorry I am to be obliged to say so."

"Father Daly," said Pat, in a tone half tipsy, half laughing, "did you say you were sorry to see me so?"

"Yes ; I am indeed."

"Are you sure you're sorry?"

"Yes ; very, very sorry."

"Well, then, Father Daly, if you are sure you're very, *very* sorry—I'll forgive you!"

A Strong Illustration.

Murat Halstead.

A Hard Shell preacher wished to bring forth a good illustration, as he thought, and hence he took a *walnut*, as he called it, into the pulpit with him, and something to crack it with. On holding it up, in the course of his sermon, he said :

"My friends, you see this walnut—well, this outer hull here is like the Methodists, soft and spongy, with no strength into it ; see, I even break it with my fingers," and suiting the action to the words, he disclosed the inner nut, and said : "this is like the Missionary Baptists, hard and dry, with no substance in it ; but the kurnul—the kurnul, my friends, is like the good old primitive hard-shell Baptist faith, full of fatness and sweetness."

He then proceeded to crush the "walnut" and give his hearers an ocular demonstration of his illustration, but behold, it was rotten ; and, to the utter astonishment of his hearers, he cried out :

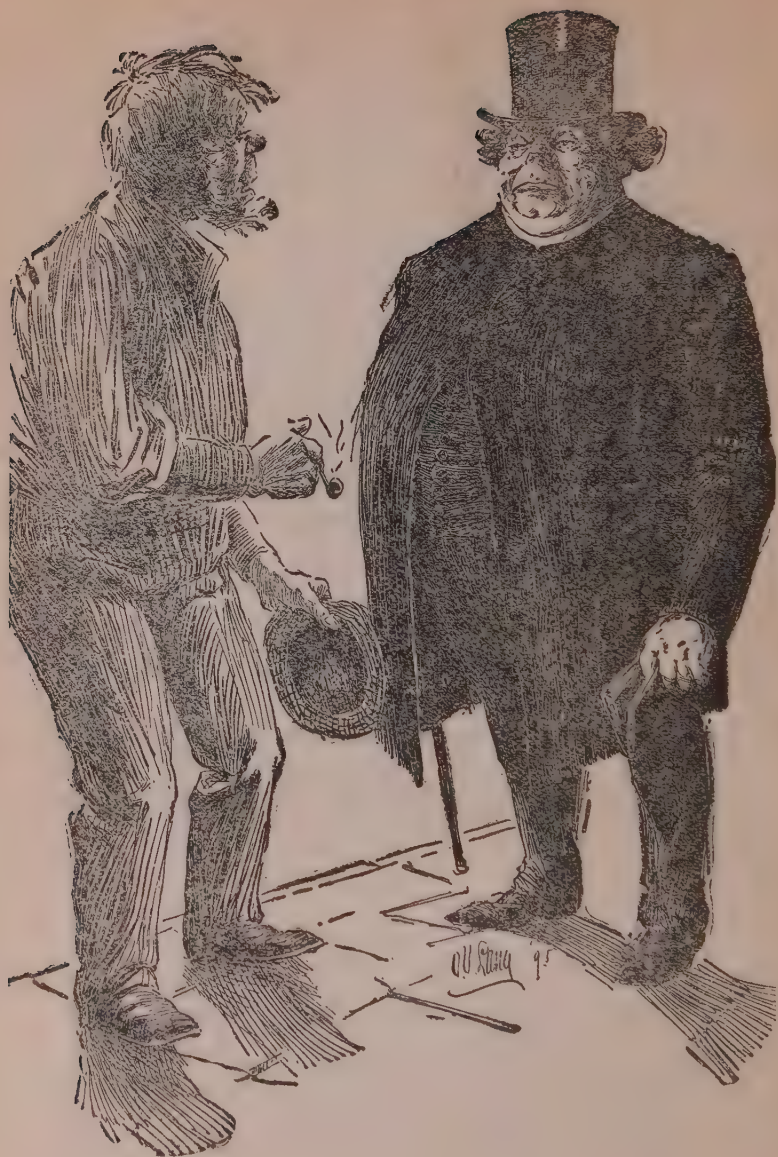
"By jinks ! it's rotten."

Cold or Hot.

Chas. A. Dana.

An Irishman had a dream which taught him the danger of delay :

"I dreamed," said he, "I was wid the Pope, who was as great a jintleman as any one in the district, an' he axed me wad I drink. Thinks I, wad a duck swim, an' seein' the whisky an' the lemon an' sugar on the sideboard, I told him I didn't care if I tuk a wee dhrap of punch. 'Cowld or hot?'



"Well, then, Father Daly, I'll forgive you." (See page 226.)

axed the Pope. 'Hot, your Holiness,' I replied ; an' be that he stepped down to the kitchen for the bilin' water, but before he got back I woke straight up. And now it's distressin' me I didn't take it cowl'd."

Burdette and the Religious Breaksman.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "Gen. Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why Green's August Flower should be printed above the doors of a "Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says :

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes !" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend ?"

"Which do you guess ?" he asked.

"Some union mission church ?" I hazarded.

"Naw," he said, "I don't like to run on those branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal ?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and \$2 extra for a seat ; fast time and stop at the big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train-men in uniform ; conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train-boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace car. Rich road, though. Don't often

hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it too.

"Universalist?" I guessed.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the train-men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I didn't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman: "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through the mountain rather than go around it, spirit-level grade, passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow, have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop-over tickets allowed, got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full, no extra coaches, cars built at the shops to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't hear of an accident on that road, it's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman: "dirt road bed, and no ballast, no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep, and the target-lamp dead out. Get on as you please, and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir; I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Don't you know,

sir, I asked a Division Superintendent where that road run to, and said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the General Superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a General Superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said, 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no Superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you are shouting," he said, with some enthusiasm. Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engineers carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows 100, and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard!' you can hear him to the next station. Every train-lamp shines like a headlight. Stop-over checks given on all through tickets; passengers can drop off the train as often as they like, do the stations two or three days, and hop on the revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't any road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church," I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too, one of the very oldest in the country. Good road bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; Directors don't interfere with Division Superintendents and train orders.

Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. See, didn't one of the Division Superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on the line two or three years ago? But it is a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way and not a side track from the round-house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but paid my fare like a little man — 25 cents for an hour's run, and a little concert by the passengers throwed in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road when you want —"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and a brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionsville! This train makes no stop between here and Indianapolis."

The Minister Jokes His Wife.

Eli Perkins

The Rev. George Hepworth, who likes to tell a good joke on his wife, says that he had complained many times that his wife's mince and apple pies looked just alike.

"I can't tell your apple from your mince, my dear," he said, "without tasting them."

"Till it's that," said Mrs. Hepworth, "I'll have the cook mark them."

The next day when the pies came on Mrs. Hepworth said in triumph! "Now you can tell the mince from the apple. I've had this one marked T. M., 'tis mince, and this one T. M., 'taint mince!"

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"It isn't loud praying which counts with the Lord so much as giving four full quarts of whisky for every gallon," says an Arkansas circuit rider.

A Stingy Congregation.

The hat was passed around a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church, it was handed to the minister—who, by the way, had exchanged pulpits with the regular preacher—and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known; then, raising his eyes to the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervor:

"I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation."

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A thick-headed squire, being worsted by the Rev. Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son that was an idiot, by Jove, I'd make him a parson!"

"Very probable," replied Sydney, "but I see your father was of a very different mind."

Eli Perkins On Special Prayers.

Elder Smitzer was famous for making special prayers. In these prayers he used to tell the Lord everything. In fact he used to tell the Lord so much that he would have no space left for asking for the blessing. The elder would go on for a half

an hour informing the Lord about everything in Log City, and in Asia, Africa and Oceanica.

Once I took down the Elder's prayer in short-hand, and it ran thus :

"O Lord, thou knowest everything. Thou knowest our uprisings and our downsittings. Thou knowest thy servants' inmost hearts. Thou knowest, O Lord, what thy servant's children are doing. Thou knowest the wickedness of thy servant's nephew, Francis Smitzer,—how he came home last night in a beastly state of intoxication, whistling, O Lord, that wicked popular air (whistling) :

"Sho' fly, don't bodder me!"

"Thou recognizest the tune, O Lord!"

Wanted to Fly to Heaven.

"O, I wish I had wings like a grasshopper!" exclaimed a colored lady at a revival meeting in Richmond.

"Amen!" exclaimed several voices.

After the meeting and the excitement had subsided, a colored brother asked the convert why she wanted wings like de grasshopper?

"That I might fly to heaven."

"You fool nigger; woodpecker ketch you 'fore you get half way dar."

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A good old lady at a Tennessee camp meeting appearing to be greatly distressed, attracted the sympathy of one of the brethren, who went to her, and, in kindly tones, asked if he could do anything for her.

"O, I don't know," she groaned.

"Do you think you've got religion?"

"O, I don't know; *mebbe it's religion—mebbe it's worms.*"

Conditional Piety.

Two Scotch fishermen—Jamie and Sandy—belated and befogged on a rough water, were in some trepidation lest they should never get ashore again. At last Jamie said :

“Sandy, I’m steering, and I think you’d better put up a bit of prayer.”

“I don’t know how,” said Sandy.

“If ye don’t I’ll just chuck ye overboard,” said Jamie.

Sandy began : “O Lord, I never asked anything of Ye for fifteen year, and if Ye’ll only get us safe back I’ll never trouble Ye again, and ——”

“Whisht, Sandy,” said Jamie, “the boat’s touched shore ; don’t be beholden to anybody.”

The Harp of a Thousand Strings.

The following sermon had a great run in 1859. It is safe to say that thirty million people have read it:

I may say to you, my breethering, that I am not an edecated man, an’ I am not one o’ them as bleeves that edecation is necessary fur a Gospel minister, fur I bleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants ’em to be edecated, an’, although I say it that oughtn’t to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar’s no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my breethering, as don’t know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my breethering, that I’m a Hardshell Baptist. Thar’s some folks as don’t like the Hardshell Baptists, but I’d ruther hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here today, my breethering, drest up in fine close ; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my breethering, and although I’ve been a preacher uv the Gospel for twenty years, an’ although I’m

captin' of that flat boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my breetherin'.

I'm not gwine ter tell you *edzackly* whar my tex may be found ; suffice it to say it's in the leeds of the Bible, an' you'll find it somewhar 'tween the first chapter of the book of Generation and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you'll go and sarch the Scriptures, as I have sarched the Scriptures, you'll not only find *my* tex thar, but a great many uther *texes* as will do you good to read, an' my tex, when you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus : " And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

My tex, breetherin', leads me to speak uv sperits. Now thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts, then thar's the sperits of turpentine, and then thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, an' I've got as good an artikel of them kind uv sperits on *my* flat-boat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi river, but thar's a great many other kind of sperits, for the tex sez : " He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex, it's *fire*. That is the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex, my breetherin'. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you lite your segar or pipe with, and then thar's camfire, fire before you're reddy, and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex sez : " He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

But I'll you the kind uv fire as is ment in the tex, my breetherin'—it's *hell fire* ! an' that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin'—for " He played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

Now the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened

unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the fust place we have the Piscapalions; and they are a high sailin' and a high-falutin set, and they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard that flies up into the air and he goes up and up till he looks no bigger than your finger-nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down and down, and is a fillin' himself on the karkiss of a dead hoss by the side of the road—and “He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.”

And then thar's the Methedis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodist believes in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfeckshun, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim', and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he comes kerflummux, and that's like the Methedis, for they is allers fallin' from grace, ah! And—“He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.”

And then, my breethering, thar's the Baptist, ah—and they hev bin likened unto a possum on a 'simmon-tree, and the thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that possum clings there still, ah—and you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the lim' and he clings furever, for—“He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.”

Eli Perkins' Sermon.

The ladies of the Hotel in Saratoga asked Eli Perkins to address them last Sunday evening. After the fashionable belles and beaux had sung “Old Hundred,” Eli Perkins adjusted his glasses, and, as near as the reporter of the *Saratogean* could report his remarks, said :

"My dearly beloved sisters, St. Paul said, 'Let the woman keep silent in the churches,' and Timothy said—"

"Pshaw, uncle Eli, don't commence that way," interrupted a young lady from Fifth Avenue, "we don't want to hear about St. Paul and Timothy. Tell us something about Worth dresses, and Paris hats. Tell us about those shoddy people who come here from Oil City. Tell—"

"Well, my children," began Uncle Eli, as he pushed the Bible one side and took up a copy of the *Ladies' Journal*, "I don't know much about shoddy people down in Oil City, but I will tell you about the shoddy people who come up here from New York. I will tell you how to tell shoddy people at a glance." "How? O do tell us. Won't it be jolly nice?" interrupted three young ladies from Madison Avenue as they fluffed up their false bangs.

"Well, my children," began Mr. Perkins, "when a new family first arrives at the hotel you must watch them closely. Divinity puts up certain infallible signs to distinguish the ignorant and vulgar from the children of culture and virtue.

"1. If the lady comes into the parlor with a diamond ring on the outside of her glove, and a long watch chain around her neck, it is safe to ask her how much she gets a week." ["Hear, hear!" and several ladies put their hands under their paniers.]

"2. If Providence crests a dyed mustache over the mouth of a man, it is to show that he is a gambler or a vulgarian." [Cheers, when two three-card-monte men, a gambler and four hotel clerks from Kalamazoo, put their hands over their mustaches.]

"3. If, when that new family enter or leave a room, the gentlemen rush ahead, leaving the ladies to follow, there is something 'shoddy' somewhere.

"4. If the man presents the ladies to the gentlemen, instead of *vice versa*, and they all shake hands on first presentation, then you may know they hail from Hoboken.

"5. If, when they go in to dinner, they do nothing but

loudly order the waiters around, and talk about the wine, you can make up your mind that they are the first waiters they ever had and the only wine they ever drank. If they pick their teeth at the table, [a voice, 'Shoot them on the spot'] yes, my friends, I say that to their teeth.

"6. If, when a gentleman sits in the parlor talking to a lady, he doesn't sit up straight, but sprawls all over the sofa, puts the soles of his boots on the lady's dress, on the furniture, or wipes his shoes on his own white linen pantaloons, you'd better refuse an introduction to him." [Applause, when eight Fifth avenue "swells," who sat with their legs radiating like the wings of a windmill, or sprawling one foot cross-legged in the empty air, whirled themselves right side up.]

"7. If the ladies in that party whitewash their faces, redden their lips, blacken their eyebrows, or bronze or yellow their hair, just you think this is another sign which Providence puts up so you can shun them. Enamel and hair dye are social beacon-lights, to enable you to keep off the rocks of Cypria. Just you keep away from such people, for they are wolves in sheep's clothing."

Voice from a young lady — "But we want to look beautiful, Mr. Perkins."

"But this will not make you beautiful, my children. Any sweetheart who is so shallow as to take whitewash for the human skin, or *rouge* for the rose-cheeks of nature, is too much of a sap-head to make a good husband, and if he is smart enough to see through your deception, why he will surely leave you in disgust." [Applause by the gentlemen, while several ladies turned around and wiped their powdered faces with their pocket handkerchiefs.]

And, finally, my dear young ladies, if any young gentleman with a celluloid collar from Alaska comes here and tries to hold your hand on the balcony, tell him that Eli Perkins wears his collars sewed on his shirts, and that you are engaged to him for the next waltz. Tell him that any young man who would

cheat his washwoman out of three cents — why such a young man was not ordained by Providence to board with your father and mother in a brown stone house on Fifth avenue. Far different!

“Arise and sing!”

Uncle Henry's Creditors.

Albert Morse.

They were out collecting subscriptions for the Log City Presbyterian church. One day Jonas White met Uncle Henry in front of the grocery and asked him how much he going to give toward the church.

“I suppose you will give us something, won't you, Uncle Henry?” asked Mr. White.

“Can't do it,” replied Uncle Henry.

“Why not? Is not the cause a good one?”

“Yes, but I am not able to give anything.”

“Pooh! pooh! I know better; you must give a better reason than that.”

“Well, I owe too much money—I must be just before I'm generous, you know.”

“But, Uncle Henry, you owe God a larger debt than you owe anybody else.”

“That's true, Mr. White, but then He *ain't pushing me like the balance of my creditors.*”

* * *

“May I leave a few tracts?” asked a medical missionary of a lady who responded to his knock.

“Leave some tracks? Certainly you may,” said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs. “Leave them with the heels towards the house, if you please.”

* * *

“Patrick,” said the priest, “how much hay did you steal?”

“Well, I may as well confess to your riverence for the whole stack, for I am going after the rest tonight.”

Legge, Bishop of Oxford, rashly invited a couple of wits—Canning and Frere—to hear the first sermon after his appointment.

“Well,” said he to Canning, “how did you like it?” “Why, I thought it rather short.”

“Oh, yes, I am aware it was short, but I was afraid of being tedious.”

“Oh, you were tedious,” said Canning.

The Original Collection Story.

Eli Perkins.

I’ll tell an old story, which I wrote out once to illustrate my Uncle Consider’s piety in time of danger. The newspapers got hold of it and it is now going the rounds, but it is my story and I’m going to tell it now.

One day Uncle Consider and I were sailing up the Sound in a yacht. As we passed Rye beach there arose a great storm. The waves blew a hurricane, and the wind rolled mountain high. We all rushed frantically about from the main top gib to the low hen-coop—but everywhere death stared us in the face.

In utter despair I said, “pray, dear Uncle, pray!” but he said he couldn’t.

Sez I, “Uncle Consider”—sez I, “Uncle—if you can’t pray please do something religious.”

“I will, Eli!” he said, wildly, ketchin’ hold of hisself—and what do you think he did?

Why he took up a collection!

* *
*

“But I pass,” said a minister one Sunday, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take another.

“Then I make it spades!” yelled a man from the gallery who was dreaming the bappy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre.

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher, in a commanding voice.

"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the bottom of the class.

"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell."

"In the fire," replied Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

Bible Knowledge in Mauch Chunk.

Eli Perkins.

Mauch Chunk, Pa., is pronounced Mock Chunk. It is situated on, and sometimes under, the Lehigh River. It is a queer old town. It is built in a crack in the earth. On either side you have to look straight up about half a mile before you can see daylight. The sun rises there at nine in summer and sets at four. In January, when the sun runs low, it does not strike Mauch Chunk at all. The people receive their light as they do in Norway in mid-winter—from reflected rays.

Mauch Chunk has the finest Episcopal church and the best equipped hose company in all Pennsylvania. The deacons of the church are the officers of the hose company. The other day the fire bell rang in the middle of the sermon, and in less than two minutes sixty-four members of the church had slung off their plug hats and appeared at the brakes with red shirts and fireman's hats. A few miles down the river from Mauch Chunk is Bethlehem and Allentown. One day the Superintendent of the Sabbath-school in Mauch Chunk was examining the school. When he asked where Christ was born a little fellow answered :

"Christ was born in Allentown, sir."

"No, my child," said the Superintendent. "Our Saviour was born in Bethlehem."

"Well, I knew he was born somewhere down that way. I got within four miles of it," said the boy.

"Carrie, Let Jim Seal that Vow!"*Eli Perkins.*

At the Round Lake camp meeting many people sleep in the same tent, being separated by cloth partitions. As young fellows are thrown with pretty girls a good deal, it is nothing against them that they sometimes fall in love.

A young Methodist fellow from Ballston had become quite interested in a pretty daughter of a religious farmer. One night, while a dozen of old cold-hearted fellows were trying to sleep, they were continually disturbed by the lovers' spooney talk, which they distinctly heard through the cotton cloth partition.

They heard him say in a low, sweet clarendon voice, "now Caroline, dear, do let me seal the vow—do!"

"No, James, I can not. What would my father and mother say?" replied a sweet, girlish voice.

"But Caroline, you have promised to be mine—now let us seal the vow—let us, do let us—won't you? Do kiss me!"

"No, James, I can not, oh, I can not—"

In a moment the tent partition parted, and a big whiskered brother, who wanted to sleep, shouted, "for Heaven's sake, Carrie, let Jim seal that vow. He'll keep us awake all night if you don't!"

That vow was sealed.

Theology Mustn't Be Questioned.

A Richmond negro preacher said to his congregation: "My bredrin, when de fust man, Adam, was created, he was made ob wet clay, and set up agin de fire-place to dry."

"Do you say," said one of the congregation, rising to his feet, "dat Adam was made ob wet clay, an' set up agin de fire-place to dry?"

"Yes, sar, I do."

"Den who made de fire-place?"

"Set down, sar," said the preacher, sternly, "sich dogon questions as dat would upset any system ob theology."

Disturbed in Prayer.

A negro, who was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbor's fruit, was caught in a garden by moonlight.

"What you doing here Mr. Green?" was asked.

The good negro nonplused his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands, and piously exclaiming :

"Good Lord ! dis yere darkey can't go nowhere to pray any more without bein' 'sturbed."

Aunt Chloie and the Clergyman.

Eratique Henrique.

"Aunt Chloie, do you think you are a Christian?" asked the temperance clergyman of an old negro woman who was smoking a pipe.

"Yes, brudder, I spects I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures that declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"Well, Chloe, you smoke, and you can not enter the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, I spects I leave my breff behind when I go dar."

Wicked Kalamazoo.

Eli Perkins.

Kalamazoo, Michigan, is a very wicked town. It is the haven of private dog fights and household draw poker. All minstrel companies go there to get wrecked. I do not know



"Why, I specks I leave my breff behind when I go dar."
(See page 342.)

why they should get wrecked there, for they always have good houses. It must be because the poor minstrels after the show are invited into the best private Kalamazoo families for social intercourse with deacons and clergymen, and are then robbed.

When I put up at Kalamazoo I always go to the jail. It is really the only safe place for a traveling man to go to. I always feel safe in the jail, for I know while I am there that the citizens of the town cannot break through and steal my jewelry.

The other day a Kalamazoo clergyman thus gave out a church announcement:

"My dearly beloved brethren," he said, "services will be held in this church next Sabbath, Providence permitting, and it isn't good fishing in the river."

One night Rev. Mr. Moore announced:

"The Lord willing, and there being no minstrel troupe in town, there will be a prayer meeting in this church next Thursday evening."

The Parson, the Crane and the Fish.

A devout clergyman sought every opportunity to impress upon the mind of his son the fact, that God takes care of all his creatures; that the falling sparrow attracts his attention, and that his loving-kindness is over all his works. Happening one day to see a crane wading in quest of food, the good man pointed out to his son the perfect adaptation of the crane to get his living in that manner.

"See," said he, "how his legs are formed for wading! What a long, slender bill he has! Observe how nicely he folds his feet when putting them in or drawing them out of the water! He does not cause the slightest ripple. He is thus enabled to approach the fish without giving them any notice of his arrival. My son," said he, "it is impossible to look at that bird without recognizing the design, as well as the goodness of God,

in thus providing the means of subsistence." "Yes," replied the boy, "I think I see the goodness of God, at least so far as the crane is concerned; but, after all, father, don't you think the arrangement a little tough on the fish?"

* *

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study:

"I've got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?"

"Me? Oh, I'm way beyond redemption," said the other.

* *

"Sarah," cried a girl looking out at the upper story of a small grocery, addressing another girl who was trying to enter at the front door, "we've all been to camp meeting and been converted; so when you want milk on Sunday, you'll have to come round to the back door."

* *

A parson reading the funeral service at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased, and asked one of the mourners, an Emeralder: "Is this a brother or a sister?"

"Neither," replied Pat, "only a cousin."

No Time to be Solemn.

A young clergyman at the first wedding he ever had, thought it was a very good time to impress upon the couple before him the solemnity of the act.

"I hope, Dennis," he said, "you have well considered this solemn step in life."

"I hope so, your riverence," answered Dennis, holding his license in his hand.

"It's a very important step you're taking, Mary," said the minister.

"Yes, sir, I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering. "Perhaps we had better wait awhile."

"Perhaps we had, your riverence," chimed in Dennis.

The minister, hardly expecting such a personal application of his exhortation, and seeing the marriage fee vanishing before his eyes, betook himself to a more cheerful aspect of the situation, and said :

“ Yes, of course, it’s solemn and important, you know, but it’s a very happy time, after all, when people love each other. Shall we go on with the service ? ”

“ Yes, your riverence, ” they both replied, and they were soon made one in the bonds of matrimony ; and that young minister is now very careful how he introduces the solemn view of marriage to timid couples.

How Farroll Used Scripture.

Mike Farroll, the adopted son of Senator Fenton, writes Eli Perkins, was a classmate of mine in Union College. When the war broke out I went into the United States Treasury in Washington, and Farroll became Governor Fenton’s private secretary. Farroll must have made a good deal of money in Albany for he is rich now. He had a way of “ striking ” the politicians who wanted a favor out of the Governor. One day Farroll had for the third time been waited upon by an impatient party, interested in two important bills which had passed the Legislature, and with sundry others, were awaiting the Governor’s signature.

“ Did you place my bills before His Excellency ? ” asked the party of the secretary.

“ N-n-not yet, ” said he (he had a slight impediment in his speech); “ n-not quite yet; the G-g-governor’s v-very busy. By-the-b-by, w-what was the n-name of the m-man that g-got up into a t-tree, when our Savior was w-walking along that w-way ? ”

“ O, you mean Zaccheus ? ”

“ Ye-es ; *that’s* the man. Well, do you r-recollect what was s-said to him ? ”

"Certainly ; 'Zaccheus, come down !"

"Ex-actly ; ye-es, '*Come down!*' I was thinking of that ye-esterday, when you c-called, but I c-couldn't rem-member the name !"

The hint was taken ; the party "*came down*" accordingly and when he next called, his signed bills were ready for him.

Eli Perkins On Kentucky Piety.

A pious old Kentucky deacon—Deacon Shelby—was famous as a shrewd horse dealer. One day farmer Jones went over to Bourbon county, taking his black boy Jim with him, to trade horses with the Deacon. After a good deal of dickering, they finally made the trade, and Jim rode the new horse home.

"Whose horse is that, Jim ?" asked some of the horse-trading deacon's neighbors, as Jim rode past.

"Massa Jones, sah."

"What ! did Jones trade horses with Deacon Shelby ?"

"Yes, massa dun traded wid de deakin."

"Goodness, Jim ! wasn't your master afraid the deacon would get the best of him in the trade ?"

"Oh no !" replied Jim, as his eyes glistened with a new intelligence, "Massa Jones knowed how Deakin Shelby dun got kinder pious lately, and *he was on his guard !*"

A Delicate Conscience.

Two Irishmen were convicted of murder and called for sentence. When asked what they had to say, one answered :

"We did it, sor. I sthruck him wid a stone and Moik he hit him wid a shillelah, and then we both av us buried him in the bog, sor."

"Well, well," said the judge, "but what did you do before you threw the body into the bog ?"

"Sure we searched him, sor."

"Yes, and what did you find?"

"Two shillin's and two sixpence, yor Honor."

"Well, anything else?"

"Yes, sor; a foine lunch of bread and mate."

"Yes; and what did you do with that?"

"We were hungry, sor, and we ate the bread, but threw the mate away."

"Why did you throw the meat away?"

"Sure it was Friday, sor."

The Clerical Call.

"You ought to have seen me," said the vivacious young lady, who had just come to town, to the new minister. "I had just got the skates on and made a start, when I came down on my —"

"Maggie!" said her mother.

"What? Oh, it was so funny! One skate went one way, and the other'n tother way, and down I came on my —"

"Margaret!" reprovingly spoke her father.

"Well, what? They scooted from under me, and down I came plump on my —"

"Margaret!" yelled out both her parents.

"On my little brother, who held me by the hand, and I liked to have smashed him. Now, what's the matter?"

The girl's mother emerged from behind the coffee pot, a sigh of relief escaped from the minister, and the old gentleman very adroitly turned the conversation on the subject of our next mayor.

* *

"Man," said the colored clergyman, "is de first animal in creation; he springs up like a sparrow-grass, hops about like a hopper-grass, and dies just like a jack-ass!"

* *

A clergyman, who had been staying for some time at the house of a friend, on going away, called to him little Tommy,

the four-year-old son of his host, and asked him what he should give him for a present. Tommy, who had great respect for the "cloth," thought it was his duty to suggest something of a religious nature, so he answered, hesitatingly: "I-I *think* I should like a Testament, and I *know* I should like a pop-gun!"

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"Do you subscribe to all the articles of the Athanasian creed?" was asked an old lady.

"No, I don't! I can't afford it. There's a collection next week for the convention fund, and I can't do any more," was the reply.

Not Looking For Sal—Vation.

Up in Oshkosh the other day a fellow got lost from his sweetheart, and was rushing hurriedly down the crowded streets to find her. After running about two squares he saw quite a number of people going into a large building, which happened to be a church, and he concluded to rush in and see if she was there. The minister, seeing the excited lunatic, thought he was seeking religion, stopped preaching and asked:

"I say, young man, are you looking for salvation?"

"No, sir, I don't know her at all. I'm looking for Sal Stickem; is she here?"

On the Wrong Road to Heaven.

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock.

"I am going to Heaven, my son. I have been on the way eighteen years."

"Well, good-bye, old fellow; if you have been traveling towards Heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route. Why, you are traveling right away from it."

A Baptist and Congregational minister were riding together one day, when there was strong manifestation of a coming shower. The former suggested to the latter, who was driving, that he had better quicken the speed of the horse. The Congregationalist replied :

"Why, brother? are you afraid of *water*?"

"Oh, no!" said the Baptist; "I am not afraid of water; it's the *sprinkling* I wish to avoid."

A Very Clear Text.

Father Rollins, out in Wisconsin, was preaching from the words, "He that believeth shall be saved." He opened at considerable length with a general view of the subject, and then concentrating his force, proceed to a *critical exegesis* of the text in this wise :

"My brethern, I wish to direct you attention closely and particularly to the *wording* of this Scripture, as thereby to reach the very meat and substance of it. The text says, 'He that believeth;' observe, my brethern, it does not say, 'He that *believes*,' nor 'He that *believed*,' but it plainly and expressly declares, it is he that *believeth* who shall be saved. Mark, my brethern, the force in the Scripture of the little word *eth*."

Perhaps they did mark it; but what the good preacher meant was more than the wisest of them could tell.

* *
*

"Sister, are you happy?"

"Yes, deacon; I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom."

"Not in Beelzebub's?"

"Well, in some of the patriarchs; I don't care which!"

A Funny Mistake.

Darwin Morse.

Deacon Wood, of the Log City Presbyterian church, had sent off and got a new hymn book for the congregation containing

hymns and notes. He had been supplying them to the choir for seventy-five cents each.

One day after Elder Cleveland had finished his sermon, and just before dismissing the congregation, he arose and said :

"All you who have children to baptize will please to present them next Sabbath."

Deacon Wood, who didn't hear Elder Cleveland distinctly and who had an eye on selling the books, and supposing the pastor was referring to them, immediately arose and said :
"All you who havn't, can get as many as you want by calling on me, at seventy-five cents each."

As Mr. Wood had never had *many* children, the mistake was very ludicrous.

The Trinity Illustrated.

The best illustration of the trinity (three in one) that has occurred for a long time, took place in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The Rev. Hosea Brown, a joking methodist preacher, put up at an Ann Arbor hotel.

"Now I want a room by myself," he said.

"Very well," said the clerk, "unless we should have to put someone in with you."

Sure enough more guests arrived and the clerk had to put another lodger in parson Brown's room.

"Hello there, parson !" he said, banging on the door about midnight.

"What do you want ?" asked the parson, awakening from a deep sleep.

"You must take another lodger, sir, with you," said the voice of the clerk.

"What ! another yet ?"

"Why, yes—there is only one in there, isn't there ?"

"One ! why here are three of us. There is Mr. Brown, and

a Methodist preacher, and myself, already, and I should think that enough for one bed, even in Michigan."

The landlord seemed to think so too, and left the trio to their repose.

* *
*

A preacher in one of the fashionable London churches is reported to have said, "St. Paul remarks, and I *partially* agree with him." This reminds us of the judge who, in sentencing a prisoner to death, observed, "Prisoner at the bar, you will soon have to appear before another and *perhaps* a better Judge."

Better Acquainted Wid de Lord.

The colored brethren in Richmond were having a revival meeting, says the *Religious Telescope*. Everyone was earnestly devoting himself to the good cause. All seemed to feel the need of a more thorough reformation. A brother was supplicating the throne eloquently when another brother called out in a stentorian voice :

"Who dat prayin' ober dar?"

The response was :

"Dat's brudder Mose."

"Hold on dar, brudder Mose," was the dictum of the former, "you let brudder Ryan pray, he's better 'quainted wid de Lord dan you am!"

New York Religion.

Eli Perkins.

"John," said a rich New York grocer to his man, "have you mixed the glucose with the cyrup?"

"Yes, sir."

"And sanded the sugar, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dampened the tobacco?"

"Yes, sir."

"And watered the whisky?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you may come in to prayers."

* *
*

A negro, about dying, was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings.

"Yes, sah," he replied, "if I dies, I forgive dat nigger, but if I gets well, dat nigger must take care."

Disliked New Acquaintances.

A Jerseyman was very sick and not expected to recover. His friends got around the bed, and one of them said :

"John, do you feel willing to die?"

John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered with a feeble voice,

"I think I'd rather stay here in Newark where I am better acquainted."

Ol Nigger Dickson.

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in a large New England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place :

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm Street, are you not, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer.

"No, sah, not at all."

"What ! are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dis yeah, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, stropping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was just like dis. I jined the church in good fait. I gave ten dollars toward the stated gospil de fuss year, and de church people call me '*Brud-der Dickson*;' de second year my business was not so good, and I gib only *five* dollars. That year the people call me *Mr. Dickson*. Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, the razor goes tolerably well."

"Well, sah, de third year I feel berry poor; had sickness in my family; I didn't gib *noffin'* for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me '*dat old nigger Dickson*'—and I left 'em."

The Sabbath School Lesson.

"My son, what is a tare?"

The father was hearing his boy recite his Sunday School lesson from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, where the devil went about sowing tares.

"Tell me, my son, what is a tare?"

"You had 'em."

"I had 'em? Why, Johnny, what do you mean?"

"Why, last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny, "I heard mother tell aunt Susan that you were on a tare."

How He Squelched the Methodists.

An old Negro, near Victoria, Texas, who was the only Baptist in the neighborhood, always "stuck up for his own faith," and was ready with a reason for it, although he was unable to read a word. This was the way he "put 'em down:"

"You kin read, now, keant you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I s'pose you've read the Bible, hain't you?"

"Yes."

"You've read about John de Baptist, hain't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you never read about *John de Methodis*, did you? You see I has de Bible on my side, den. Yah, ya-a-h!"

* * *

"I take my tex dis morning," said a colored preacher, "from dat po'tion ob de Scriptures whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to de Fessions."

Widow Maloney's Pig.

Mike Murphy was taken to task by his spiritual adviser for having stolen widow Maloney's pig. The evidence against Mike was so direct and positive, that it was worse than useless for him to deny the crime, and he listened with downcast eyes and much meekness to a well-deserved lecture from the priest, upon the wickedness of the theft he had committed, till the reverend gentleman asked him what he would say in the day of judgment when he should be confronted by Mrs. Maloney and her pig? when he brightened up at a happy thought, and said:

"And ye say that the pig 'll be there, yer riverence?"

"Yes, the pig 'll there, and Mrs. Maloney 'll be there, too, living witnesses against you. What, I repeat, can you say in such a presence?"

"Yer riverence, I'll say, Widow Maloney, there's yer pig, take it!"

A Protestant Cow.

"Well, Pat, my darling, and where did you git that baste of a cow?" asked the Irishman's wife, as Pat drove the new cow into the yard.

"Sure an' I got her of old Mr. Higgins, the Methodist minister, who lives up the road."

"What, did you buy a cow of that old Protestant?"

"And why not, Bridget, dear? Just you bring out that bottle of holy water, and I'll be after pouring it on her, and it will make her all right in no time."

Bridget did as she was bid, and bringing the bottle to Pat, he took it and poured it on the animal's back, making the cross with all due devotion as he poured. But the old woman, by mistake, had brought him a bottle of vitriol, and Pat was astonished to find that the cow was frantic under the operation, kicking worse, by far, than before he applied the holy water. He tried it again, and poured on more, when the cow broke loose from Pat, and kicked him over, as she dashed away, to the terror of poor Bridget, who cried out:

"Holy Virgin, and mither of Moses! *isn't the Protestant strong in her yet?*"

The Parable of the Virgins.

The Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, preached as follows:

My dearly beloved breth'ren. Before I begin my sermon on de foolish virgins I wish to inquire. "Why are so many of dese hyar seats vacant?"

"Where is de brudders and sisters who ought to be settin' hyar?"

"Oh, some of dem is down on Bay street sparkin', and some of dem is in card houses, and some is in drunken houses, and some is sittin' at home bekase deyse too tired!"

"Oh-er! brudderin, when you true believers gets up to de white frone den people will come to you and say:

"'Gib us of your oil, for our lamps done gone out,' and you will say-er, 'You can't come dat game on us. No-er, for de tex says, 'Dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but the righteous inter life eternal.'

"Dere's a great many people talks 'ligion bery loud down in Bay street in de day time, but where is dey tonight?"

"Why-er, deyse foolin' round expectin' when de bridegroom comes-er to borry oil from dem dat's got no mo'.

"But what does the Scriptor say-er?

"Why, it says, 'Let dem go radder to him dat sells it at de sto',' and while dey is gone de do' is slammed shet, for de tex says, 'Dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but de righteous into life eternal.'

"Now brudderin and friends, what would you think of any of you ladies and gentlemen who would go splurging down Bay street with a hat, a watch, a coat, or dress or bonnet on what didn't belong to you? Stickin' up your nose because you's so berry fine, and everybody sayin' as you go long dem wan't your own close, wouldn't you feel cheap?

"But dey's going to be fooled, for de tex says-er dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but de righteous into life eternal!

"Oh, yes-er, my beloved brudderin and sisters, you can't go a sailin' into hebbin on borrowed close, as you sails down Bay street, for it is written, 'Ebery tub mus' stand on its own bottom, and ebery knee shall bow, and ebery tongue shall confess dat fire and brimstone shall be dere po'tion for eber and eber,' and de tex says, 'Dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but de righteous into life eternal.'"

A Nice, Aisy Job.

Two Irishmen, shoveling sand on a hot day, stopped to rest and to exchange views on the labor question.

"Pat, this is mighty hard work we're at."

"It is, indeed, Jimmy; but what kind of work is it you'd loike if ye could get it?"

"Well," said the other, leaning reflectively upon his shovel, and wiping the perspiration off with the back of his hand, "for a nice, aisy, clane business I think I would loike to be a bishop."

A Whole Sermon.

Whoever plants a leaf beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by-and-by."
He trusts in God.

Whoever sees, 'neath Winter's field of snow,
The silent harvests of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "tomorrow," "The unknown,"
"The future," trusts unto that power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comforts knows.

For The Benefit of The Poor.

A company of minstrels went to a town not far from Boston, recently, and advertised to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor— tickets reduced to ten cents." The hall was crammed full. The next morning a committee of the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern for the amount said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand.

"I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor?"

"Didn't we put the tickets down to ten cents, so that the poor could all come?"

"Yes, but we thought you were to give the results to the poor."

"We have given the results to the poor — to the poor minstrels."

He was right, for the paper the next week spoke of them as the poorest minstrels that had ever struck the town.

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"What bird did Noah send out of the ark?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher of a class of boys.

"A dove, sir!" said the smallest boy in the class.

"Very well, but I should have thought some of you big boys would have known that," said the teacher.

"But that boy ought to know, sir," said a big boy, "'cause his father's a bird ketcher, sir."

Busy With Clerical Duties.

"What other business do you follow besides preaching?" was asked of an old colored man.

"I speculate a little."

"How speculate?"

"Sells chickens."

"Where do you get the chickens?"

"My boys fetch 'em in."

"Where do they get them?"

"I doan know, sah. I'se allers so busy with my preachin' dat I ain't got time to ax. I was a gwine to inquire de udder day, but a 'vival come on an' tuk up all my time."

Willing to Assist.

An old and weather-worn trapper was recently seen sauntering along the main street of Oshkosh. Pausing in front of a little meeting-house for a moment, he went in and took his seat among the congregation. The preacher was discoursing on the

text of "the sheep and the wolves," and had evidently been drawing a contrast between the two subjects. Says he :

"We who have assembled here from week to week and do our duty, and perform our part, are the sheep ; now who are the wolves ? "

A pause, and our friend the trapper rose to his feet :

"Wa'al, stranger, rather than see the play stopped, I will be the wolves."

A Ghost Story.

A foolish Irish fellow went to the parish priest and told him, with a very long face, that he had seen a ghost.

"When and where ? " said the pastor.

"Last night," replied the timid man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre."

"In what shape did it appear ? " inquired the priest.

"It appeared in the shape of a great ass."

"Go home and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the priest ; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

What the Jew thinks about Jerusalem.

Alex. Sweet.

The real sentiment of the Israelites in regard to Jerusalem and the Holy Land was admirably illustrated by a conversation we overheard only a few days ago. Mose Cohen met Jacob Levy, and the former said :

"Moses, don't forget dot next Chewsday ve Chews must put on sackcloth mit ashes, and weep like ter teyfel."

"Vy should ve Chews weep next Chewsday more den on any udder day ? " asked Levy.

"Pecause next Chewsday vas dat day on which Jerusalem vash destroyed by de Romans."

"Ish dot so ? "

"It ish chust so."

"But I don't see vy we should weep on dot Chewsday ven

Jerusalem vash destroyed any more den on any udder day.
Ve don't own any houses in dot town."

"Dot's vot I say," was the philosophic response.

He Wasn't Ready.

Old Isaac was, or rather believed himself to be, a very devout Christian, "wrestled" much in prayer, and it was his custom at night, when his work was over, to retire to his cabin, and devote himself to worship until bedtime. These exercises were carried on in so loud a tone as to be heard by all the persons on the farm, white and black, and old Isaac's earnest and frequent announcements that he was always ready to meet his "Lawd" had been so often heard that some rascally boys concluded to have some fun, and at the same time test Isaac's faith. One night, therefore, while old Isaac was under full headway in his exercises:

"O Lawd! we know dy long suf'rin fur dis beni'ted sinner but we feel, O Lawd! dat in dy love we will be spahed dy vangins and raf. We are always reddy, Lawd, at dy biddin, to cum to de, and to meet dy angel Gabr'el. Send him, O Lawd! wid his shinin' trumpet, his robes ov glory, and his crown ov life, and take dy poh sahvant into dy vineyard——"

"Is-a-ac! Is-a-ac!" came in deep, sepulchral tones down the chimney.

"Amen!" softly said Isaac, closing his prayer abruptly, and rising with fear and trembling

"Is-a-ac! Is-a-ac!" came the still dreadful tones.

"Who-ho-ho's dat?" stammered the awe-stricken negro.

"The—angel—of—the—Lord—has—come—for—Isaac!" came in slow, solemn tones, with measured emphasis, from the darkness outside.

Isaac hesitated, and then, with a snow of enforced courage, it came:

"De Lawd bless you, dat old nigger hain't been here for a week!"

The Force of Prejudice.

A very low-church minister was reproving his curate for having taken part in a wedding breakfast

"But, sir," said the young man, in amazement, "our Lord himself was present at a wedding feast in Cana."

"That's perfectly true, young man," answered the parson; "but in my opinion he had much better have stopped away."

The Dean of Galsford.

"I have my doubts about the Thirty-nine Articles, sir," said a too conscientious Christ Churchman to him on the eve of taking his degree. The Dean of Galsford looked at the troubled one in a hard, sardonic way, and asked:

"How much do you weigh, sir?"

"About ten stone, I think, sir," was the astonished answer.

"And how tall are you to half an inch?"

"I really don't know to half an inch."

"And how old are you to an hour?"

The dubious one was speechless.

"Well you are in doubt about everything that relates to yourself," cried the Dean, triumphantly, "and yet you walk about, saying: 'I am 20 years old, I weigh ten stone, and am 5 feet 8 inches high.' Go, sign the Articles, it will be a long time before you find anything that suggests no doubts."

How Brother Brooks Swore.

The death of the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of Newport, R. I., recalls a little anecdote about him. At a tea party, given by a member of the Rev. Dr. Thayer's church a few years ago, a lady playfully remonstrated with Dr. Thayer for his intimacy with the Unitarian divine.

"It is true," said Dr. Thayer, "that Mr. Brooks and I are

very good friends, and that I am really very fond of him. He is a most delightful companion, and we often go fishing together. Today, however, while we were on the fishing-ground, he shocked me by a little exhibition of profanity."

"Profanity!" exclaimed the orthodox sister, "you don't really mean that Mr. Brooks is profane?"

"I must confess that he was somewhat so today," said good Dr. Thayer. "You see, it happened thus: we were at anchor with our lines out, Brother Brooks, the skipper, and I, when, after some tedious waiting, the skipper cried out:

"I had a d——n good bite then!" whereupon my Brother Brooks quickly responded, 'So did I!'"

Simple Faith.

Bill Nye.

Up in Polk County, Wisconsin, not long ago, a man who had lost eight children by diphtheria, while the ninth hovered between life and death with the same disease, went to the Health Officer of the town and asked aid to prevent the spread of the terrible scourge. The Health Officer was cool and collected. He did not get excited over the anguish of the father whose last child was at that moment hovering upon the outskirts of immortality. He calmly investigated the matter, and never for a moment lost sight of the fact that he was a town officer and a professed Christian.

"You ask aid, I understand," said he, "to prevent the spread of the disease, and also that the town shall assist you in procuring new and necessary clothing to replace that which you have been compelled to burn in order to stop the further inroads of diphtheria. Am I right?"

The poor man answered affirmatively.

"May I ask if your boys who died were Christian boys, and whether they improved their Gospel opportunities and attended the Sabbath school, or whether they were profane and given over to Sabbath-breaking?"

The bereft father said that his boys had never made a profession of Christianity ; that they were hardly old enough to do so ; and that they might have missed some Gospel opportunities, owing to the fact that they were poor and hadn't clothes fit to wear to Sabbath-school. Possibly, too, they had met with wicked companions and had been taught to swear ; he could not say but they might have sworn, although he thought they would have turned out to be good boys had they lived.

"I am sorry that the case is so bad," said the Health Officer. "I am led to believe that God has seen fit to visit you with affliction in order to express His divine disapproval of profanity, and I cannot help you. It ill becomes us poor, weak worms of the dust to meddle with the just judgments of God. Whether as an individual or as a quasi corporation, it is well to allow the Almighty to work out His great plan of salvation, and to avoid all carnal interference with the works of God."

The old man went back to his desolate home, and to the bedside of his only living child. I met him yesterday, and he told me about it all. "I am not a professor of religion," said he, "but I tell you, Mr. Nye, I don't believe that this Board of health has used me right. Somehow I ain't worried about my little fellers that's gone. They was little fellers, any way, and they wasn't posted on the plan of salvation, but they was always kind and always minded me and their mother. If God is using diphtheria agin perfanity this season, they didn't know it. They was too young to know about it and I was too poor to take the papers, so I didn't know it nuther. I just thought that Christ was partial to little kids like mine, just the same as He used to be 3,000 years ago, when the country was new. I admit that my little shavers never went to Sabbath-school much, and I wasn't scholar enough to throw much light onto God's system of retribution, but I told 'em to behave themselves and they did, and we had a good deal of fun together—me and the boys—and they was so bright, and square and cute,

that I didn't see how they could fall under divine wrath, and I don't believe they did. I could tell you lots of smart little tricks that they used to do, Mr. Nye, but they wa'n't mean nor cussed. They was just frolicky and gay sometimes because they felt good.

"Mind you, I don't kick because I am left here alone in the woods, and the sun don't seem to shine, and the birds seem a little backward about singin' this spring, and the house is so quiet, and she is still all the time and cries in the night when she thinks I am asleep. All that is tough, Mr. Nye—tough as the old Harry, too—but it's so, and I ain't murmurin', but when the board of health says to me that the Ruler of the Universe is makin' a tower of northern Wisconsin, mowin' down little boys with sore throat because they say 'gosh,' I can't believe it.

"I know that people who ain't familiar with the facts will shake their heads and say I'm a child of wrath, but I can't help it. All I can do is to go up there under the trees where them little graves is and think how all-fired pleasant to me them little, short lives was, and how every one of them little fellers was welcome when he come, poor as I was, and how I rastled with poor crops and pine stumps to buy cloze fer 'em, and didn't care a cent for style as long as they was well. That's the kind of a heretic I am, and if God is like a father, that settles it. He wouldn't wipe out my family just to establish discipline, I don't believe. The plan of creation must be on a bigger scale than that, it seems to me, or else it's more or less of a fizzle.

"That board of health is better read than I am. It takes the papers and can add up figures, and do lots of things that I can't do, but when them fellers tells me that they represent the town of Balsam Lake and the Kingdom of Heaven, my morbid curiosity is aroused, and I want to see their stiffykits of election."

What Constitutes A Good Sermon.

"That was a good sermon," said Job Shuttle, as he sauntered out of the vestibule.

"Pretty good," replied Patience. "I hope you'll profit by it."

"Why, there was nothing in it that applied to me at all."

"Oh, that's why you say it was 'a good sermon,' I suppose."

A Good Sermon.

"Boy," said Brother Gardner, "take off dat swaller-tailed coat! Jump outer dem tight pants! Drop that silk necktie! Den you go to work an' fin' a cheap boardin' house an' begin to pay your debts. Let your cloze match your salary. Let your board match your cloze. Be what you am—a common sort of pussen whose assets will kiver his liabilities by hard pullin'. You can't deceive anybody, and the less you try to de better people will like you."

LAWYERS' WIT AND HUMOR.

WIT AND HUMOR OF LAWYERS, JUDGES, JURORS AND WITNESSES.

A Lawyer's Heart.

Ed Perkins.

"Have you ever been in prison?" asked a badgering lawyer of a modest witness, whom he was trying to bully.

The witness did not answer.

"Come, now, speak up, no concealment. Have you ever been in prison, sir?"

"Yes, sir, once," answered the witness, looking modestly down to the floor.

"Yes, I thought so. Now when? When were you in prison, sir?"

"In 1863."

"Where, sir?"

The witness hesitated.

"Come, own up, now, no dodging," screamed the lawyer. "Now where were you in prison, sir?"

"In——in——in——"

"Don't stammer, sir! Out with it! Where was it?"

"In——in Andersonville, sir."

There was a moment's painful pause. Then the lawyer, who was an old soldier, put his hand to his forehead as if a pistol shot had struck him, while the tears came to his eyes. Then jumping forward, he clasped his arms around the witness' neck and exclaimed:

"My God! I was there myself!"

Chief-Justice Chase and the Negro.

Chief-Justice Chase was once having an overcoat lined with coons' fur, writes Eli Perkins, when the negro tailor suggested that the coat would be warmer if the fur were put outside.

"My experience has convinced me," said the Chief-Justice, "that fur is warmer when it is worn inside of the garment, and I never could understand why the coon doesn't wear his fur that way."

"But you would know if you were a coon," said Sambo.

"Why?" asked the Chief-Justice.

"Because if you were a coon, Mr. Chase, you'd have more sense!"

A Freeholder in Mississippi.

The editor of the *Tioga Agitator* once lived at Port Gibson on the Mississippi river. There was a great deal of litigation down there, and the editor being summoned to sit on the jury, tried to get excused.

When his name was called Judge Chambers asked him if he were a freeholder.

"No, sir," said the editor, "I'm only staying in Port Gibson temporarily."

"You board at the hotel, I presume?" asked the judge.

"No, sir. I take my meals there, but have rooms in another part of the town, where I lodge."

"So you keep bachelor's hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you lived in that manner?"

"About six months."

"I think you are qualified," gravely remarked the judge, "for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you name who had not dirt enough in his room to make him a freeholder. The court does not excuse you."

The Man With Life in Him.

O'Connell once caught a lying witness who was swearing to the signature of a will. The council asked, "Was this man alive when he signed the will?"

"There was life in him, yer honor."

"Can you swear that he was alive when he signed this will?"

"He had life in him, sir."

"On your soul's salvation, and before the Eternal God, was the man alive?"

"No, sir," stammered the confused witness, "he had a live—fly—in—his—mouth!"

Science with a "y."

Ell Perkins.

Col. Ingersoll often squelched the opposing counsel by a blast of ridicule. One day in Peoria they were trying a patent churn case. The opposing counsel used many scientific terms. He talked about the science of the machine, and how his client had contributed to science a valuable discovery.

"Science!" yelled Col. Ingersoll. "The opposing counsel is always talking about science and see (looking over at the opposing counsel's brief) he spells it with a 'y'—with a 'y,' sir!"

The Witness who Answered as the Lawyers Asked.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"I never knew him sick," replied the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer, sternly. "Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Thousands of times, sir, I've drank —"

"Answer my question, sir," yelled the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

"Will the court make the —"

"I have, Jedge," said the witness, anticipating the lawyer ;
"I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long and a man five feet ten."

"Your Honor —"

"It's fact, Jedge, I'm under oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer arose, placed both hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table, and said :

"Will you tell the court what you know about this case?"

"His name isn't Case, sir. His name is —"

"Be quiet, sir. Who said his name was Case?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this Case. His name's Smith."

"Your Honor," howled the attorney, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the judge, "you must answer the questions put to you."

"Land o' Goshen, Jedge, hain't I been doin' it? Let the blamed cuss fire away. I'm all ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and the prisoner have been friends!"

"Never," promptly responded the witness.

"What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir; I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever Friends. He's a hard-shell Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down," yelled the lawyer, in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down."

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up —"

"Sheriff, remove the man from the box."

Witness retires muttering: "Well, if he ain't the thick-headedest lawyer I ever seed in this court house."

Rufus Choate Outwitted.

Rufus Choate was seldom outwitted, but when he got hold of Dick Barton, chief mate of the *Challenge*, he found his match. The case was assault and battery, and Mr. Choate was examining the witness.

"Was the night when the assault was committed light or dark?"

"Yes, sir, it was light or dark."

"Was it rainy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes! a moon——"

"Yes, a full moon."

"Did you see it?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Then how do you know there was a moon?"

"The 'Nautical Almanac' said so, and I will believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."

"What was the principal luminary that night?"

"Binnacle lamp aboard the *Challenge*."

"Ah! you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir! And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator in."

"Sho—you're joking!"

"No, sir, I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."

"I shan't."

"Ah! you refuse, do you?"

"Yes; I can't."

"Indeed! You are the chief mate of a clipper ship, and are unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes!—'tis the *simplest* question I ever had asked me."

Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew that there was no *latitude* at the equator."

That shot silenced the great lawyer.

Bantering Lawyers.

Two young lawyers had been fighting all day about the "relevancy of testimony," when one got out of patience and appealed to the judge.

"If your honor please," he said, turning to the judge, "I desire to try this case on its merits, and according to the established rules of evidence. The gentleman on the other side certainly knows some law!"

This unexpected personal remark aroused brother G. into a high pitch of excitement. Addressing the court, with cutting emphasis he replied :

"I'm a fool, and I know it, and it don't hurt me a bit ; but the counsel upon the other side is a darned fool and don't know it, and it's killing him ; and the sooner he finds it out the better for himself and his clients !"

Then, turning upon his opponent with venomous sarcasm, he continued :

"You ! you ! what do you know ? You think you're smart, don't you ? There (throwing him a half dollar), hurry up, quick, tell me all you know, and give me the change."

At this point the court interfered, and the case proceeded.

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"My lord," began a pompous young barrister, "it is written in the Book of Nature—" "On what page, sir—on what page ?" interrupted the judge, with pen in hand.

Curran's Wig.

A barrister entered court one morning with his wig stuck on one side. Unconscious of the absurdity of his appearance, and

surprised at the observations made upon it, he at length asked Curran :

"Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig, Mr. Curran?"

"Nothing except the head," was the consolatory answer.

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"I wish to ask the court," said a facetious lawyer, who had been called to the witness stand to testify as an expert, "if I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for another?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild-mannered judge, "give it for what it is worth."

Law and Medicine.

Eli Perkins.

"Stop that coughing over there!" cried a New York judge. "Such coughing disturbs the business of the court."

There was a short painful silence, writes Eli Perkins, during which a pale, consumptive man struggled with himself, then coughed again, and continued it for several minutes.

"I'm bound to stop that coughing!" exclaimed the judge. "I fine you ten dollars. I think that will stop it."

"Jedge," said the cadaverous man, "I'd be willin' to pay twenty dollars to have that cough stopped. If you can stop it for ten dollars, you'd better get down off that bench and go to practicing medicine. There's money in it, jedge—money in it!"

A Smart Lawyer and a Stupid Judge.

James T. Brown, of Indiana, a smart lawyer, says an *Exchange*, was once employed to defend a case in the Circuit Court of that State. The judge was not very learned in technicalities, knew but little Latin, and much less Greek. The jury were ordinary farmers. After the plaintiff's counsel had opened the case, Brown rose and spoke for two hours in a very flowery and eloquent manner, repeating Latin and Greek, and

using all the technicalities he could think of. The jury sat and eyed him with their mouths wide open, the judge looked on with amazement, and the lawyers laughed aloud. Brown closed. To the jury and court the whole argument was as clear as mud. The case was submitted to them without one word of reply, and their verdict, without leaving the box, was against Brown.

In the morning Brown appeared in court, and, bowing politely to the judge, made a motion for a new trial.

"May it please your honor, I humbly rise this morning to move for a new trial; not on my own account, for I richly deserve the verdict, but on behalf of my client, who is an innocent party in this matter. On yesterday I gave wing to to my imagination and rose above the stars in a blaze of glory. I saw at the time that it was all Greek and turkey tracks to you and the jury. This morning I feel humble, and I promise the court, if it will grant me a new trial, that I will try to bring myself down to the comprehension of the court and jury."

The Judge. "Motion overruled, and a fine of five dollars imposed upon Mr. Brown for contempt of court."

"For what?"

"For insinuating that the court don't know Latin and Greek from turkey tracks."

"I shall not appeal from that decision; your honor has comprehended me this time."

Laughed out of Court.

At Erie, Pennsylvania, the editor of a German-humorous paper was sued for libel. On the opening of the trial the defense was astounded by the district attorney claiming an ancient right to "stand aside" any juror called until the box was filled with men acceptable to the commonwealth, the standing aside being independent of the peremptory challenges,

and allowable to the extent of standing aside the entire panel, practically enabling the commonwealth to get a jury of its own selection.

As the affair was between Germans and the Young Men's Christian Association, the former were fearful that they would all be made stand aside and kept off the jury.

On the second morning after the judge had ruled in favor of the "stand aside" claim, Weiss, the defendant, convulsed everybody by coming into court with an armful of ancient legal literature, obtained by ransacking every law library in the city, and asserting a right, under the ruling of the court, to establish his innocence by ordeal, or trial by combat. He contended that if unrepealed ancient procedure is good law his claim to demand the "wagere of battel" was as just and equitable as the "stand aside" privilege. Shrieks of laughter followed the sad-faced man's demand, irresistibly comical in itself, but the more exquisite from the fact that he is a little, attenuated, weak-chested, asthmatic body, weighing only ninety-eight pounds, while his adversary is a herculean fellow who tips the scale at two hundred pounds, and before whom in a personal encounter the funny editor would melt away like the hoar frost under the morning sun.

Weiss has carefully drawn up all his rights under the unrepealed laws, and he proposes to make this judicial district sick of King Edward the First. These alleged rights are :

First—The "ordeal of fire." He claims that he can demand the establishment of his innocence by offering to plunge his arm in boiling oil, pick up red-hot iron, or walk barefoot over nine red-hot plowshares, and that if he sustain no hurt by the operation, his innocence will be proved, and the costs belong to the prosecutor. But this test, after mature deliberation, he will waive. "All that remains," says Weiss, "is to demand the trial by combat, and may God defend the guiltless."

He describes the procedure of this combat as follows, producing ancient authority in its support :

The judges and clergy are to assemble on a given day, and before them the accused person must fling down his glove and declare his intention to defend the same with his body. The prosecutor will then pick it up and announce his readiness to make good the appeal, body for body. Then both men will bring out their battle-axes or javelins, and, kneeling before the judges, will make oath that the weapons have not been charmed by witchcraft, etc. This done, each is to grasp his axe in the right hand, and the left hand of the other in his left. The accused person to say: "Hear this, O man, who callest thyself John Firch by the name of baptism, that I, who call myself Frank Weiss by the name of baptism, did not libel you, so help me God and all the saints." To which the accuser will reply: "Hear me, O man, whom I hold by the hand, and who callest thyself Frank Weiss by the name of baptism, that I do hold thee perjured, and this I will prove with my body, so help me God and all the saints." At a signal from Judge Galbraith the men will come out of their corners and go for each other, and his cause shall be deemed just who succeeds in carving up the other before the going down of the sun.

The merriment caused by Weiss's claim can better be imagined than described. One stout juror came near having a fit of apoplexy, and another laughed himself into imbecility. During the roars of laughter Weiss stood without a smile on his face, a picture of solid, substantial misery. While conscious of the absurdity of his claims and the impossibility of substantiating them, Weiss made the appeal with a tragic earnestness that almost induced convulsions. The upshot is likely to be that the case will be laughed out of court.

A Stubborn Jury.

Colonel Mason, who lives in Washington county, Maine, had a great aptitude for serving as a juror. When thus serving, he was very anxious that his opinion should be largely consulted

in making up a verdict. Some years ago, while upon a case, after many hours' trial to agree, but failing, he marshaled the delinquent jury from the room to their seats in the court, where the impatient crowd awaited the result of the trial.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?" inquired the clerk.

Col. M—— arose, turned a withering glance upon his brother jurors, and exclaimed:

"May it please the court, we have not; I have done the best I could do, but here are eleven of the most contrary devils I ever had any dealings with."

An Ingenious Client.

Ople P. Read.

"I want to engage your services," said an Arkansaw man to a lawyer.

"All right, sir, be seated. What is the case?"

"There's a man in my neighborhood called Alex. Hippen. I want you to prove that he stole a saddle."

"Did the saddle belong to you?"

"No."

"But then you are the prosecuting witness?"

"No, I don't propose to have anything to do with the case."

"Then why do you want me to prove that Hippen stole the saddle?"

"You see, I stole the saddle myself, and if I can prove that Hippen stole it, I'm all right."

"Ah, I see. We'll fix that. Of course we can prove that he stole it."

Oratory on a Jury.

Ed Perkins.

Oratory will do with an ignorant jury but not with an intelligent jury. Charles O'Connor says oratory is nothing but the old clothes around a thought. A great flourish of oratory is



"Here are eleven of the most contrary devils I ever had any dealings with." (See page 376.)

always to catch the house, but not the jury. "A great speech," says O'Connor, "is one thing, but the verdict is *the* thing."

When Charles O'Connor stood before the Supreme Court in Washington, endeavoring to win a hundred-thousand dollar fee, there was perfect intelligence on both sides and no oratory was used. Some one asked O'Connor why he didn't use more oratory, he said :

"I wanted the hundred thousand dollars, not the empty applause. You can't sell oratory for a hundred thousand dollars, you have to give it away on the Fourth of July."

When Chief Justice Parsons, of Massachusetts, was practicing at the bar, a farmer, who had often heard him speak, was asked what sort of a pleader he was.

"Oh, he is a good lawyer and an excellent counsellor, but a poor pleader," was the reply.

"But does he not win most of his causes?"

"Yes, but that's because he knows the law, and can argue well ; but he's no orator."

A hard-headed bank president once congratulated himself, in the presence of Mr. Mathews, on resisting, as a foreman of a jury, the oratorical blandishments of Mr. Choate.

"Knowing his skill," said the hard-headed man, "in making white appear black and black white, I made up my mind at the outset that he should not fool me. He tried all his arts, but it was of no use ; I just decided accordingly to the law and evidence."

"Of course," answered Mr. Mathews, "you gave your verdict against Mr. Choate's client?"

"Why, no, we gave a verdict for his client ; but then we couldn't help it, he had the law and the evidence on his side."

It never occurred to the bank president or to the farmer that Choate and Parsons were after verdicts, not admiration. And they got them, because they sunk the orator into the advocate.

"Thou madest people say, 'How well he speaks !'" said

Demosthenes to Cicero, in Fenelon's "Dialogues of the Dead," "but I made them say, 'Let us march against Philip!'"

That was true, but it required many passionate appeals from this prince of orators before the Athenians uttered that cry.

More Bear than Law.

When Gratiot county, Michigan, first began to be disturbed by pioneers, and soon after it had its first justice of the peace, a farmer named Davison walked three miles to secure a warrant for the arrest of his neighbor, named Meacham, for assault and battery. To save the constable a three mile trip, the defendant walked with the plaintiff. They encountered his honor just leaving his house with his gun on his shoulder, and Davison halted him with :

"Squire, I want a warrant for this man for striking me."

"I'm in an awful hurry—come tomorrow."

"So'm I in a hurry, and I'm going to have a raising to-morrow."

"Meacham, did you hit him?"

"Yes."

"Davison, did you strike first?"

"No."

"Meacham, had you rather work for him three days than go to jail?"

"I guess so."

"And will that satisfy you, Davison?"

"Yes."

"Then make tracks for home and don't bother me another minute! My son has just come in with the news that an old bear and three cubs are up the same beech down at the edge of the slushing, and I'm goin' to have some bear meat if it upsets the Supreme Bench of Michigan. Court stands adjourned at present!"

Truth and Veracity.

In a recent murder trial at Bangor, Me., a Mrs. Flannagan swore to a confession made to her by the respondent, whereupon defense called an old fellow who had said repeatedly he wouldn't believe her under oath.

Lawyer : "Do you know the reputation of Mrs. Flannagan for truth and veracity?"

Witness : "Wall, Square, I guess she'd tell the truth ; but about her veracity—well, now, some say she would and some say she wouldn't."

He Challenged the Judge.

Alexander Sweet.

A young lawyer was appointed to defend a negro who was too poor to hire counsel of his own. After the jury was in the box the young lawyer challenged several jurymen who, his client said, had a prejudice against him.

"Are there any more jurymen who have a prejudice against you?" whispered the young lawyer.

"No, boss, de jury am all right, but now I wants you to challenge de jedge. I has been convicted under him seberal times already, and maybe he is beginnin' to hab prejudice agin me."

The young lawyer, this being his first case, took the advice of his client, and, addressing the Court, told the judge he could step aside.

A Thick-headed Witness.

Pat Fogarty went all the way from Manchester to London to thrash Mick Fitzpatrick, which he did, winding up the performance with the assistance of an "awful horseshoe." He was detected and brought before Mr. Justice Simpleman. A part of the examination is annexed :

Court. "Well, sir, you came here from Manchester, did you?"

Pat. "Your honor has answered correct."

Court. "You see the complainant's head; it was cut by a sharp instrument. Do you know what cut it?"

Pat. "Ain't your honor afther sayin' that a sharp instrument did?"

Court (becoming restive). "I see you mean to equivocate. Now, sir, you cut that head; you came here to cut it, did you not? Now, sir, what motive brought you to London?"

Pat. "The locomotive, yer honor."

Court (waxing warm). "Equivocating again, you scoundrel!" (Raising up the horseshoe, and holding it before Pat), "Do you see this horseshoe, sir?"

Pat. "Is it a horseshoe, yer honor?"

Court. "Don't you see it is, sir? Are you blind? Can you not tell at once that it is a horseshoe?"

Pat. "Bedad, no, yer honor."

Court (angrily). "No?"

Pat. "No, yer honor; but can yerself tell?"

Court. "Of course I can, you stupid Irishman."

Pat (soliloquizing aloud). "Oh, glory be to goodness, see what education is, yer honor! Sure, a poor, ignorant creature like myself wouldn't know a horseshoe from a mare's." — *London News*.

Which End?

A judge, pointing with his cane to a prisoner before him, remarked:

"There is a great rogue at the end of this stick."

"At which end, your honor?" asked the prisoner.

A Queer Law Firm.

Isaac Ketchum and Uriah Cheatham were attorneys-at-law, and everybody has heard of the sign over their office-door, "Ketchum & Cheatham," which was so significant of the

trade, that they took it down and had another painted with the addition of these initials :

"I. Ketchum & U. Cheatham," which was no better. It required the full names, and then the *idea* was very clearly expressed, but it left the inference that Isaac would Ketch'em and Uriah would Cheat'em.

They finally dissolved partnership, and often did for each other what they were willing to do for the public at large.

A Precise Answer.

"Now," said lawyer Gilbrath, of Erie, who was questioning a witness, "I want you to answer precisely every question I ask you. Will you do it?"

"I will, sir."

"Now, what business do you follow?"

"I'm a driver, sir."

"That is, you drive a wagon?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Why, sir, did you not tell me so this moment?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you drive a wagon?"

"No, sir."

"What is your occupation, then?"

"I drive a horse."

The Intelligent Juror.

"Do you know what a verdict is?" asked a challenging lawyer of a colored juryman in Arkansas.

"No, sah."

"Did you ever see one?"

"No, sah! I nebber was at a show in my life."

Why Eli Perkins Left the Law and Became a Journalist.

I studied law once in the Washington Law School. In fact, I was admitted to the bar. I shall never forget my first case. Neither will my client. I was called upon to defend a young man for passing counterfeit money. I knew the young man was innocent, because I lent him the money that caused him to be arrested. Well, there was a hard feeling against the young man in the county, and I pleaded for a change of venue. I made a great plea for it. I can remember, even now, how fine it was. It was filled with choice rhetoric and passionate oratory. I quoted Kent and Blackstone and Littleton, and cited precedent after precedent from the Digest and State Reports. I wound up with a tremendous argument, amid the applause of all the younger members of the bar. Then, sanguine of success, I stood and awaited the judge's decision. It soon came. The judge looked me full in the face and said :

"Your argument is good, Mr. Perkins, very good, and I've been deeply interested in it and when a case comes up that your argument fits, I shall give your remarks all the consideration that they merit. Sit down !"

This is why I gave up law and resorted to lecturing and writing for the newspapers.

A Precise Answer.

The following anecdote is submitted to professional gentlemen who give evidence before coroner's juries : A witness for the prosecution in a murder case was thus questioned by his honor :

"You say you saw the man shot at and killed?"

"Yes, sir."

"You said, I think, that the charge struck the deceased on his body, between the diaphragm and the duodenum?"

"No, sir, I didn't say no sich thing. I said he was shot between the hog-pen and the wood-house."

* *

"Do you think I shall have justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel, a shrewn Kentucky lawyer, of the best class in that "eloquent State."

"I am a little afraid you *won't*," replied the other; "I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging!"

Grave Wit.

The bar is noted for its wit; but it is not always that the best things are said before the bar. A poor fellow, in his examination the other day, was asked if he had not been in that court before, and what for? (He had been up for body stealing).

"It was for nothin' at all," said the humorist, "honly rescuing a feller cretur from the grave."

Judicial Ignorance.

Last week, writes Alex. Sweet, a strapping negro woman was up before an Austin justice, charged with unmercifully beating her boy, a saddle-colored imp.

"I don't understand how you can have the heart to treat your own child so cruelly."

"Jedge, has you been a parent of a wufless yaller boy like dat ar cub of mine?"

"Never—no, never!" ejaculated the judge, with great vehemence, getting red in the face.

"Den don't talk; you don't know nuffin about it!"

A Jury of His Peers.

Ell Perkins.

It has got to be understood that when a prisoner is innocent he should be tried by a jury of his peers. You want a jury

then that cannot be fooled with then. You want a jury who will give a true verdict. But when the prisoner is guilty and you want to acquit him you must have an ignorant jury. You want a jury that you can fool with—a jury that you can make believe black is white. Such an ignorant jury should have low brows and wear No. 6 hats. In order to get this ignorant juror I submit the following old form for interrogating a jurymen, which can be used by any lawyer :

Blank Form.

“Are you opposed to capital punishment?”

“Oh, yes—yes, sir.”

“If you were on a jury, then, where a man was being tried for his life, you wouldn’t agree to a verdict to hang him?”

“Yes, sir—yes, I would.”

“Have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Your mind, then, is made up?”

“Oh, no—no, it ain’t.”

“Have you any bias for or against the prisoner?”

“Yes, I think I have.”

“Are you prejudiced?”

“Oh, no, not a bit.”

“Have you ever heard of this case?”

“I think I have.”

“Would you decide, if on the jury, according to the evidence or mere rumor?”

“Mere rumor.”

“Perhaps you don’t understand : would you decide according to evidence?”

“Evidence.”

“If it was in your power to do so, would you change the law of capital punishment or let it stand?”

“Let it stand.”

The court: "Would you let it stand or change it?"

"Change it."

"Now, which would you do?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Are you a freeholder?"

"Yes—sir, oh, yes."

"Do you own a house and land, or rent?"

"Neither—I'm a boarder."

"Have you formed an opinion?"

"No, sir."

"Have you expressed an opinion?"

"Think I have."

The court: "Gentlemen, I think the juror is competent. It is very evident he has never formed or expressed an opinion on the subject"

* *
*

"Gentlemen of the jury," was the impassioned peroration of a lawyer in a city court a few days ago, "God knows my client is innocent, and what is more to the purpose, I know it!"

A Milwaukee Lawyer Who Knew Something.

A Milwaukee lawyer, who came back after some years' absence from the city, and went almost immediately into the trial of a jury case. "I believe," said he to his opponent, as he glanced at the occupants of the jury-box, "I know more than half those fellows, if I *have* been away so long."

"I should think it strange," was the encouraging reply, "if you *didn't know more than all of them!*"

Hard On Lawyers.

Eli Perkins.

In Akron, Ohio, where they have the personal damage temperance law, writes Eli Perkins, I heard of a funny temperance case. A runseller, whom I will call Hi Church, because he was "high" most of the time, who had been sued several times for damage done by his rum on citizens of the

town. One man came out drunk and smashed in a big glass window. He was too poor to pay for it, and the owner came against Church. A boy about sixteen got drunk and let a horse run away, breaking his arm. His father made Church pay the damage. A mechanic got drunk and was killed on the railroad track, and his wife sued Church for \$2,000 and got it. A farmer got drunk and was burned in his barn on the hay. His son sued Church and recovered \$1,800. Church got sick of paying out so much money for personal and property damages. It ate up all the rumseller's profits.

Still, he acknowledged the law to be a statute, and that it held him responsible for all the damage done by his rum. He used to argue, also, that sometimes his rum did people good, and then he said he ought to receive something back.

One day, lawyer Thompson got to drinking. Thompson was mean, like most all lawyers, and when he died of the delirium tremens there wasn't much mourning in Akron. There wasn't anybody who cared enough for Thompson to sue Church for damage done. So, one day, Church went before the Court himself.

"What does Mr. Church want?" asked the Justice.

"I tell yer what, Jedge," commenced the rumseller, "when my rum killed that thar mechanic Johnson and farmer Mason, I cum down like a man. I paid the damage and squared up like a Christian — now, didn't I, Jedge?"

"Yes, you paid the damage, Mr. Church; but what then?"

"Well, Jedge, my rum did a good deal to'ards killin' lawyer Thompson, now, and it 'pears ter me when I kill a lawyer I kinder oughter get a rebate!"

A. Contingent Fee.

A New Yorker asked Wm. M. Evarts what he would charge for managing a certain law case.

"Well," said Mr. Evarts, "I will take your case on a contingent fee."

“And what is a contingent fee?”

“My dear sir,” said Mr. Evarts, mellifluously, “I will tell you what a contingent fee to a lawyer means. If I don’t win your suit I get nothing. If I do win it you get nothing. See?” — *New York Morning Journal*.

Professional Veracity.

Chambers' Journal

The Lawyer:

I slept in an editor’s bed last night,
When no other chanced to be nigh,
How I thought as I tumbled the editor’s bed
How easily editors lie.

The Editor:

If the lawyer slept in the editor’s bed
When no lawyer chanced to be nigh,
And though he has written and naively said,
How easily editors lie;
He must then admit, as he lay on that bed
And slept to his heart’s desire,
Whate’er he may say of the editor’s bed,
Then the lawyer himself was the liar.

* *

An Irish crier at Ballinsloe being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: “Now, then, all ye *blackguards* that isn’t *lawyers*, must lave the coort.”

The Young Lawyer in Society and in Love.

Eli Perkins.

The other night I met a young Columbia College law-student at a party. He was dancing with Miss Johnson.

“I have an engagement to dance the ‘Railroad Galop’ with Miss Johnson,” I remarked—“number ten.”

“You have an engagement? You mean you have retained her for a dance?”

“She has contracted to dance with me,” I said.

“But contracts where no earnest money is paid are null and void. You must vacate the premises.”

"But will you please give me half of a dance? I ask the courtesy."

"Why, yes, Mr. Perkins," he said; "take her;" but recollecting his law knowledge, he caught hold of my coat-sleeve and added this casual remark:

"I give and bequeath to you, Mr. Eli Perkins, to have and to hold in trust, one-half of my right, title and claim and my advantage, in a dance known as the 'Railroad Galop' with Amelia Johnson, with all her hair, paniers, Grecian bend, rings, fans, belts, hair-pins, smelling-bottles, and straps, with all the right and advantage therein; with full power to have, hold, encircle, whirl, toss, wiggle, push, jam, squeeze, or otherwise use—except to smash, break or otherwise damage—and with right to temporarily convey the said Amelia Johnson, her hair, rings, paniers, straps, and other heretofore or hereinafter mentioned, after such whirl, squeeze, wiggle, jam, etc., to her natural parents, now living, and without regard to any deed or deeds or instruments, of whatever kind or nature soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."

The next evening, the young lawyer called on Miss Johnson, with whom he was in love, and proposed.

"I have an attachment for you, Miss Johnson," he commenced.

"Very well, sir; levy on the furniture," said Miss Johnson, indignantly.

"I mean, Miss Johnson, there is a bond—a mutual bond—"

"Never mind the bond, take the furniture, I say. Take—"

"You do not understand me, madame. I came here to court—"

"But this is no court, sir. There is no officer."

"Yes, Miss Johnson, your father said this morning: 'Mr. Mason, I look upon your offer, sir, with favor'—"

"Your officer?"

"My offer, madame—my offer of marriage. I love you, I adore—"

"Goodness gracious!" and Miss Johnson fell fainting to the floor.

An Exact Witness.

A descendant of the ancient squatter who, like his predecessor, has from earliest recollection been living on lands whose title is just about as genuine as the title of the average colonel, was summoned before court as a witness. The old man had heard a great deal of courts, and how it was the aim of lawyers to "ketch a feller in a lie and make fun of him," and he was resolved not to allow himself to be disgraced.

"What is your name?" asked the lawyer.

"Which one? I've got several."

"The one that you sign?"

"I don't sign none; I can't write."

"Is your name Peggleton?"

"That's part of it."

"What's the other part?"

"You guessed so well the first time, now guess again."

"The summons says that your name is Josiah Peggleton; is that correct?"

"I reckon it is."

"You have known the prisoner a long time, I understand."

"I never seed the prisoner before."

"Look out, sir, you'll perjure yourself. It is well known that you have been intimate with the man Jackson."

"Yes, I know Jackson mighty well."

"Thought you never saw him before?"

"I didn't say it."

"Yes, you did. Your exact words were, 'I never saw the prisoner before.'"

"I never did, for he wan't a prisoner when I seed him."

"Ah, a very fine construction. See that you continue to be so particular. Did you see the quarrel between Jackson and Alrichs?"

"No, sir; never seed it."

"Look out, sir, look out! Were you present when the two men quarreled, and fought!"

"I was thar."

"Thought you said that you didn't see the quarrel?"

"I didn't see it. I heard it."

"You are very exact. We'll see how far your analysis will serve you. I understand then that you heard the quarrel?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't you say that you heard it?"

"Yes, but I don't know what you understand."

"How far apart were they standing?"

"I didn't measure it."

"How far do you think?"

"I don't think."

"Your Honor," exclaimed the lawyer, "I wish you would impress upon this man the importance of answering my questions. The result of this case depends much upon his testimony."

"Mr. Peggleton," said the judge, "you must tell what you know about the fight in a straightforward manner."

"You're the judge, I reckon."

"Yes, I'm the judge."

"An' you want me to tell what I know about this fight in a straightforward manner? Well, the fight wa'n't in a straightforward manner, for you never seed sich a scratchin' and twistin' around. The two men met, cussed each other, and fit. They fit because they cussed, but I don't know why they cussed. One knocked the other down, and then the other knocked him down. Then they fit. Arter awhile the other one fell and got up and knocked him down. Then they fit. About this time the thing got sorter interestin', and I sorter wanted to jine hands myself, but I didn't. Arter awhile they stopped, and cussed while they was restin'. Then they fit again, an' both of them fell over a chunk. I couldn't keep out any longer. The temptation was too strong, and while they

laid on the ground I gethered a pole an' says, 'here's to you, boys,' and hit both of 'em at once. Then I jumped the fence an' run away, and that's all I know about the fight. Thank you for your perlite attention," and before he could be restrained he had left the court-room.

Commenced Work Very Young.

A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born."

The lawyer who cross-examined her, said :

"You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?"

"I do."

"What did he do the first year?"

"*He milked.*"

Gen. Butler's Hard Witness.

"How high was the dam?" asked Gen. Butler of a stubborn witness.

"About twenty feet."

"What was there on top of the dam?"

"A log."

"What did the log rest on at the east end?"

"On a rock."

"What did the west end rest on?"

"Don't know."

The general dropped his pen suddenly and sharply cried out :

"You don't know? Why don't you know?"

The witness changed the cross of his legs and shifted his quid to the other cheek and then replied :

"Because I don't."

The general got up enthusiastically, and pointed his index finger at the witness and shrieked out :

"Do you mean to tell this court and jury that you can't tell what the west end of the log rested on?"

"Certainly I do."

"When did you see the log last?"

"Day before yesterday."

"And didn't you see the west end of the log?"

"No."

"Now, on your oath, tell us why you can't tell what the west end of that log rested on?" shouted the general, with great solemnity.

"Because the west end was stuck in the bank."

Tableau. Judge H—— and the lawyers enjoyed a silent laugh as the general sighed out a surprised "Ah!"

The sheriff rapped and cried out "silence" to the laughing crowd.

* *
*

An irritable and obstinate judge gave great offence to Lawyer Brady, by refusing attention to his argument, upon which the lawyer, turning to a friend, observed rather sharply:

"That judge," said Brady, "has every quality of a jackass—except patience."

Answered Correctly.

"And now, Mrs. Sullivan," said lawyer Thomson, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury whether your husband was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

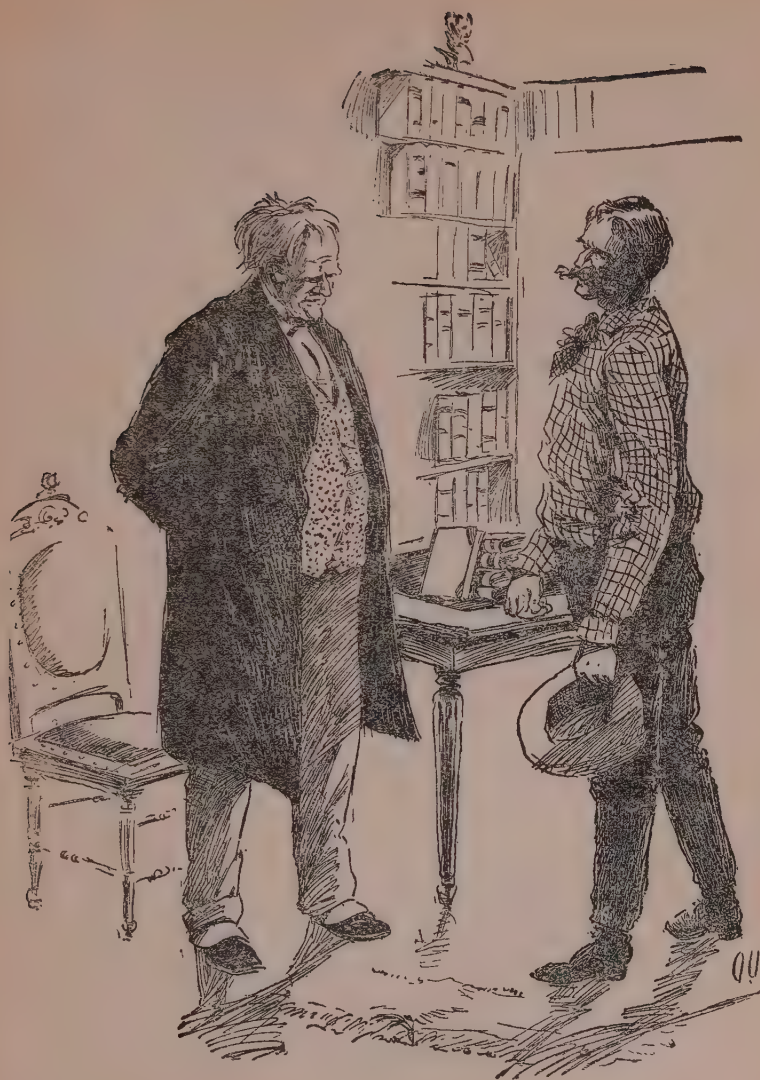
"Wid what, sir?"

"With impunity."

"He wuz, sir, now and thin; but he sthruke me ofthener wid his fisht."

The Effect of a Strong Plea.

A man in North Carolina who was saved from conviction for horse-stealing by the powerful plea of his lawyer, after his acquittal by the jury, was asked by the lawyer:



"I'll be doggoned if I ain't got my doubts about it." (See page 393.)

"Honor bright, now, Bill, you did steal that horse, didn't you?"

"Now, look a-here, judge," was the reply, "I allers did think I stole that hoss, but since I hearn your speech to that 'ere jury, I'll be doggoned if I a'n't got my doubts about it."

Proof Positive.

"And you say that you are innocent of the charge of stealing a rooster from Mr. Jones?" asked an Arkansas judge of a meek-looking prisoner.

"Yes, sir, I am innocent — as innocent as a child."

"You are confident that you did not steal the rooster from Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, sir; and I can prove it."

"How can you prove it?"

"I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones' rooster, Judge, because I stole two hens from Mr. Graston the same night, and Jones lives five miles from Graston's."

"The proof is conclusive," said the judge. "Discharge the prisoner."

A Smart Witness.

Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial a witness (Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

Lawyer (with a bland and confidence-invoking smile). "Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

Witness (with a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable). "Astraddle, I believe, sir."

Lawyer (with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation on his cheek, but still speaking in his blandest tones). "But, sir, what gait does he ride?"

Witness. "He never rides any gate, sir. His boys ride all the gates."

Lawyer (his bland smile gone and his voice slightly husky). "But how does he ride when in company with others?"

Witness. "Keeps up, if his horse is able; if not, he goes behind."

Lawyer (triumphantly, and in perfect fury). "How does he ride when alone, sir?"

Witness. "Don't know; never was with him when he was alone."

Lawyer. "I have done with you, sir."

Value of a St. Louis Character.

"Well, prisoner, you say you lived in St. Louis?"

"Yes, sir; and when I came to that town three years ago I had no character, but now—"

"What now?"

"Why, Jedge, now I have a character, and—"

"That settles it. Ten dollars and thirty days," said the judge. "A man with no character at all is a better citizen than a man with a St. Louis character. Call the next case."

Debts of Honor.

The famous Paul Jones, having resolved to pay his debts, first discharged those which are termed debts of honor. An artisan, who was one of his creditors, called on him and presented his bill.

"I have no money just now, my friend," said Jones.

"But, sir, I know that you paid away fifty pounds this morning, and that you have still some left."

"Oh! that was a debt of honor."

"Well, sir, I will make mine one also;" and so saying the man threw his account into the fire.

Absent-Mindedness.

"What would be your notion of absent-mindedness?" asked Rufus Choate of a witness whom he was cross-examining.

"Well," said the witness, with a strong Yankee accent, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum, and took it out'n 'is pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it, was a *leetle* absent-minded."

What Next?

"What did you have at the first saloon you stopped?" asked a lawyer of a witness in an assault and battery case.

"What did we have? Four glasses of ale, sir."

"What next?"

"Two glasses of whisky."

"Next?"

"One glass of brandy."

"Next?"

"A fight."

* *

A lawyer, on being called to account by Rufus Choate for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fee from his client, pleaded that he had taken *all* the man had.

"Very well," said Mr. Choate, "we will have to excuse you, then."

Smarter Than He Looked.

"William Look! Tell us, William, who made you?" said Lawyer Thompson, of Little Rock, to a half-witted witness.

William, who was considered a fool, screwed up his face, and looking thoughtful and somewhat bewildered, answered, "Moses, I suppose."

"That will do," said Lawyer Thompson, addressing the court. "Witness says he supposes Moses made him. That

is an intelligent answer; more than I thought him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of Scripture. I submit it was not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness capable of giving evidence."

"Mr. Judge," said the fool, "may I ax the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"Well, then, Mr. Lawyer, who do you suppose made you?"

"Aaron, I suppose," said Lawyer Thompson, imitating the witness.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness drawled out: "Wall, now, we do read in the Book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd a thought the critter had got in here."

The judge ordered the man to be sworn.

A Sharp Dialogue.

"What's gone of your husband, woman?" asked a judge of an Irish woman.

"What's gone of him, yer honor? Faith, and he's gone dead."

"Ah—pray what did he die of?"

"Die of, yer honor? He died of a Friday."

"I don't mean what day of the week, but what complaint?"

"Faith, and it's himself that did not get time to complain."

"Did he die very suddenly?"

"Yes, very suddenly for him."

"Did he fall in a fit?"

No answer.

"He fell down in a fit, perhaps?"

"Why, no, not exactly a fit, your honor. He fell out of a window, or through a cellar door—I don't know what they call it."

"Oh, ay—and broke his neck."

"No, not quite that, yer worship."

"What then?"

"There was a bit of sthring, or cord, or that like, and 't' throttled poor Mike."

"Quite likely. Call the next case."

* * *

"You are a nuisance; I'll commit you," said an offended judge to a noisy person in court. "You have no right to commit a nuisance," said the offender.

* * *

When a Kentucky judge, some years ago, was asked by an attorney, upon some strange ruling,

"Is that law, your honor?" he replied:

"If the court understand herself, and she think he do, it are!"

Intelligent Juror.

"Ah," said a Louisiana lawyer to a clay-eating white man from the hills, what brought you to Lake Providence?"

"'Why, sir,' said the countryman, 'I am fatched here as a jury, and they say if I go home they will have to *find* me, and they moun't do that, as I live a good piece.'

"'What jury are you on?' asked a lawyer.

"'What jury?'

"'Yes, what jury? Grand or traverse jury?'

"'Grand or travis jury? dad fetch it if I know.'

"'Well,' said the lawyer, 'did the judge charge you?'

"'Well, squire,' said he, 'the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and kinder bosses it over the crowd gin us a talk, but I don't know whether he *charged* anything or not.'

"The crowd broke up in a roar of laughter, and the sheriff called court."

The Absent-minded Lawyer.

ELL PERKINS.

George Harding, Esq., the distinguished Philadelphia patent lawyer, and a brother of William Harding, the accomplished editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, is remarkable for a retentive memory.

On Saturday Mr. Harding rode down to Wall street in a Broadway omnibus. At the Domestic Sewing-Machine building a beautiful young lady got in and handed fifty cents to the distinguished attorney, requesting him to please hand it to the driver.

"With pleasure," said Mr. Harding, at the same time passing the fifty cents up through the hole to the stage-man.

The driver made the change and handed forty cents back to Mr. Harding, who quietly put it away into his vest pocket, and went on reading a mowing-machine brief.

Then all was silent.

The young lady began to look nervously at Mr. Harding for her change. "Can it be possible that this is one of those polite confidence men we read of in books?" she thought to herself.

Then she looked up timidly and asked Mr. Harding something about the Brooklyn ferry.

"Oh, the boats run very regular—every three minutes," replied the interrupted lawyer, trying to smile. Then he went on reading his brief.

"Do the boats run from Wall street to Astoria?" continued the young lady.

"I don't know, madame," replied Mr. H., petulantly; "I'm not a resident of New York; I'm a Philadelphian."

"Ah! yes"—(then a silence).

Mr. Harding again buried himself in his brief, while the young lady *ahemed* and asked him what the fare was in the New York stage.

"Why, ten cents, madame—ten cents."

"But I gave you fifty cents to give to the driver," interrupted the young lady, "and—"

"Didn't he return your change? Is it possible? Here, driver!" the lawyer continued, dropping the brief and pulling the strap violently, "why the dickens don't you give the lady her forty cents, sir, forty cents?"

"I did give her the change. I gave forty cents to you, and you put it in your own pocket," shouted back the driver.

"To me?" said Mr. Harding, feeling in his vest pocket, from which his fingers brought out four ten-cent pieces. "Gracious goodness, madame! I beg ten thousand pardons, but—but—"

"Oh, never mind," said the lady, eyeing him suspiciously, "you know a lady in a wicked city like New York has to look out for herself. It's no matter—it wasn't the forty cents; but before I had left home mother cautioned me against polite confidence men, who look so good outside, but—"

"Goodness gracious! my dear woman!" exclaimed Mr. Harding, while all the passengers eyed him with suspicion, "I assure you—"

But the stage stopped then, and the young lady, holding fast to her *port-money*, got out and fled into the Custom House, while Mr. Harding went on filling up in this form:

"Goodness gracious! Did you ever? O Lord! what shall I do?" etc.

The distinguished lawyer got so excited about the affair that he went back to Philadelphia next morning—a ruined man. He even forgot to take a \$10,000 fee which Ketchum was to pay him in a mowing-machine case. He says he'd rather pay \$10,000 than to let the Philadelphia fellows get hold of the story, for fear they would be asking him what he wanted to do with that poor woman's forty cents.

Examination of Lawyers.

Q.—What is a writ of attachment?

Ans.—A letter from my sweetheart.

Q.—What is a stay of proceedings?

Ans.—Finding a roach in a plate of soup you have beer eating.

Q.—When do you discontinue suit.

Ans.—When another fellow cuts you out.

Q.—What is an appeal?

Ans.—When cornered by your washerwoman to ask for more time.

Q.—What is personal property?

Ans.—A wife and children.

Q.—What is a “quo warranto?”

Ans.—A writ inquiring by what right one man can kiss another's wife.

Q.—What is a distress?

Ans.—A pain in the stomach.

Judge Shay.

Judge Shay, of New York, was traveling in Ireland, and on one occasion was obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued:

“Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge, would you not?”

“Yes, your honor,” said Pat; “and I think your honor would have been a long time in the ould country before ye'd been a judge, too.”

He Was a Good Man.

A New York judge was examining an Irish witness, who lives down near Five Points, in regard to the morality of a prisoner, when the following colloquy took place:

Judge. “Do you know the prisoner, sir?”

Irish witness. “Yes, sir.”

Judge. “How long has he been in this country?”

Witness. "A little over five year."

Judge. "Is he a man of good moral character?"

Witness (quite bewildered). "Sure, your honor, I don't know what moral character means."

Judge. "Well, sir, I will talk more plainly to you. Does O'Brien stand fair before the community?"

Witness (completely nonplused). "By my sowl, I don't apprehend your maning, your honor."

Judge (rather irritated). "I mean to ask you, sir, if O'Brien, the person who wants to be a citizen, and for whom you are a witness, is a good man or not?"

Witness. "Oh! why didn't you ax me that way before? To be sure he is a good man. Sure and I've seen him in ten fights during the last two years, and every time he licked his man."

Rough On the Lawyer.

A very eminent lawyer in New York received a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand whom he was trying to brow-beat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat, it was necessary that Mr. A., the lawyer, should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:

"How old are you?" asked the lawyer.

"Seventy-two years," answered the witness.

"Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

"I do not know but it is."

"State some circumstance," said the lawyer, "which occurred, say, twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember."

"I appeal to your honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner; it is insolent," exclaimed the witness to the judge.

"You had better answer the question," said the judge

"Yes, sir ; state it !" commanded the lawyer.

"Well, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B.'s office, did you not ?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer.

"Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me, 'Mr. D., my son is to be examined tomorrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a new suit of clothes.' I remember, also, from that day to this he has not paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it was but yesterday."

Lewis On Lawyers.

"Have you had a job to-day, Tim ?" inquired a well-known legal gentleman of the equally well-known, jolly, florid-faced old drayman, who, rain or shine, summer or winter, is rarely absent from his post in front of the post-office.

"Bedad, I did, sor."

"How many ?"

"On'y two, sor."

"How much did you get for both ?"

"Sivinty cints, sor."

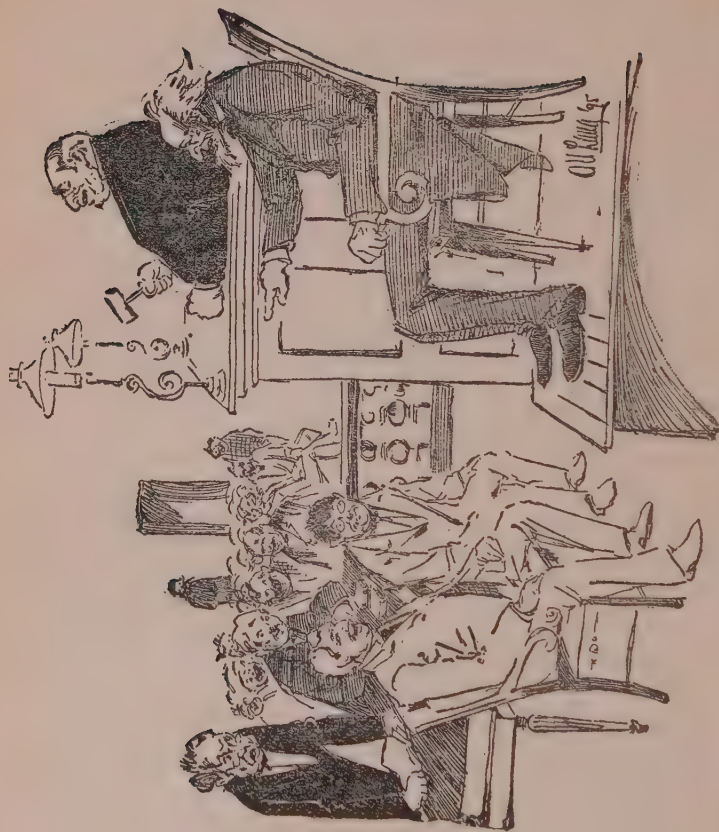
"Seventy cents ! How in the world do you expect to live and keep a horse on seventy cents a day ?"

"Some days I have half a dozen jobs, sor ; but bizness has been dull to-day, sor. On'y the hauling of a trunk for a gintilman for forty cints, an' a load of furniture for thirty cints ; an' there was the pots an' the kittles, an' the divil on'y knows phat ; a big load, sor."

"Do you carry big loads of household goods for thirty cents ?"

"She was a poor widdy, sor, an' had no more to give me. I took all she had, sor ; an' bedad, sor, a lyer could have done no better nor that, sor."

And old Tim had won the first fall.



'I remember also from that day to this he has not paid me that sum.' (See page 402.)

Carrying a Joke Too Far.

Bill Jones stole a saw, and on his trial he told the Judge that he only took it as a joke.

"How far did you carry it!" inquired the Judge.

"Two miles," answered the prisoner.

"Ah! Mr. Jones, that's carrying a joke too far," said the Judge, and the prisoner was sentenced to jail for three months.

* *
* *

"Prisoner, why did you follow this man and beat and kick him so shamefully?"

"I am sorry, your honor—I was a little drunk, and I thought it was my wife."

A Leadville Coroner's Jury.

A man was found dead in Leadville, writes Eli Perkins, and the coroner's jury summoned to investigate the case brought in the following verdict:

We find that Jack Smith came to his death from "heart disease." We found two bullet holes and a dirk knife in that organ, and we recommend that Bill Younger be lynched to prevent the spreading "of the disease."

Negro Idea of Justice.

Eli Perkins.

I was visiting Darlington, South Carolina, in 1868, writes Eli Perkins, where I attended court presided over by a negro justice.

"Cæsar Green, an aged colored man, had been arrested for stealing a cow, killing her and disposing of the meat. The hide and horns found on Mr. Green's premises were proof of the crime. In fact, Green confessed to stealing the cow.

"Well, Mr. Green," said the Darkey judge, "you stands

'victed ob stealin' de cow. Now, what you got to say for yusself? What you gwine to do 'bout it?"

"I hain't got nuffin to say, jedge, but I 'spose jestice demands dat I pay for de cow?"

"Yes, you's got to pay seventeen dollars for de cow," said the justice, sternly, "and dot will settle it."

"But, jedge, I hain't got de seventeen dollars."

"No money at ole?"

"No, not a cent, jedge."

"Does anybody owe you any money?" asked the judge.

"Yes," said the culprit, "Jack Smith owes me seventeen dollar, and hes done owed it to me since Christmas."

"Very well," said the judge, sternly. "Justice must take her course. De law must be satisfied. I order de sheriff to discharge de pris'ner an' arrest Jack Smith, an' hold him in close 'finement till he pays de seventeen dollars."

When I left Darlington, two weeks after, I learned Smith had paid the seventeen dollars, and justice (colored) was satisfied.

He Wouldn't Bump.

At the last term of the court of common pleas of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, there happened to be upon the docket a case of "Bump against Baker." When judge Beer reached this case upon the first call there was no answer, and the judge called out to the attorney for the plaintiff:

"Mr. Jones, 'Bump against Baker.'"

Mr. Jones, who had not been paying strict attention, and evidently not comprehending the situation, looked up and said:

"*Bump against him yourself, Judge.*"

* *
*

Two lawyers were conversing about a case, when one said: "We have justice on our side." "What we want," said the other, "is the *Chief Justice*."

The Perjurer.

"Then, gentlemen," said Judge Johnson, of Nashville, to the jury, "thar's subornation of perjury, which is likewise forbid by law, and which I reckon is one of the meanest crimes that men get to do fur money. It's when a feller is too smart or too scary to swar to a lie hisself, and so gets another man to do it fur him, and one of yer mean, dirty, snivelin', little-minded fellers! Why, a whole regiment of sich souls could hold a jubilee in the middle of a mustard seed, and never hear of one another!"

* *
*

"Would you convict a man on circumstantial evidence?" asked an Arkansaw judge.

"I dunno wot dat is, jedge."

"Well, what do you think it is?"

"Well, 'cordin' to my judgment, sarcumstanshil is 'bout dis: If one man shoots annudder and kills him, he orter to be hung for it. Ef he don't kill him, he orter go to the plenipotentiary."

The Old Spoons Story.

Colonel Charles Spencer, our New York counselor at law, some years ago had to defend one Marshall, charged with larceny, and against whom there was very strong evidence. Before the trial Spencer went to his client and told him that his only chance of escape was in a plea of insanity, and he advised him to play the lunatic, and to answer all questions put to him with the word "spoons." The day of the trial came on, and Marshall took his place in the dock, pale, haggard and wild-looking.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

"Spoons!" drawled the prisoner, with a blank stare.

"Come, plead guilty or not guilty," repeated the clerk.

"Spoons!" was the only reply.

"Prisoner, will you answer the question put to you, or do you want to be punished for contempt?" asked the judge.

"Spoons," bawled the prisoner, still unmoved.

At this point the counsel for the prisoner interfered, and told the court that his client was not in a condition to be put on trial, as he was evidently not responsible for his actions, and it was an outrage on a free citizen, etc.

"Do you understand what is said?" asked the judge, addressing the prisoner.

"Spoons," was his reply, in accents wild.

It was evident that the man was crazy, and the judge ordered him discharged. He was taken charge of by his friends, who were present, and left the court with them. Counselor Spencer followed them, and, congratulating him on his escape, suggested that it might be a good idea to pay him his fee. His client stared at him with blank amazement, and moved away with the simple remark, "Spoons."

Too Much Alibi.

"You say that Ellis plowed for you all day on the 29th of November?" asked a lawyer who was trying to disprove an alibi.

"Yes," replied the witness, referring to his memorandum book.

"What did he do on the 30th?" continued the lawyer.

"He chopped wood."

"On the 31st?"

"That was Sunday, and he went a squirrel hunting."

"What did he do on the 32d?"

"He threshed the wheat on that day."

"What did he do on the 33d?"

"It was raining, and he shaved out some handles."

"What did he do on the 34th?"

"He chopped wood."

"What did he do on the ——"

But before the question could be finished, the witness' wife seized him by the collar and whisked him outside of the witness box, yelling in his affrighted ear, "You old fool ! don't you know that there are only *thirty-one* days in the month of November ?"

Brady and the Cobbler.

When James T. Brady first opened a lawyer's office in New York, he took a basement room which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered.

"The cobbler's gone, I see," he said.

"I should think he has," tartly responded Brady.

"And what do ye sell ?" he said, looking at the solitary table and a few law books.

"Blockheads," responded Brady.

"Begorra," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business — ye hain't got but one left."

A Good Excuse.

"If your honor please, I'd like to get off the jury," said a juryman to Judge Oakey, of New York, just as the trial was about to commence.

"You can't get off without a good excuse," said the judge.

"I have a good reason."

"You must tell it, or serve," said the judge.

"But, your honor, I don't believe the other jurors would care to have me serve."

"Why not ? out with it !"

"Well ——" (hesitating).

"Go on !"

"I've got the itch."

"Mr. Clerk," was the witty reply, "scratch that man out."

It is needless to say that this was one of the most mirth-provoking scenes that ever occurred in the court-room.

You Won't Strike a Man When He's Down.

Curran, the Irish barrister, was a man of great magnetic force. His oratorical powers were of the most splendid style, and his wit, pathos and sarcasm irresistible. He is said to have received a call before he had left his bed one morning, from a man whom he had roughly, and with a good deal of insolence, cross-examined the day before.

"Sir," said this irate man, presenting himself in Curran's bedroom, and arousing the barrister from slumber to a consciousness that he was in a very awkward position, "I am the gentleman you insulted yesterday in court, in the presence of the whole county, and I have come to thrash you soundly for it." Thus suiting the action to the word, he raised a horse-whip to strike Curran, when the latter quickly said :

"You don't mean to strike a man when he's down?"

"No, bedad ; I'll jist wait till you've got out of bed, and then I'll give it to you."

Curran's eye twinkled humorously as he replied :

"If that's the case, by——, I'll lie here all day."

So amused was the Irishman at this flash of wit, that he dropped his whip, and with a hearty roar of laughter, asked Curran to shake hands with him.

His wit, at times, was extremely bitter, as when asked by a young poet, whom he disliked :

"Have you seen my 'Descent into Hell?'" he replied :

"No ; I should be delighted to see it."

At other times, his humor was warm and delightful, as for example, when his physician one morning observed :

"You seem to cough with more difficulty?" he replied :

"That is rather surprising, for I have been practicing all night."

Rough on Blackstone.

A young lawyer in Arkansas was arguing a case before a judge whose self-conceit was in inverse proportion to his knowledge of the law.

The counsel was endeavoring to sustain a legal position he had taken in the case. He proceeded to quote Blackstone, when the court interrupted him by saying :

"It is presumed, sir, that this court knows the law."

"Yes, your honor, but the presumption of the court may be abutted," suggested the attorney.

"Sit down, sir, or the court will commit you for contempt. This court will not be dictated to with impunity ; and if such an infringement be made again on its dignity, it will immediately order the offender to jail."

"Well, if your honor please, I don't say that my point is well taken. I have great respect for this court, but I'd just like to read a little from Blackstone to show what a blamed old jackass he must have been."

Saluting the Jury.

A man who had never seen the inside of a law court until he was recently introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of the Scotch courts, on being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury, and began telling his story to the judge. The judge, in a bland and courteous manner, said :

"Address yourself to the jury, sir."

The man made a short pause, but, not comprehending what was said to him, forthwith continued his narrative. The judge was then more explicit, and said to him :

"Speak to the jury, sir — the men sitting behind you on the benches."

The witness at once turned round, and, making an awkward bow, said, with great gravity of manner :

"Good morning, gentlemen !"

* *

"Silence in the court !" thundered a Kentucky judge the other morning. "Half a dozen men have been convicted already without the court's having been able to hear a word of the testimony."

* *

Judge. "Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed on you?"

Prisoner. "No, judge. I had ten dollars but my lawyer took that."

* *

Judge Shay, of New York, went to a hotel in Switzerland, and, strutting up to the proprietor, said in an over-powering manner, "I want a room, the best you have, for I am Judge Shay, of New York."

"It makes no difference, sir," said the hotel keeper, "I will try and treat you as well as anyone else."

* *

Judge Grier, late of the United States Supreme Court, was once trying a case in Pennsylvania. A blundering jury returned an unjust verdict. As the clerk turned to record it, Judge Grier said :

"Mr. Clerk, that verdict is set aside by the court. It may as well be understood that in this State it takes thirteen men to steal a man's farm."

* *

A Chicago lady once applied to a Learned Judge for a divorce.

"What is the name of the husband?" inquired the Learned Judge.

"I have no husband yet, but inasmuch as I contemplate matrimony, I feel that I should be prepared for the worst."

Mixed Grammar.

A man had been caught in theft, and pleaded in extenuation that he was drunk.

Court (to the policeman, who was witness)—"What did the man say when you arrested him?"

Witness—"He said he was drunk."

Court—"I want his precise words, just as he uttered them; he didn't use the pronoun *he*, did he? He didn't say *he* was drunk?"

Witness—"Oh, yes, he did—he said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

Court (getting impatient at the witness' stupidity)—"You don't understand me at all; I want the words as he uttered them; didn't he say I was drunk?"

Witness (deprecatingly)—"Oh, no, your honor, he didn't say you were drunk; I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

Prosecutor—"Pshaw! you don't comprehend at all; his honor means, did not the prisoner say, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (reflectively)—"Well, he might have said you was drunk, but I didn't hear him."

Attorney for the Prisoner—"What the court desires is to have you state the prisoner's own words, preserving the precise form of the pronoun that he made use of in reply. Was it first person, I, second person, thou, or the third person, he, she, or it? Now, then, sir, (with severity) upon your oath, didn't my client say, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (getting mad)—"No, he didn't say *you* was drunk, either, but if he had I reckon he wouldn't a lied any. Do you s'pose the poor fellow charged the whole court with being drunk?"

E. Perkins — Attorney at Law.

I am now ready to commence the practice of law in New York. I've been reading New York law for two weeks — night and day. I find all law is based on precedents. Whenever a client comes to me and tells me he has committed a great crime, I take down the precedent and tell him what will become of him if he don't run away.

In cases where clients contemplate great crimes, I tell them beforehand what will be the penalty if they don't buy a jurymen.

Yesterday a man came to me and said he wanted to knock Mayor Hall's teeth down his throat. "What will be the penalty, Mr. Perkins?" he asked.

"Are they false teeth or real teeth?" I inquired.

"False, I think, sir."

"Then don't do it, sir. False teeth are personal property, but if they are real, knock away. These are the precedents:"

TEETH CASES.

A fellow on Third avenue borrowed a set of false teeth from the show case of a dentist, and he was sent to Sing Sing for four years.

Another fellow knocked a man's real teeth down his throat, and Judge Barnard let him off with a reprimand!

The next day comptroller Green came to me and wanted to knock out Mr. Chas. A. Dana's eye, because Mr. Dana wrote such long editorials.

"Are they real eyes or glass eyes, Mr. Green?" I asked.

"One looks like glass, the other is undoubtedly real," said Mr. Green.

"Then read this precedent and go for the real eye:"

POSSIBLE EYE CASES.

Making off with a man's glass eye—two years in Sing Sing.

Tearing out a man's real eye—a fine of \$5.

In cases of legs I find these precedents:

Stealing a man's crutch—two years in the penitentiary.

Breaking a man's leg—a fine of \$10.

So I advise clients to go for real eyes and real legs.

GENERALLY.

I conclude—

Damage to a man's property —
the penitentiary and severest pen-
alty which the law admits.

I conclude—

Damage to or destruction of a
man's life — acquittal or a recom-
mendation to mercy.

Now I am ready to practice. I prefer murder or man-
slaughter cases, as they are the simplest. If you want to shoot
a man come and see me, and I'll make a bargain with the judge
and jury, and get you bail beforehand.

Naturalization Court Scenes.

N. Y. Sun.

The scenes witnessed in the New York courts just prior to
the annual elections, when the rush to obtain the rights of
citizenship is at its height, are often ludicrous. In the Com-
mon Pleas, for instance, an Irishman, accompanied by a
witness as to character, approached Judge Brady, when the
following colloquy occurred :

Judge : " You know this individual ? "

Witness : " Av course I do. "

Judge : " Is he a man of good moral character ? "

Witness : " Well, your honor, he rades the Boible, he plays
the feddle, he doesn't whip the ould woman, and now and then
he takes a dhrop of whisky. Will that suit ? "

* * * * *

Later, a pair on the same errand entered Judge Daly's
court :

Judge : " You know this person ? "

Witness : " Y-a-a-s. "

Judge : " Is his character good ? "

Witness : " Mein Gott, chudge ! Of gourse it is ; *he's a
paker !* "

* * * * *

Lastly, an Irishman came up before Judge Brady for natur-
alization :

" How long, Patrick, have you been in this country ? " asked
the judge.

"Six years, y'r honor."

"Where did you land?"

"In New York, sir."

"Have you ever been out of the United States since you landed, six years ago?" asked the judge.

"Niver but once, y'r honor."

"And where did you go then?"

"To *Elmira*, y'r honor."

The judge joined heartily in the explosion that followed, but he gave the Irishman his papers, and after the adjournment returned to his residence in foreign lands.

The Irishman got his papers and left the United States again for *Elmira*.

* * *

"Are you the judge of reprobates?" said Mrs. Partington, as she walked into an office of a judge of probate.

"I am a judge of probate," was the reply.

"Well, that's it, I expect," said the old lady. "You see my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

Eli Perkins on Thad Stevens.

When I lectured before the Carlisle (Pa.) Teachers' Institute they told me innumerable stories about that grim old patriot and Anti-Slavery agitator, Thad Stevens.

One day the old man was practicing in the Carlisle courts, and he didn't like the ruling of the presiding judge. A second time the judge ruled against "old Thad," when the old man got up with scarlet face and quivering lips and commenced tying up his papers as if to quit the court room.

"Do I understand, Mr. Stevens," asked the Judge, eyeing "old Thad" indignantly, "that you wish to show your contempt for this court?"

"No, sir; no, sir," replied "old Thad." "I don't want to show my contempt, sir. I'm trying to conceal it!"

Precise Words.

A witness was examined in a case before Judge Folger, who required him to repeat the *precise* words spoken. The witness hesitated until he rivited the attention of the entire court upon him, then, fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, began :

“May it please your honor,” he said, “‘you lie and steal, and get your living by stealing.’”

The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately said :

“Turn to the *jury*, sir.”

Hog and Bacon.

Lord Bacon as a wit, a lawyer, a judge and philosopher, will be remembered through the ages to come, down to the last syllable of recorded time. His life with all its accomplishments is marred with unpleasant scenes. Much humor is traced to him as its source. Perhaps the most amusing thing occurred in the case of the criminal Hogg, convicted of a felony, who begged his honor not to pass sentence of death upon him, because hog and bacon were so near akin to each other ; to which he replied :

“My friend, you and I cannot be kindred unless you be hanged, for hog is not *bacon* until it is hung.” And then sentence was passed upon him.

Lawyer's Modest Fees.

George Smith, of Norwich, Conn., had failed in business and sold out, and having two or three tough little bills, had given them to this lawyer for collection. Smith went to the office to receive the proceeds. The amount collected was about fifty dollars.

“I'm sorry you've been so unfortunate, Smith, for I take a

great interest in you. I shan't charge you so much as I should if I didn't feel so much interest in you."

Here he handed Smith fifteen dollars, and kept the balance.

"You see, Smith," continued the lawyer, "I knew you when you were a boy, and I knew your father before you, and I take a good deal of interest in you. Good morning; come and see me again!"

Smith, moving slowly out of the door, and ruefully contemplating the avails, was heard to mutter,

"Thank God, you didn't know my grandfather."

The State is Drunk.

A few years ago, the State's attorney of a northern county in Vermont, although a man of great legal ability, was very fond of the bottle. On one occasion, an important criminal case was called on by the clerk, but the attorney, with owl-like gravity, kept his chair.

"Mr. Attorney, is the State ready to proceed?" said the judge.

"Yes—hic—no—your honor," stammered the lawyer; "the State is not—in a state to try this case, to-day; the State, your honor, is—drunk!"

A Fellow Feeling on the Part of a Judge.

A gentleman was arraigned before an Arkansas justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. He had entered a store, pretending to be a customer, but proved to be a thief.

"Your name is Jim Lickmore," said the justice.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are charged with a crime that merits a long term in the penitentiary?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are guilty of the crime?"

"I am."

"And you ask for no mercy?"

"No, sir."

"You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"You have often wished that you were dead?"

"I have, please your honor."

"You wanted to steal money enough to take you away from Arkansaw?"

"You are right, judge."

"If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store, you would have said, 'Thank you sir?'"

"Yes, sir, I would. But, judge, how did you find out so much about me?"

"Some time ago," said the judge, with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly afterward you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this fifty-dollar bill. You have suffered enough."

The Lawyer Used Up.

Some years ago up in Connecticut, a long, lean Yankee dropped into the old Franklin Hotel. The weather was cold, and a knot of lawyers were in the bar-room sitting around the fire, smoking, drinking and chatting.

A young sprig spoke to him and said :

"You look like a traveler."

"Wall, I 'spose I am ; I come from Wisconsin afoot, 'tany rate."

"From Wisconsin ! that is quite a distance to come on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through the 'lower regions' in your travels?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, a kind of wicked look stealing

over his ugly phizmahogany, "I 'ben through the outskirts."

"I thought it likely. Well, what is it like down there?"

"Oh," said the Yankee, deliberately, half shutting his eyes, and drawing around the corner of his mouth, "you'll find it much the same as in this region — *the lawyers sit nigh est the fire.*"

Would Rather Be an Ass.

A judge and a lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of transmigration of the souls of men into animal

"Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?"

"The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer.

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Because I have heard of an ass being a judge. but a horse never."

Curran's Wit.

Lord Clare one day brought a Newfoundland dog upon the bench, and began to caress the animal, while Curran was addressing the court. Of course the latter stopped.

"Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said his lordship.

"Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons, my lord," returned the advocate; "I really thought your lordship was employed in consultation."

Jo Guild's Speech.

The Nashville Bar Association presented Judge Jo Guild, the Nestor of the Nashville bar, with a portrait of himself. Gen. Bare made the presentation speech, and Judge Guild responded as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR OF NASHVILLE AND OF THE BAR ASSOCIATION: I am like the old Baptist preacher who was unprepared. He opened his mouth and trusted in God to fill



"You'll find it much the same as in this region—the lawyers sit nearest the fire." (See page 418.)

it. [Laughter.] It would be a great pleasure to me if, when we look back at the distinguished bar that Tennessee has ever been honored with, I could see upon these walls the portraits of the lamented Felix Grundy, of Ephraim H. Foster, William L. Brown, Bane Peyton, of Crab, of Haynes, of John Bell, and that great galaxy of talent that has never been excelled at any bar in these United States. There never was a revolution, there never was a lick struck for liberty, for the cutting down of the prerogative of kingly power, the oppression of the people, but the members of the bar were leaders in the great work. You belong to a noble avocation; you have the example of those great men running down the tide of time to emulate, to admire. It was Cicero's great fire that burned on the forum and in the Senate at Rome; it was his fire that drove the traitor Cataline from Rome, and the infamous Claudius; it was the sacred fire of Demosthenes that aroused Athens; it was the eloquence of Philip that nerved Leonidas and his three hundred followers at Thermopylæ for the salvation of their country; it was a lawyer, when the Apostles became alarmed and dispersed in the garden and deserted the blessed Messiah, that stood firm, his heart swelling with indignation at the treatment of Christ on Calvary amid the Roman bayonets, and then took down our Savior, dressed him in linen and embalmed him in the sepulchre; it was the lawyers of England that rose up against the tyranny of the Tudors, the Stuarts and the Lancasters, and aroused the English to arms; it was Shrewsbury and Lord Bolingbroke who put William and Mary on the throne in 1688. When George the Third sought to oppress the colonies of America, James Otis rose up and made a great speech against the bill of assessments. Old John Adams caught the fire of Otis. The ball was set in motion in Massachusetts, and brought out the celebrated speech of Patrick Henry, the great natural orator, in the Virginia House of Burgesses.

Otis was an argumentative man, and when he ceased to speak his hearers became dissatisfied. He could strike chords of the heart that moved his audience. It was a different kind of oratory from that of Henry. Otis was a beautiful, placid river, that ran along the lawns, kissing the grasses as its waters passed along; but Patrick Henry was one of those mountain streams which come rushing, roaring, frothing, thundering down the mountain—and he just knocked them into a cocked hat e-v-e-r-y time. [Loud, prolonged, and convulsive laughter.]

And whenever I hear a man crying out against the profession of the lawyer, I regard him as worse than an egg-sucking dog. [Renewed laughter.] His mouth ought to be burned with hot eggs. [Laughter.] While I don't contend that lawyers are better than other men, yet from their opportunities, from the whetting of their intellects, from their constant looking into the history of the State, study of human nature, and rubbing up against men, I say that liberty is indebted to the lawyers in every country. Their military fire burns slowly, but when the spirit is touched up with lightning, you may expect the devil from them. [Laughter.]

There was Alexander Hamilton, who probably did more toward carrying the Constitution into effect than any other man. His deeds in the war for independence placed him high in the niche of fame. Few, if any, rose higher; and when he fell, it was like the fall of a towering oak in the silence of the woods. It shocked the American heart. There was old John Adams, too; he was one of those lightning lawyers. And what about old Jackson? Was not he a lawyer? Old Andy Jackson blazed his way with John Overton, McNamy, John Howard, and others. They were the founders of the law in Tennessee. I maintain that there never was a greater military chieftain than Andrew Jackson. The speech of James Otis made old John Adams what he was: the speech of Patrick

Henry made Jefferson what he was. William Pinckney and a host of others of the profession were of the best bred stock in the United States. [Laughter.] It is Lexington and Australian stock mixed.

The members of the bar have ever maintained the fame of their predecessors. Look what a galaxy we had here in 1820. There was old Jenkin Whiteside, Felix Grundy, Andrew Hayes, Dickerson, and Ephraim H. Foster—he was a Saul of Tarsus. [Laughter.] He was a shoulder higher than any of them—as a gallant striding peacock man. [Loud laughter.] I always except old Jackson. [Uproarious laughter.] Come along down, and I say we haven't depreciated. I say, gentlemen, that you can go all over these things and take the lawyers rough and tumble—now, I'm a rough and tumble man myself—[Laughter]—from the Justice of a police court to the supreme court of Tennessee, and I maintain there is not a better bar in America than the Nashville bar. [Applause.]

Now, there were three or four speeches made before me yesterday. There was Bate, Ned Baxter, Williams and Allison. I would say that these speeches would knock the tads out of any of the bar of these United States. [Loud and prolonged laughter.] Although, General Bate, I charged the law against you on one pint, in the other I charged it for you. [Uproarious applause and renewed laughter.] I think we are about even. [Continued laughter.]

I have detained you long enough. I return the bar my heartfelt thanks, and then I thank the president of the association. I think I have said enough. I can only thank you, gentlemen—and I will just stop right here.

The room rang with laughter and shouts of approval as the judge concluded his extraordinary speech.

A Hard Witness.

Prosecuting Attorney. "Mr. Parks, state, if you please, whether you have ever known the defendant to follow any profession!"

Witness. "He's been a professor ever since I knew him."

"Professor of what?"

"A professor of religion."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Parks; what does he do?"

"Generally whatever he pleases."

"Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows."

"Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant follows the crowd when they go to drink."

"This kind of prevarication, Mr. Parks, will not do here. Now state what this defendant does to support himself."

"I saw him last night support himself against a lamp-post."

"That's all, Mr. Parks."

Cross-examined. "Mr. Parks, I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion. Does his practice correspond with his profession?"

"I never heard of any correspondence passing between them."

"You said something about his propensity for drinking; does he drink hard?"

"No, I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw."

"You can take your seat, Mr. Parks;" and Mr. Parks took his seat with the air of a man who had made a clean breast of it, and told all he knew of the subject in hand.

The Chinese Under the Code.

Enter policeman (reads)—"Mr. Quong Long, you are hereby notified, in conformity with the provisions of the new Code, that you must close your shop on Sunday under penalty of the law."

Quong Long—"Codee, me no sabe; what you call Codee."

Officer (aside)—Faith, I'll translate it for the haythen Chineser."—"Big police, Melican man slay you no washee Shlunday; shutle shoppe, go chop chop churchee—D'ye understand that, beggorra?"

Quong Long—"Bring him in tomorrow, one dollee dozen."

Officer—"I don't want washin'. I warn ye to shut your shop tomorrow."

Quong Long (bringing license)—"Big coppee, five dollee, allee lite."

Officer (very mad, and shaking a club)—"Ye'd better mind phat I say or I'll run ye in at sunrise meself."

Quong Long (after consulting his dictionary)—"Me sabe; me Christian; go Melican Sunda-school. Put shuttee up alle time Sunda."

Officer, returning later, finds the following in the window :

Notis.

Sunda.

No washee, no comee. Man must go churchee. New Codee.

QUONG LONG.

An Irishman once pleaded guilty, throwing himself on the mercy of the court. To the surprise of the judge the jury gave a verdict of "*not guilty*." "What do you mean?" exclaimed the judge indignantly; "why the man has confessed his guilt."

"Oh, my lord," exclaimed the foreman, "you do not know that fellow, but *we* do. He is the most notorious liar in the whole county, and no twelve men who know his character can believe a word he says."

The custom of appointing young lawyers to defend pauper criminals received a blow the other day. A well known judge had appointed two young lawyers to defend an old experienced

horse-thief. After inspecting his counsel some time in silence, the prisoner rose in his place and addressed the bench :

“ Air them to defend me ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” said the judge.

“ Both of them ? ” asked the prisoner.

“ Both of them,” responded the judge.

“ Then I plead guilty,” and the poor fellow took his seat and sighed heavily.

A Kentucky jury brought in the verdict: “ Not guilty, if he’ll leave the state ! ”

Our verdict said the foreman of an Arkansas jury is “ that the prisoner is guilty and must be hanged, and we hope it will be a warning to him.”

DOCTORS, WIT AND HUMOR.

Fun and Pathos of the Profession.

An Irish editor says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

How Pat's Life Was Saved.

"Dr. Terry is a good Doctor," I said to Pat one day.

"Ah yis sure, shure Doctor Terry is a foine man intirely, Mister Purkins."

"But he's a good Doctor, isn't he?"

"Well, sur, it's not for the loikes av me fur to be givin' an opanion on a midical man; but I can say this much for him: I was wanst at death's dure, an' it was to Dr. Terry, no less, that I owe me loife."

"How was that? What was the matter you?"

"Ye see, sur, I had a complication of diseases, an' two other doctors did be workin' on me fur some time, an' I was in a moighty bad way, an' the two doctors they give me up an' wint away, an' then my friends they sint' fur Dr. Terry, but he had another engagement, *an' he didn't come!*"

The Doctor Lost Faith in Daniel Webster.

An Arkansas judge had his law office very close to a certain doctor's—in fact, they were separated only by a plank partition with a door in it. The judge was at his table, busy with

his briefs and bills in chancery. The doctor was writing a letter, and, pausing at the word economical, called out :

“ Judge, isn’t e-q-u-i the way to spell equinomical ? ”

“ Yes, I think it is,” said the judge, “ but here is Webster’s dictionary ; I can soon tell.”

He opened the book, and, turning over the leaves, repeated aloud, “ equinomical—equinomical.”

Finding the proper place, he ran his eye and finger up and down the column two or three times, until he was perfectly satisfied that the word in question was not there. Closing the book with a slam, the judge laid his specs on the table, and, rising slowly, broke forth :

“ Well, sir, I have always been a Daniel Webster man, and voted for him for President ; but any man that will write a dictionary as big as this, and not put as common a word as ‘ equi-nomical ’ in it, can’t get my vote for anything hereafter ! ”

“ Halloo, doctor, where are you going ? ”

“ I’m called in to see Smith, who’s down with a cold.”

“ Oh, they’ve called *you* in, have they ? Well, then, I’ll stop at the undertaker’s and have the coffin got ready.”

The Doctor who Knows it all.

Scene : Office of a pompous doctor who knows it all. Enter a tired man, who drops into a seat, and says that he wants treatment. The doctor puts on his eye-glasses, looks at his tongue, feels of his pulse, sounds his chest, and then draws up to his full hight, and says : “ Same old story, my friend. Men can’t live without fresh air. No use trying it. I could make myself a corpse, like you are doing by degrees, if I sat down in my office and didn’t stir. You must have fresh air ; you must take long walks, and brace up by staying out doors. Now, I could make a drug store of you, and you would think

I was a smart man, but my advise to you is to walk, walk, walk."

Patient—But doctor—

Doctor—That's right. Argue the question. That's my reward. Of course you know all about my business. Now, will you take my advice? Take long walks every day, several times a day, and get your blood in circulation.

Patient—I do walk, doctor. I—

Doctor—Of course you do walk. I know that; but walk more. Walk ten times as much as you do now. That will cure you.

Patient—But my business—

Doctor—Of course, your business prevents it. Change your business, so that you will have to walk more. What is your business?

Patient—I am a letter-carrier.

Doctor (paralyzed)—My friend, permit me to once more examine your tongue.

He Bled the Patient.

Ell Perkins.

When my uncle William fell out of a third-story window and broke his nose, I called in the doctor and asked him what was the matter.

The doctor looked at his tongue and said he thought he had tic-doller-o.

"What did he do then?"

"Why, he prescribed bleeding, and bled him out of seventeen dollars."

The Old Doctor.

"When I commenced the practice of medicine," said the doctor, "I was very poor. I used to sit in my office day after day, waiting for patients. I sat like 'Patience on a monument.'"

"How is it now, doctor?"

"Well, things are changed. I haven't *Patience* on a monument any more, but I've got monuments on all of my patients."

* *
*

A physician gave a patient a box of pills, with directions to "take *one pill five times a day*."

Bob Tombs, Alex. Stephens and Peter.

Eli Perkins.

Alex. H. Stephens, the old vice-president of the confederacy, used to tell this story how Peter Bennett, an old Georgia farmer, beat Bob Tombs and Dr. Royston in a law case; and he used to tell it with all the mimicry of Dan Satchett and the elegance of Sam Ward:

Dr. Royston sued farmer Bennett for his bill for medical services. "I told Bennett," said Stephens, "that he could make no defense, that Bob Tombs, a promising young lawyer, was on the other side and he'd surely beat him."

"Never mind," said Bennett, "I want you to speak to the case."

"No, Bennett," I said, "there's no use. If there is any speaking on this case, you'll have to do the talking."

"Very well, I'll do it, then," said Peter, "if you'll hold off Bob Tombs."

I told Bennett I'd take care of Tombs, and was utterly surprised when Peter started off his speech to the jury:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I ain't no lawyer and no doctor, and you ain't nuther, and if we farmers don't stick together these here lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no objections to lawyers and doctors in their place, and some is clever men, but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury. Now this Dr. Royston was a new doctor, and I sent for him to come and doctor my wife's sore leg. And he did, and put some salve truck on it, and some rags, but it never done a

bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he's no doctor, no way. There's doctors as I know is doctors, sure enough, but this ain't no doctor at all."

The farmer was making headway with the jury, when Dr. Royston said, "Here is my diploma."

"His diploma," said Bennet, with great contempt; "that ain't nothin', for no piece of paper ever made a doctor yet."

"Ask my patients," yelled the now thoroughly enraged physician.

"Ask your patients," slowly repeated Bennett, and then deliberating; "ask your patients? Why, they are all dead." Then he rapidly enumerated case after case, most of them among the negro servants and in the neighborhood, of such of the doctor's patients who had succumbed to his pills and powders, and continued: "Ask your patients! Why, I should have to hunt them in the lonely graveyards and rap on the silent tomb to get answers from the dead. You know they can't say nothing to this case, for you've killed 'em all."

Loud was the applause, and Farmer Bennett won his case.

How an Irishman Cornered a Doctor.

A favorite story was of a trial at quarter sessions in Mayo, which developed some of the ingenious resources of the Irishman when he chooses to exercise his talents in an endeavor not to pay. A doctor had summoned a man for the sum of one guinea, due for attendance on the man's wife. The *medico* proved his case, and was about to retire triumphant, when the defendant humbly begged leave to ask him a few questions. Permission was granted, and the following dialogue took place:

Defendant. "Docthor, you remember when I called on you?"

Doctor. "I do."

Def. "What did I say?"

Doc. "You said your wife was sick, and you wished me to go and see her."

Def. "What did you say?"

Doc. "I said I would if you'd pay me my fee."

Def. "What did I say?"

Doc. "You said you'd pay the fee, if you knew what it was."

Def. "What did you say?"

Doc. "I said I'd take the guinea at first, and maybe more in the end, according to the sickness."

Def. "Now, Docthor, by vartue of your oath, didn't I say 'Kill or cure, docthor, I'll give you the guinea?' And didn't you say 'Kill or cure, I'll take it'?"

Doc. "I did; and I agreed to the bargain, and want the guinea accordingly."

Def. "Now, docthor, by vartue of your oath answer this: 'Did you cure my wife'?"

Doc. "No; she's dead. You know that."

Def. "Then, docthor, by vartue of your oath answer this: 'Did you kill my wife'?"

Doc. "No; she died of her illness."

Def. (To the bench)—"Your worship, see this. You heard him tell our bargain. It was to kill or cure. By vartue of his oath he done neither, and he axes the fee!"

The verdict, however, went against poor Pat, notwithstanding his ingenuity.

Exposing a Quack.

David Paul Brown.

A quack had instituted suit to recover his bill for medical services rendered. The defence was quackery and worthlessness of the services rendered. The doctor went upon the witness stand and was subjected to a rigid cross-examination as follows:

"Did you treat the patient according to the most approved rules of surgery?"

"By all means — certainly I did."

"Did you decapitate him?"

"Undoubtedly I did; that was a matter of course."

"Did you perform the Cæsarean operation upon him?"

"Why, of course; his condition required it, and it was attended with very great success."

"Did you then subject his person to autopsy?"

"Certainly; that was the very last remedy I adopted."

"Well, then, doctor," said the counsel, "as you first cut off the defendant's head, then dissected him, and he still survives it, I have no more to ask; and if your claim will survive it, quackery deserves to be immortal."

Early Stages of Consumption.

Alex Sweet.

"When is yer gwine ter Fredericksburg?" asked an Austin darkey who had learned to read, of one who had not acquired the accomplishment.

"I am gwine ter-morrow mornin' in de early stage."

"Don't yer go in the early stage, Julius. I tells yer don't risk it."

"Why not, Pompey?"

"Bekase de early stages am sickly. I read a piece yesterday, warnin' folks about consumption in the early stages."

* *

A Western paper, in describing an accident recently, says, with much candor: "Dr. Jones was called, and under his prompt and skillful treatment the young man died on Wednesday night."

An Arkansas Sick Man.

"Got any medicine?" asked a boy, entering a drug store the other day down in Arkansas.

"Yes, lots of it. What do you want?" inquired the clerk.

"Oh, it don't make any difference, so that it's something lively. Dad is fearful bad."

"What ails him?" asked the clerk.

"Dunno," said the boy; "but he's run down orful. He just sits around the stove all day and mopes; he hasn't walked mother since Christmas. I guess he's going to die!"

* *
*

A negro walked into a drug store the other day, and said, "Boss, gimme fi' cents wurf ob squills, fi' cents wurf ob oppycac, and fi' cents wurf ob sody."

"You think that'll fetch 'em, do you?" jokingly asked the druggist.

"I dunno, but fo' de Lawd, boss, dat's forty-fi' cents I done gone an' spent on dat nigger wench, un' if she don't get well dis time I'll break her back."

Dissection in a Meat Market

Butcher. "Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

John (briskly). "All right, sir; just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

A Curious Prescription.

Dr. Moore, who had long worshipped Miss Jackson at a distance, was one day suddenly called to attend her. He found her suffering from no particularly dangerous malady, but she wanted him to prescribe for her nevertheless; so he took her hand and said impressively:

"Well, I should — prescribe — I should prescribe that — you — get — married."

"Oh, goodness!" said the interesting invalid. "who would marry me, I wonder?"

"I would," snapped the doctor, with all the voracity of a six-foot pickerel.

"You!" exclaimed the maiden.

"Yes."

"Well, doctor, if that is the fearful alternative, you can go away and let me die in peace."

How a Boston Girl Proposed.

Mr. Budd had been courting Miss Flynn, a young lady from Boston, who is studying medicine, but he was a modest man and was afraid to propose. He had not even dared to take her hand, though Miss Flynn often left it very near him in a careless way.

One evening, while they were sitting together in the parlor, Mr. Budd was still thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts for him.

"Do you know," began the Boston girl. "that thousands of people are actually ignorant that they smell with their olfactory peduncle?"

"Millions of 'em," replied Mr. Budd.

"And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me when I told her she couldn't wink without a sphincter muscle!"

"How unreasonable!"

"Why a person cannot kiss without sphincter!"

"Indeed!"

"I know it is so."

"May I try if I can?"

"Oh, Mr. Budd, it is too bad for you make light of such a subject."

Then he tried it, and while he held her hand she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body.

"Willie," whispered Miss Flynn very faintly

"What, darling?"

"I can hear your heart beat."

"It beats only for you, my angel."

"And it sounds out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform."

"Small wonder for that, when it's bursting for joy."

"You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine."

"It's your own property, darling; do what you please with it."

Dr. "Phiebotomy."

Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, was a great humorist in his time.

During a summer vacation he made the acquaintance of a country doctor — a clever man, in the Yankee sense of that word. Having never had a regular medical course of instruction, he was quite unacquainted with the technical terms of his profession, and, in fact, was an interloper, with no genuine claim to respect as a physician.

Dr. Jonson, the rural medico, proud of the acquaintance of the great Philadelphia physician, brought a patient to him for advice, saying that he had exhausted all his medicine and skill upon the case, with no effect.

Chapman knew he was a quack, and began :

"Have you used *depletions*?"

"No, sir," said Jonson; "I have thought of that, but it is not to be had out here in the country."

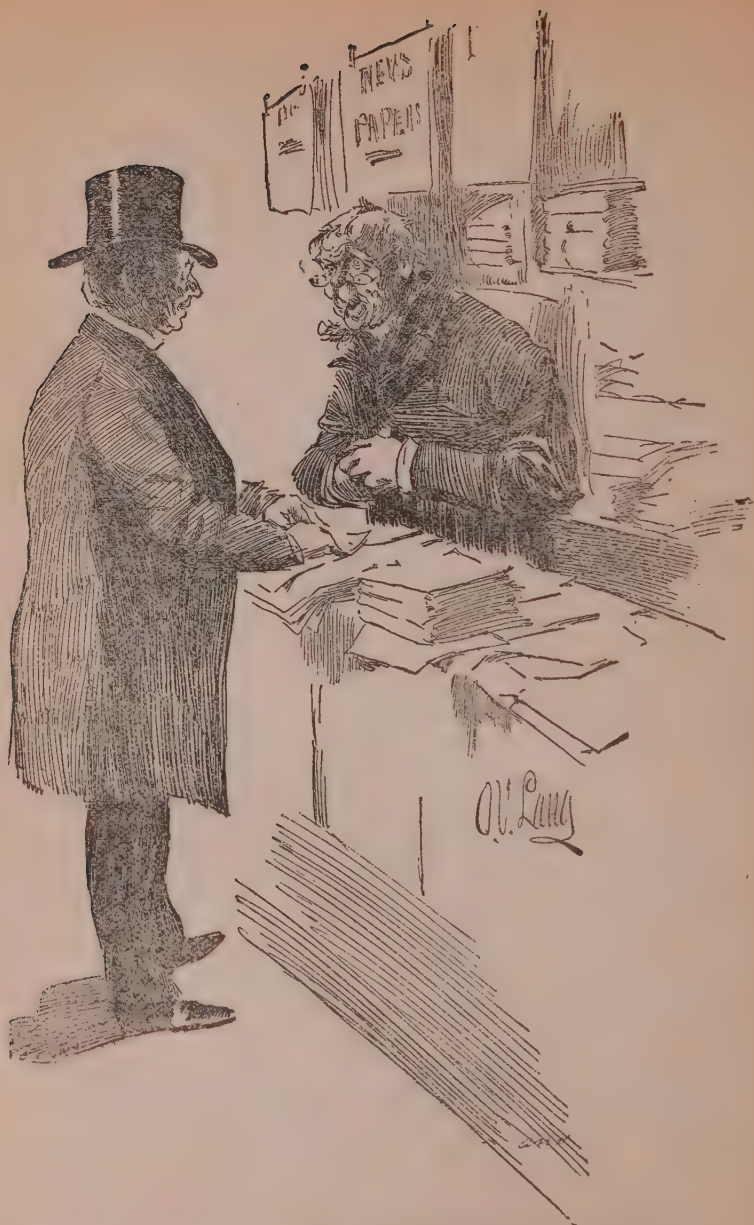
"Perhaps you have tried *venesection*?"

"I have not; indeed, it has never been introduced among us here."

"Then I would recommend *phlebotomy*," continued Dr. Chapman.

"The very thing I was going to give him as soon as I could get some of it from the city. You didn't happen to bring any with you, doctor, did you, sir?"

The Philadelphia doctor could hold in no longer. He laughed so heartily that Jonson insisted on an explanation,



" Why didn't you draw your gun and shoot the Eyetalyun blaggard through the heart ? " (See page 435.)

and when he learned that the three suggestions amounted to the same thing, and that was bleeding, he bolted out, drawing his recovering patient along with him. The story got out also; and Jonson went by the name "Phlebotomy" to the day of his death, which happened a few years ago.

* *

A Jerseyman was very sick and not expected to recover. His friends got around the bed, and one of them says:

"John, do you feel willing to die!"

John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered with a feeble voice:

"I think I'd rather stay where I am better acquainted."

Attacked by Purtinitist.

This morning I went to my newsdealer to get a budget of weekly papers. The stand is kept by an Irishman. Looking me in the face and seeing that I looked a little jaded, the old man remarked:

"You don't look well this morning, Mr. Perkins, have ye been sick?"

"Well," said I, looking very serious, "I was laid out last week by an attack of peritonitis."

"Attacked by Purtinitist, eh," exclaimed the old man, looking a great deal mixed up mentally. Then, after a moment's pause, and in a very indignant tone: "Purtinitist! Why didn't you dhraw your gun and shoot the Eyetalyun blaggard through the heart?"

The Doctor.

Eli Perkins.

One day I fell from a four-story window onto a picket fence. When I asked my doctor if he thought I would die or recover he looked at my tongue and said he thought—I would.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "on general principles, Mr. Perkins, whenever a patient's œsophagus becomes hypercœmic through the inordinate use of *spiritus vini rectificati* causing hepatic cirrhosis, the reverse holds true—in other cases it does not."

Then he put some water in two tumblers and said:

"Idiosyncrasy, Mr. Perkins, is not superinduced by the patient's membranous outer cuticle becoming homogenous with his transmagnifibandanduality."

Sez I, "Doctor, I think so, too."

My doctor, Dr. Hammond, is a great doctor. He can cure anything. He can cure cholery or smallpox, or hams or bacon.

One day I cut my toe off with an axe. When I called in Dr. Hammond to prescribe for me he told me to hold out my tongue. He said he thought I had tic doloro, and then he prescribed bleeding, and then he bled me out of seventeen dollars. That was the dollar, and when he wanted his pay I told him to charge it, and that was the tic, and I still owe it to him, and that is the "o."

* *

A doctor went out West to practice his profession. An old friend met him on the street one day and asked him how he was succeeding in his business.

"First-rate," he replied. "I've had one case."

"Well—and what was that?"

"It was a birth," said the doctor.

"How did you succeed with that?"

"Well, the old woman died, and the child died, but I think I'll save the old man yet!"

A Cautious Doctor.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" asked a violent fellow, of doctor Elmer, of New York.

"Really," replied the doctor, "I would not have ventured

the assertion, but now that you ask my opinion I must say that I am not prepared to deny it."

* *

A doctor, attending a wit who was very ill, apologized for being late one day, by saying he had to stop to see a man that had fallen down a well.

"Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned the incorrigible wit.

* *

An Iowa woman gave her husband morphine to cure him of chewing tobacco. It cured him, but she is doing her own spring plowing.

A Boy Who Opposed Medical Science.

Opte P. Read.

Dr. Ike was called to see old Ned's son, and after several visits the doctor said to the anxious father :

"Ned, I doan want'er distress yer, but dat boy can't git well. De conglomeration ob de membrans hab dun sot in."

"Wall, I reckon dat will kill him," Ned replied. "I doan see how a chile wid his weak constitution an' convention can git ober sech a oneaseness ob de flesh. So you gins him up, doctor?"

"Yaas, I issues my decrement right heah. Dat boy can't live five hours."

About two weeks later Ned met the doctor and said :

"I thought you gin that boy up?"

"I did. Ain't he dead yit?"

"Dead!" repeated Ned, contemptuously, "why, he's chop-pin' wood dis mornin'."

The doctor reflected for a moment and said :

"Dat's a nice way to fool wid medical science. How does yer expeck folks to hab confidence in de advancement of medical diskiveries when a boy acks dat way? Dat boy, sah,

lifts hisself up to dispute de 'stablished rules of de school ob physicians. I'se done wid him."

"Ise glad ob it, sah ; but yo'sef must hab made a mistake."

"No, I didn't, case I understan's my businefs."

"I means dat yer mout hab lef' too soon. Ef yer'd stayed dar awhile longer yer might hab 'stablished de proof ob yer proclamation."

"Look heah, Ned, yer'd better let me go and see dat boy agin."

"No, I'se much obleeged to yer. I'se got a heap ob work to do an' I need de chile. Go off somewhere an' pizen a cat."

* *

"How one thing brings up another," said a lady, absorbed in pleasing retrospection.

"Yes," replied the practical Dr. Mott, "an emetic, for instance."

* *

An Irish doctor lately sent in his bill to a lady as follows :
"To curing your husband till he died."

POLITICAL WIT.

Jokes and Anecdotes of the Campaign.

Gen. Grant says he heard an old negro praying like this :

“O Lord, we bless you for sendin’ us Gin’ral Butler. He is one of us, O Lord. He may have a white skin, but he’s got a black heart.”

Political Dogs.

A large Democratic meeting was held in Clermont, Ohio, which was attended by a small boy who had four young puppy dogs which he offered for sale. Finally one of the crowd, approaching the boy, asked :

“Are these Democratic pups, my son?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well then,” said he, “I’ll take these two.”

About a week afterward, the Republicans held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was to be seen the same chap and his two remaining pups. He tried for hours to obtain a purchaser, and finally was approached by a Republican and asked :

“My little lad, what kind of pups are these you have?”

“They are Republican pups, sir.”

The Democrat who had purchased the first two, happened to be in hearing, and broke out at the boy :

“See here, you young rascal, didn’t you tell me that those pups that I bought of you last week were Democratic pups?”

“Y-e-s, sir,” said the young dog merchant; “but these ain’t—*they’ve got their eyes open!*”

George W. Curtis' Awful Anti-Climax.

At Hartford, writes Eli Perkins, Mark Twain told me a new reminiscence about the Chesterfieldian orator, George W. Curtis. Everybody who knows Mr. Curtis knows him to be a very precise man. George Bayard once told me that Mr. Curtis always wears a full dress suit, even in the bath tub. His periods are always eloquent, and his aim is always to end his speeches in a burst of oratory.

Well, Mr. Curtis was selected to make the final speech, in Hartford, in Lincoln's Presidential campaign in 1861. It was the night before the election. The great opera house was crowded, and the matchless orator had swayed the enthusiastic audience into repeated applause. Finally the time came to end the speech, which Mr. Curtis always does with a flowery oratorical flight.

"And tomorrow, fellow-citizens," he said, "the American people will be called upon to give their verdict, and I believe you, as American freemen, will give that verdict against American slavery. [Applause.] Yes, tomorrow we will go to the polls with freedom's ballot in our hands, trampling slavery's shackles under our feet, and while the Archangel of Liberty looks down approvingly upon us from the throne of Omnipotence, we will consign Stephen A. Douglas to the pittomless bot!"

* * * * *

Sensation—then a loud guffaw from the fun-struck audience.

Campaigning in Kentucky.

Campaigning down in Kentucky used to be a strange life. Rival speakers used often to resort to the sharpest dodges in their speeches to defeat the opposition candidate.

In 1882, Gen. Frank L. Woolford, who was elected to Congress, met his opponent, Gen. Frye, at Jamestown, in a

conjoint discussion. There were 3,000 people present, and Gen. Frye led off in an hour's speech, ending thus :

"Gentlemen : This is the best Government the sun ever shone upon, and the freest. Who ever heard of such magnanimity as was shown by this Government to the Confederate soldier when the War was ended ? "

Gen. Woolford arose and said : " Gen. Frye, I would like to ask you a question."

"Certainly," said Frye.

"Well, what did they do with the great and good soldier, Gen. Robert E. Lee, when he surrendered at Appomattox ? " Then, without pausing for a reply, he answered his own question : "I will tell you. They tied his hands behind him, tied his feet, put a rope around his neck, and hung him on the spot. Raise up, Bill Skys, and tell what you know about it. You were there."

Bill arose and said slowly : "Yes, I was thar ; it's so, gentlemen."

Woolford then proceeded, before granting Gen. Frye time to collect himself at the audacity of the witness' dishonesty, and said : "What did they do with Jeff Davis ? Why, I will tell you. They took him to Fortress Monroe, put him in the hull of a gunboat, and kept him there until he died from rheumatic pains. Raise up, Bill Skys, and tell what you know about that ; you were there."

Bill arose, and answered : "I was—I was thar. I was one of the pall-bearers."

Then Woolford, as a sort of climax, said : "They would have killed me, too, had they not been afraid." Turning to Frye, and pulling a six-shooter, he fairly shrieked : "What have you to say to that ? "

"Nothing," answered Frye ; "there is nothing between you and I."

Politically Disgraced.*Alex Sweet.*

"How did you ever come to run for Congress, anyhow?" asked a newly-elected member of Congress of another.

"Well, sir, I did it to bring disgrace on an uncle of mine up in New York. You see he treated me very badly when I was a boy, and I took a fearful vow that I would humiliate him, and I have done it."

"What business is your uncle engaged in?"

"He is making shoes in Auburn penitentiary."

* *
*

Eli Perkins.

"Father, does John Simons work for a living?" asked little Johnny.

"No, Johnny, Mr. Simpson don't do anything. He belongs to the laboring man's party."

How the Financial Question Comes Up.

"Well, and how did you enjoy your dinner?" asked a passenger of another on a European steamer, the first day out.

"Don't mention it," said the other, feelingly; "don't mention it. It's a good deal like the financial question in Congress."

"How's that?"

"Why, it's apt to come up at any moment."

Ignorant Women.

A very dirty, debased and ignorant looking man, said Susan B. Anthony, came in to vote in a township in Michigan. Said one of the ladies, offering him a ticket: "I wish you would oblige us by voting this ticket."

"What kind of a ticket is that?" said he.

"Why," said the lady, "you can see for yourself."

"But I can't read," he answered.

"Why, can't you read the ballot you have there in your in your hand, which you are about to vote?" asked the lady.

"No," said he, "I can't read at all."

"Well," said the lady, "this ballot means that you are willing to let the women, as well as the men, vote."

"Is that it?" he replied; "then I don't want it; the women don't know enough to vote."

* *
*

This Michigander knew just about as much as the New York Irishman who held his naturalization paper in his hand.

"I say, Dinnis," he said, "d'ye see this bit ov paper I have here?"

"I do, Moichael; rade it for me."

"Divil a worrud ov it can I rade at all, only I know it's my naturalization papers, an' that I belong to the party, body an' sowl, an' that I'm towld to vote as many times as I kin on 'lection day, for our party manes reform."

How the Candidate Declines.

Eugene Field.

"Why not accept the United States Senatorship yourself, Judge?" inquired a Senator from Routt county, at the Senatorial Convention.

"Oh, well—now," stammered the Judge, blushing very deeply; "I—well—you know—ah—I—I am—yes—totally unprepared for that sort of a thing, you know."

"Of course you are," said the Senator from Routt county; "but you embody all the qualifications demanded and I'm going to announce you as a candidate!"

"No, no, no!" cried the Judge, catching the Routt county Senator by the coat tails. "Don't do that, my dear sir, don't do that! But I'll tell you what you can do. Come this way a moment."

The Judge dragged the Senator into the darkest corner of the lobby. There was a meaningful glitter in his eyes, his

bosom heaved with conflicting emotions and his voice was strangely hoarse. He stood up on his toes and whispered in the Senator's ear :

"You can say I am in the hands of my friends."

Calling for Henry.

At a recent Republican meeting in Cooper's Institute, the speaker and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on, this man bawled out, "Mr. Henry ! Henry ! Henry ! I call for Mr. Henry !"

After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform, and was soon airing his eloquence in magnificent style, striking out powerfully in his gestures, when the old cry was heard for Mr. Henry.

Putting his hand to his mouth like a speaking-trumpet, this man was bawling out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry ! Henry ! Henry ! I call for Mr. Henry to make a speech !"

The chairman now arose, and remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any further calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking.

"Is that Mr. Henry ?" said the disturber of the meeting. "Thunder ! that can't be Mr. Henry ! Why, that's the little cuss that told me to holler."

Very Political.

They have a "citizens' movement" in Pittsburgh, Pa., and it was all going on very smoothly till one man got up in the meeting and asked :

"Ain't I nominated for mayor ?"

"No," said the meeting.

"Nor for treasurer ?"

"No."

“Nor for controller?”

“No.”

“Then blam’ me if I don’t make it warm for the movement, that’s all!”

Eli Perkins in a Political Speech.

What will the South give the North if they elect a President and become the nation?

All we know is what they did give us when they had the power. Last year the Democratic party had the upper and lower house. What did they give the great North? Who did they give the chairmanship of the great committee on “finance” to? Did they give it to the great state of New York? No, they gave it to the little rebel state of Delaware. They gave it to Bayard who made a speech for secession.

Who did they give the next great committeeship to—the committeeship of “appropriations”? Did they give it to the great state of Indiana? No, they gave it to the rebel General Atkins, of Tennessee. What did they give to the great state of Indiana? What did they give to your splendid Daniel Voorhes—the tall Sycamore of the Wabash?

I will tell you, they made him chairman of the committee on Seeds—Library and Seeds! (laughter). Now picture to yourselves, Indianians, your splendid Daniel Voorhes, as he goes to the Agricultural Department. He says, I will have a paper of hollyhock seeds for Terre Haute. (Laughter.) I will have turnip seeds for Evansville (laughter); I will have them! I am the King of Seeds. (Loud laughter).

Oratorical Interruptions.

Oratorical interruptions are often very funny. An orator, Gen. Garfield, was making a war speech in Ashtabula, Ohio, in 1864. Gentlemen, he said, “We have taken Atlanta, we have taken Savannah, Columbus, Charleston, and now at last

we have captured Petersburg and occupy Richmond ; and what remains for us to take ? ”

An Irishman in the crowd shouted, “ Let’s take a drink ! ”

The crowd dispersed in various directions.

* *
*

A long winded orator said to his audience :

“ I am speaking for the benefit of posterity,” when some one shouted :

“ Yes, and if you don’t get through soon, they’ll be here ! ”

Carter H. Harrison’s Spread-eagleism.

When Carter Harrison, the Mayor of Chicago, was in the House, he made the following speech on the American Eagle :

“ Think, Mr. Chairman, of the difference between now and 1776. A common eagle, extending his flight from the extreme eastern limits of civilization to its western limit in 1776 would have made that flight in one single day. Today the proudest monarch of the forest, lifting himself from the Atlantic and looking to the setting sun, ever intent in sailing onward, days, ay, weeks, will have passed before he shall be able to cool his wearied pinions in the spray of the Pacific ; and yet we are afraid of making a centennial precedent of celebrating the glorious boon handed down to us by 1776.

Sir, ninety-two years ago, when the first anniversary of the Fourth of July was celebrated after the acknowledgment of Independence, when the gun first belched forth upon the eastern slopes of Maine at sunrise that the day of our national birth had come, as in the sun’s rapid flight across the continent gun after gun was heard, in less than one hour the last gun was heard on our western limits, and was echoed by the crack of the red man’s rifle, and the war whoop of the Indian was the chorus to the orator’s patriotic words. What is it today ?

When the sun shall rise on the Fourth of July next and shall gild the hilltops on the St. John’s, and the boom of the

cannon is heard announcing the one hundredth birthday of our existence, as the sun shall roll on in his march of a thousand miles an hour, and gun after gun shall catch up the detonation of the last gun, the national anthem will swell, and, as it goes westward until reaching a line stretching from the far north to the extreme south of the Gulf of Mexico, one grand peal shall be heard, a peal of a thousand guns, rocking the very foundations of earth, echoed to the blue vaults of heaven, mingling its tones with the songs of the stars as they roll in their musical spheres. Ay, sir, that tone, that grand, national anthem, rolling over a land teeming with population, rich in all that blesses man, will take nearly five hours going from our eastern to our western limits; and, yet we cannot vote three and a quarter cents each of the people's money for a celebration of the magnificent boon our forefathers have given us."

The Irishman in Politics.

"Gath" (Geo. Alfred Townsend) says he will not vote for a party that can't spell and pronounce our Savior's name.

"How do they spell it over at the democratic headquarters?" asked a friend.

"They spell it 'Jasus,' sir."

The Jasus democrats, in Terre Haute, got into trouble a few years ago from a very small cause. The old Indiana democrats are not very far-sighted, and they resolved to have a barbeque. The committee after long deliberation concluded to have it on Friday.

Upon the announcement of the date, an excited Irishman jumped to his feet and exclaimed:

"Mr. President! I'd have ye to understand, sur, that the *great heft* of the dimmieratic party don't ate mate on Friday."

The barbeque was eaten on Thursday to accommodate the *majority*.

Tom Marshall, the Kentucky orator, had this funny experience in an Irish audience. At a political meeting in Buffalo, Tom began his speech and had made but little progress, before he was assailed with a torrent of abuse by a big Irishman in the crowd. Not at all disconcerted, Tom yelled out at the top of his voice :

"Be jabbers, that's me fren', Pat Murphy, the man that spells God with a little 'g' and Murphy with a big 'M'!"

This floored Pat, amidst roars of laughter.

The Currency Question.

"Fat's all this talk about the currency, and the five-twenties, and the sivin-thirties that I hear about, Mike?"

"Why bliss your sowl, don't ye know, Pat? It manes that the goverment wants to make the laborin' men work from five-twenty in the mornin' till sivin-thirty in the evening."

"Och, the spalpeens, may the divil take them."

Eli Perkins on Congressional Wit.

The only time Sam Cox was ever squelched, not counting the "shoo fly" of Ben Butler, was when Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, did it in 1862. Mr. Cox had been making a long and exhaustive speech in the house on the tariff. The members were all tired. In the middle of the speech the solemn form of Mr. Lovejoy arose, got the eye of the speaker and said :

"Mr. Speaker!"

"The gentleman from Illinois!" said the speaker.

"I arise, Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Lovejoy, "to a question of privilege."

"Does the gentleman from New York yield the floor?" asked the speaker, addressing Mr. Cox.

"I will yield for a question of information and not otherwise," said Mr. Cox.

"I do desire to ask a question for information," said Mr. Lovejoy.

"Very well, Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Cox. "I yield to the gentleman from Illinois."

"The gentleman from Illinois now has the floor," said the speaker.

Mr. Lovejoy now arose slowly and majestically. "Mr. Speaker," he said slowly, "I arise for in-for-ma-tion. I wish to ask the gentleman from New York a question."

Mr. Cox: "Let him ask it!"

"I wish," said Mr. Lovejoy, "to-ask-the-gentleman-from-New-York-if-he-hasn't-got-most-through?" loud laughter all over the house, when Mr. Cox moved an adjournment.

The Laziest Man on Earth.

General Dawson, the old Western Pennsylvanian Congressman, used to tell this story in all his campaign speeches to illustrate the laziness of the poor whites down in Virginia:

On one occasion, the general said, he got across the Pennsylvania line into a little village of Virginia. He was in the midst of a group around the tavern. While treating and talking, a procession approached, which looked like a funeral. He asked who was to be buried.

"Job Dowling," said they.

"Poor Job!" sighed the general. "He was a goodnatured, good-for-nothing, lazy fellow, living on the few fish he caught and the squirrels he killed, but mostly on the donations of his neighbors."

"So, poor Job is dead, is he?"

"No, he ain't dead 'xactly," said they.

"Not dead -- not d—Yet you are going to bury him?"

"Fact is, general, he has got too infernal all-fired lazy to live. We can't afford him any more. He got so lazy that the grass began to grow over his shoes—so everlastin' lazy that he

put out one of his eyes to save the trouble of winkin' when out a gunnin'."

"But," says the general, "this must not be. It will disgrace my neighborhood. Try him a while longer, can't you?"

"Can't; too late — coffin cost \$1.25. Must go on now."

About this time the procession came up and halted, when the general proposed, if they would let Job out, he would send over a bag of corn. On this announcement the lid of the coffin opened, and Job languidly sat up. The cents dropped from his eyes as he asked :

"Is the corn shelled, general?"

"No, not shelled."

"Then," said Job, as he lazily lay down, "go on with the funeral."

Aristippus the Greek Politician.

Aristippus came to Athens from Cyrenean to study with Socrates. Æschines says Aristippus studied sophistry to fit him to be a politician. It is certain that he todied to the Emperor Dionysius and made a good deal of money out of him, even though Dionysius often called him his dog. Aristippus was so politic that he would never get mad at any indignity heaped upon him by Dionysius. Once the Emperor even spit in his face, and when the attendants laughed Aristippus said :

"O laugh. It pays me to be spit upon."

"How so?" asked Plato.

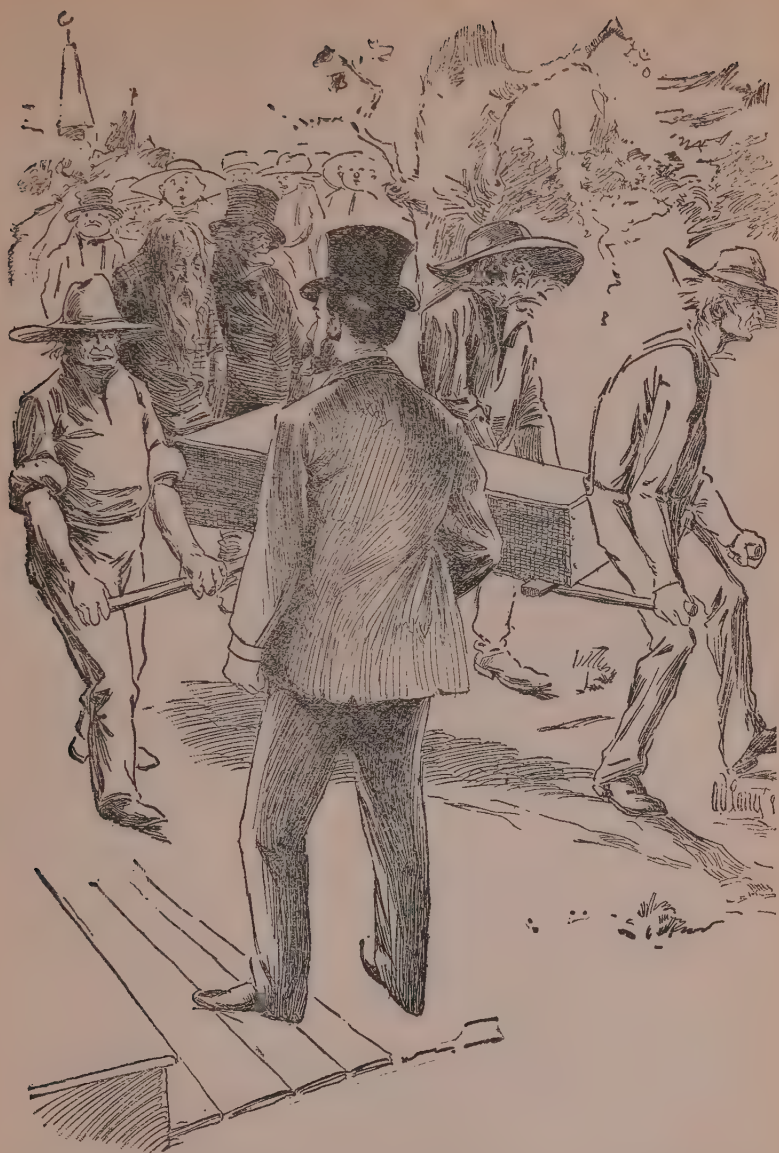
"Why, don't the sea spit salt on you when you catch a sturgeon?"

"Yes."

"Well, Dionysius spits pure wine on me while I am catching gold fish."

The logic of Aristippus pleased Plato and Socrates and even Dionysius laughed at it when he heard of it.

Diogenes, who wore old rags and ate cheap vegetables, hated Aristippus who dressed finely and ate with the king. One



‘Then,’ said Job, “go on with the funeral.” (See page 450.)

day when Diogenes was washing potatoes, Aristippus made fun of him.

“If you had learned to live on plain vegetables like potatoes and cabbage,” said Diogenes, “you would not have to be spit upon and cuffed around by Dionysius.”

“Yes, and if you tramps had learned how to be polite to the king you might be drinking wine in the palace instead of washing vegetables in the market.”—*Translated from the Greek by Eli Perkins.*

Tom Marshall's Wit.

One time Gen. Tom Marshall was speaking to a large gathering in Buffalo, when some one present, every few moments, kept shouting, “Louder ! louder !”

Tom stood this for a while, but at last, turning gravely to the presiding officer, he said : “Mr. Chairman . At the last day, when the angel shall, with his golden trumpet, proclaim that time shall be no longer ; when the quick and dead shall appear before the Mercy Seat to be judged, I doubt not, sir, that the solemnity of that solemn and awful scene will be interrupted by some drunken fool from Buffalo, shouting, “Louder, Lord ! louder !”

* *

“I rise for information,” said a member of a legislative body.

“I am very glad to hear it,” said a bystander, “for no man *needs* it more.”

Breaking Up a Speaker.

It's a common joke, writes Eli Perkins from Saratoga, when one fellow wants to get another fellow away from a girl, to go up and whisper :

“My friend, I am sorry to tell you, but your coat is sadly ripped up the back.” This of course sends the devoted talker up to his room for a change of clothing, and leaves the miserable joker in possession of the lady.

The same dodge is often resorted to with public speakers, and it will always break the oldest ones up.

"I was once opening a speech from the stump," said General Logan, "and was just beginning to warm with my subject, when a remarkable clear and deliberate voice spoke out behind me, saying :

"Reckon he wouldn't talk quite so hifalutin if he knew that his trowsers was bust clean out behind "

"From that moment, said the General, I couldn't get on. The people in front began to laugh, and there was a loud roar behind me, and I dared not reverse my position for fear of having a new audience for my condition."

Tom Marshall, that grand old Kentucky lawyer and campaigner, once broke up General Perkins with a witty rejoinder :

General Perkins and Tom Marshall were canvassing the State in a hotly-contested election. The general was a roaring democrat, and by way of catching the laboring men was fond of boasting that his father was a cooper by trade in an obscure part of the state. The great failing of the general was his fondness for old whisky, but the more he drank the more of a Democrat he became, and the prouder of being the son of a cooper. Of this fact he had been making the most, when Marshall, in replying to his speech, looked at him with great contempt, and said :

"Fellow-citizens, his father may have been a very good cooper—I don't deny that ; but I do say, gentlemen, he put a mighty poor head into *that* whisky barrel ! "

He Hated Pennsylvania.

I was riding in the cars the other day with an old Granger who lives just over the Pennsylvania line in Ohio. As we rode along, I looked out of the car window and whistled one of my favorite tunes.

The old Granger got up and came over to me and remarked :

"You would be a good whistler, my friend, if they hadn't invented tunes to bother you."

"I'm not a whistler," I said, "I'm a lecturer. My name is Perkins; I'm ——"

"What! Eli Perkins?"

"Yes, sir."

"The man who lectures?"

"Yes, sir; I'm going to Marietta now."

"Going to marry who?"

"I say I'm going to Mari—etta."

"Yes, I heard you say so. Nice girl—rich, I 'spect, too, ain't she?"

"No, sir; you don't understand me. I'm going to lecture at Marietta. I'm——"

"Then you really do lecture, do you?" continued the Granger.

"Why, of course I do."

"Been lecturing much in Ohio?"

"Yes—a good many nights."

"Well, now, Mr. Perkins," said the Granger, as he dropped his voice to a confidential whisper, "why don't you lecture over in Pennsylvania? We just hate Pennsylvania, we do!"

Official Information.

When Amos Kendall was Postmaster General, he wrote to a postmaster in Georgia asking for some geographical information. This was the Postmaster General's letter:

"Sir: This Department desires to know how far the Tombigbee River runs up. Respectfully yours," etc.

By return mail came: "Sir: The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully yours," etc.

Kendall, not appreciating his subordinate's humor, wrote again:

"Sir: Your appointment as postmaster is revoked; you

will turn over the funds, etc., pertaining to your office to your successor."

Not at all disturbed by his summary dismissal, the postmaster replied :

"Sir : The revenues of this office for the quarter ending September 30th have been 95 cents ; its expenditures, same period, for tallow candles and twine, \$1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance."

Dissolving the Union.

Lieutenant-Governor Ford was addressing a political gathering before the late civil war, and related in his own inimitable way the following capital story :

"Dissolve the Union !" said Ford ; "I should like to see them attempt to dissolve the Union. Why, this silly cry reminds me of an Irishman who went down into a well to clean it out. When he was through, he made the signal to be hauled up. His companions, who were determined to have a joke at his expense, hauled him up about half-way and then stopped. There he hung—no way to get up—no safe way to get down, if that were desirable. He begged and entreated, but it was of no use. He stormed and raved, but it did no good. At last he sung out :

"'Haul it out, ye spalpeens, or, by the piper that played before Moses, I'll be after cuttin' the rope !'

"Let them cut the rope, if they like the plunge," was Ford's application of the story.

Proctor Knott's Duluth Speech.

Until Proctor Knott made his famous Duluth speech the House had little thought of the rich plenitude of humor in store for them. The surprise was enhanced because Mr. Knott spoke rarely. He was not an active, rather a lazy, member—ostensibly so.

“He used to slug or sleep, in slothful shade.”

They took the alligator for a log, till they sat on him. Grudgingly was the floor yielded to him on the Duluth debate. He was offered only ten minutes; whereupon he remarked that his facilities for getting time were so poor that, if he were standing on the brink of perdition, and the sands were crumbling under his feet, he could not in that body get time enough to say the Lord's Prayer. The St. Croix and Bayfield Road Bill asked for some of the public domain. Mr. Knott disavowed any more interest in the bill than in an orange-grove on the bleakest summit of Greenland's icy mountains. It was thus that he introduced the splendid project:

“Years ago, when I first heard that there was, somewhere in the vast *terra incognita*, somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, a stream of water known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the river St. Croix, I became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness and prosperity of the American people, if not absolutely indispensable to the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent. [Great laughter.] I felt instinctively that the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine-shrubbery would never be fully developed without a railroad constructed and equipped at the expense of the government, and perhaps not then. [Laughter.] I had an abiding pre-
centiment that, some day or other, the people of this whole country, irrespective of party affiliations, regardless of sectional prejudices, and ‘without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude,’ would rise in their majesty and demand an outlet for the enormous agricultural productions of those vast and fertile pine-barrens, drained in the rainy season by the surging waters of the turbid St. Croix.” [Great laughter.]

And now, Mr. President, in the middle of these teeming pine barrens at the mouth of the St. Croix, is Duluth—Duluth the zenith city of the unsalted seas. [Laughter.] “Duluth!

The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks. [Renewed laughter.] But where was Duluth? Never in all my limited reading had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. [Laughter.] And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. [Roars of laughter.] I was certain the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library and examined all the maps I could find. [Laughter.] I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. [Laughter.] I knew it was bound to exist, in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it [renewed laughter]; that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. [Roars of laughter.] In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the

hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth ; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. [Great laughter.] I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of Duluth. [Laughter.] I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand ; if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. [Great and continued laughter.] Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair because I could nowhere find Duluth. [Renewed laughter.] Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, ‘Where is Duluth?’ [Roars of laughter.]

“But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands ; and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering *peri* through the opening gates of Paradise. [Renewed laughter.] There, there for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word ‘Duluth.’

"If gentlemen will examine it, they will find Duluth not only in the centre of the map, but represented in the center of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. [Laughter.] How these circles were produced is perhaps one of those primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologist will never be able to explain. [Renewed laughter.] But the fact is, sir, Duluth is pre-eminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be, that it is so exactly in the center of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it." [Roars of laughter.]

"Let us look at the commercial status of Duluth. It is surrounded by millions of wealthy savages. Drove of buffalo are impatient to contribute to its greatness. I think I see them now, a vast herd, with heads down, eyes glaring, nostrils dilated, tongues out, and tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward Duluth, with a thousand Piegiens on their grass-bellied ponies yelling at their heels! On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks, they too join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping and tearing along amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stock-yards of Duluth!"

"My relation is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!" [Laughter.]

Quaint Speeches.

William M. Evarts' sentences are often so long that he is led into a blunder. Recently at the New England dinner, in Brooklyn, Mr. Evarts said :

"Ladies and gentlemen ! I am glad to be called upon to speak on the city of Brooklyn, because you are such a great people, such a growing people, and such an advancing people — and I come within the bounds of truth when I say that the people of Brooklyn are all superior — superior ('to each other', said a gentleman sitting by the orator's side) — yes, as the gentleman remarks, superior to each other." [Laughter.]

This speech was similar to Gen. Nye's speech in the senate, when he said :

"Mr. Speaker : The generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general."

"You'd better stop, General ; you are coming out at the same hole you went in at," said a member, pulling him down by the coat tail.

The Hon. D. J. Mitchell (everybody in Central New York remembers Dave Mitchell), once had a little champagne in him while making a speech in Rochester :

"Men of Rochester," he said ! "I am glad to see you ; and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which, I am told, are one hundred and fifty feet high ; that is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days, had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high ! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates ; but Greece, in her palmyest days, never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Men of Rochester, go on ! No people ever lost their liberty who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high !"

On another occasion he finished up with :

“Gentlemen, there’s the national debt—it should be paid ; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid. I’ll pay it myself. How much is it ?”

After several laws had been repealed in the 39th Congress, John Potter arose and said : “Mr. Speaker : Can there be anything brought into this House that will not be repealed sooner or later ?”

“Yes, a skinned orange,” interrupted the Hon. Wm. E. Lansing.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES.

Temperance Lecturers' Wit, Humor, Wisdom, and Pathos.

John Jones' Monument.

John Jones began at the age of fifteen to build a monument and finished it at fifty. He worked night and day, often all night long, and on the Sabbath. He seemed to be in a great hurry to get it done. He spent all the money he earned upon it—some say \$50,000. Then he borrowed all he could ; and when no one would loan him any more he would take his wife's dresses and the bed-clothes and many other valuable things in his home, and sell them to get more money to finish that monument.

They say he came home one day and was about to take the blankets that lay over his sleeping baby to keep it warm, and his wife tried to stop him ; but he drew back his fist and knocked her down, and then went away with the blankets and never brought them back, and the poor baby sickened and died from the exposure. At last there was not anything left in the house. The poor, heart-broken wife soon followed the baby to the grave. Yet John Jones kept working all the more at the monument. I saw him when he was about fifty years old. The monument was nearly done ; but he had worked so hard at it that I hardly knew him, he was so worn ; his clothes were all in tatters, and his hands and face, indeed, his whole body, were covered with scars which he got in laying up some of the stones. And the wretched man had been so little, all this while that he was building, in good society that he had about forgotten how to use the English language ; his tongue had

somehow become very thick, and when he tried to speak out would come an oath.

That may seem strange, but I have found out that all who build such monuments as John's prefer oaths to any other word !

Now, come with me, and I will show you John's monument. It stands in a beautiful part of the city where five streets meet. Most men put such things in a cemetery. But John had his own way and put it on one of the finest lots to be found.

"Does it look like Bunker Hill monument?" asks little Amy Arlott by my side.

Not at all. John didn't want to be remembered that way. He might have taken that \$50,000 and built an asylum for poor little children that have no home, and people would have called the asylum his monument.

But here we are at the front door. It is a grand house ! It is high and large, with great halls and towers, and velvet carpets, elegant mirrors and a piano, and I know not what all ; so rich and grand.

This is John Jones' monument ! and the man who sold John nearly all the whisky he drank lives here with his family, and they all dress in the richest and finest clothes.

Do you understand it ? — *Rev. C. M. Livingston.*

How a Drunkard Sees Things.

"Sam, did — did (hic) you see anything of my wife ?"

"I have not the honor of knowing your wife, sir."

"Don't apologize, Sam, don't apo-apo — (hic) — logize. It — it's no honor whatever. Didn't see her ?"

"I did not."

"How yer know yer didn't? She — she's as tall as a (hic) meetin'-house, and broad as a lamp-post, a-and she wears a gingham umbereller and one eye out, and (hic) her nose was done up in a pair of specs. Didn't see her ?"

"No, sir !" (emphatically).

"That's all right, Sam, that's all right. M-m-merely asked for frinfanmashion. She (hic) she said she was goin' to join a soryory-sis, and if she does I mean to get stavin'-blind drunk. *Wouldn't you ?*"

Sam said the man did get drunk after that, for at three o'clock in the morning he found him sitting with his feet in the muddy gutter, and when he asked him what he was doing, he said :

"Jes-si told you, Sam. I've got blind drunk (hic). My wife says so (hic). I've tried twice to get in at the front door (hic), and she's put me out both times (hic), and my self-respect won't allow me to try it again (hic). So I'm waiting till she's quieted down a little (hic), and then I think I can crawl through the cellar window (hic)."

The Safest Way.

"*You* never signed the pledge, did you Uncle John?"

Uncle John was Harry's ideal of a great and noble man. And it was not a mistaken ideal. Uncle John's hair was white with the passing of over eighty winters, but his eye was bright, his step firm, and his voice earnest and kindly as ever. His life had been one of uprightness as well as one of what the world calls success.

"I never signed a pledge on my own account ; I presume I have signed several as an example or aid to others," replied Uncle John.

"Casper Firmstone is all the time teasing me to sign," said Harry ; "but I *know* I can drink a gill of cider and not *want* any more, or let it alone if I *do* want it. And I can take one sip of the best wine Mr. Fraser has and *not* take the second. So I don't see any use in hampering a fellow with a piece of paper."

"Don't be too sure about what you can do, Harry. I've

seen a good many 'sure' people in my life, as well as a good many 'cautious' people, and I've always noticed in the long run that the cautious people were the safest. I'll tell you where I first learned that lesson, if you'd like to know."

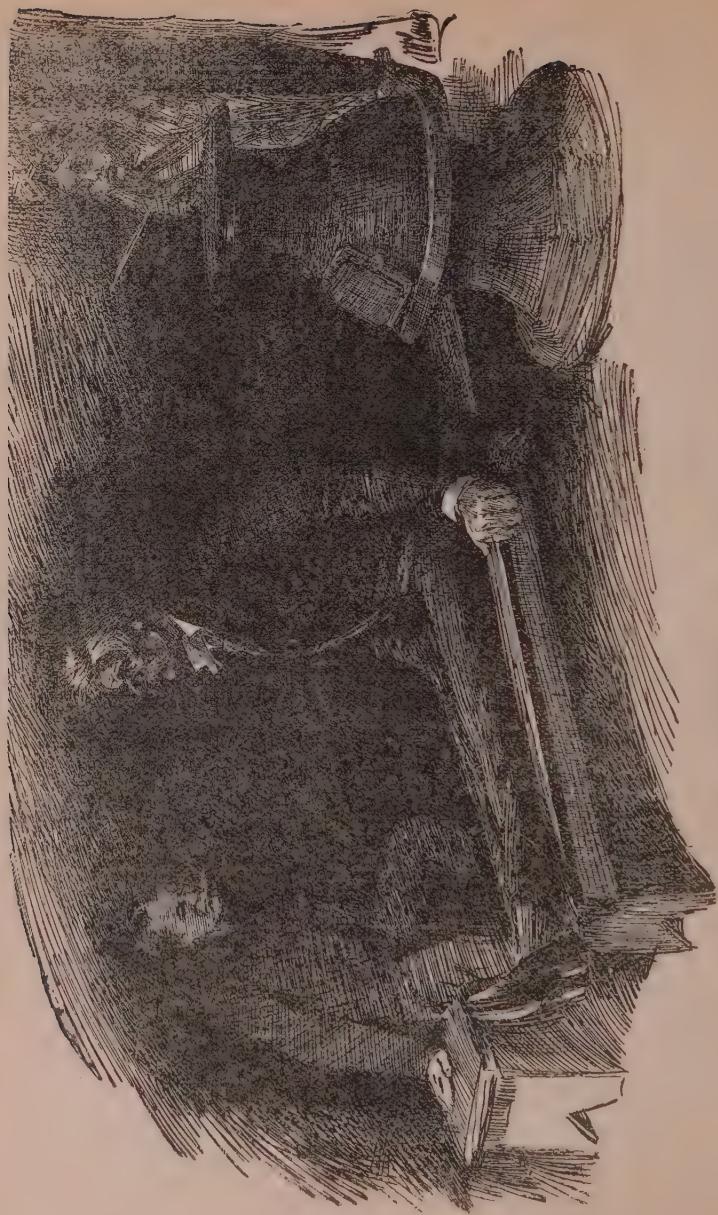
"I should," said Harry, always ready at the first hint of a story.

"When I was a boy, a good deal smaller than you, I lived in a small town in Vermont. There was a large creek by the village, and at a place called 'The Mills' there was a beautiful fall of water, of ten or twelve feet, pitching off from an even-edged, flat rock. Reaching quite across the creek, a distance of twenty feet over this fall of water, was a bridge spanning the stream.

"The sides of this bridge were boarded up some four feet high. These side-pieces were capped by a flat railing of boards of from four to six inches wide. Some of the more daring school children used to walk on this narrow capping-board when crossing the bridge, and more than one fall and serious injury happened there.

"There was one thing that saved me from getting hurt or killed by the dangerous crossing. You would like to know what it was? The easiest thing in the world. It happened from the small circumstance that I never had either the courage or disposition to walk there at all! In other words, I wasn't 'sure' of my head, and I *was* sure on the broad, open bridge.

"I can think of a great many places that boys and men try to pass safely which are quite as dangerous, and where multitudes fall and ruin themselves, and perhaps perish, both soul and body, forever. The safest way is *never to take the first step on a dangerous path.*"



“Where am I?” (See page 465.)

How she Cured her Husband of Drinking.

After trying various experiments to cure her husband of drunkenness, such as tobacco soaked in his whisky, a live eel in the jug, etc., Mrs. Quinn at last bethought herself of another plan of making a "reformed drunkard" of her husband.

She engaged a watchman, for a stipulated reward, to carry "Philander" to the watch-house, while yet in a state of insensibility, and to "*frighten him a little*" when he recovered.

In consequence of this arrangement, he was waked up about eleven o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a strange and dim apartment. Raising himself up on his elbow, he looked around, until his eyes rested on a man sitting by a stove, and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Philander.

"In a medical college!" said the cigar-smoker.

"What a *doing* then?"

"Going to be *cut up!*"

"*Cut up!*—how comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we have brought your body here to make a 'natomy.'"

"It's a lie—I *ain't* dead!"

"No matter; we bought your carcass, *any* how, from your wife, who has a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make out of you. If you're *not* dead, it's no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up, dead or *alive*."

"You will *do* it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"To be sure we will—*now—immediately*," was the resolute answer.

"Wall, look o'here, can't you *let us have something to drink before you begin?*"

"Never mind, doctor, you needn't cut him up," said Mrs. Quinn, who was listening over behind the stove, "I take him home, put him in the ash barrel and let him go out with the garbage. *He can't be cured.*"

God's Liquor.

Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, promising better liquor than was usually furnished. When the people had assembled, a desperado in the crowd walked up to him, and cried out :

“Mr. Denton, you have lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. *Where's the liquor?*”

“There !” answered the preacher, in tones of thunder, and pointing his finger at a spring gushing up close by with a sound like a murmur of joy, from the bosom of the earth.

There ! in that cool, bubbling spring—*there* is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all His children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure cold water ; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, *there* God brews it ; and *down*, low *down* in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing ; and high upon the mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunder-storms crash ; and far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big wave rolls the chorus, sweeping the march of God — *there* He brews it, that beverage of life — health-giving water.

And *everywhere* it is a thing of life and beauty — gleaming in the dew-drop ; singing in the summer rain ; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels ; spreading a golden vail over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon ; sporting in the glacier ; folding its bright snow-curtain softly about the wintery world ; and weaving the many-colored bow, that seraph's zone of the siren—whose warp is the rain-drops of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of

heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still *always* it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poisonous bubbles are on its brink; its foam brings not *madness* and *murder*; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrinking ghost, from the grave, curses it in the worlds of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends: would you exchange it for the *demon's* drink, ALCOHOL?

Griswold Grows Eloquent.

Behold the child of the drunkard, sheltered by the wonderful patience and self-sacrifice of a drunkard's wife, grown into boyhood or girlhood, and witness the actions of that child when a drunken man reels into sight; it should make a heart of stone ache to behold the distress and terror pictured on the face of one wholly innocent of any share in this wrong—save that of suffering. Children in our schools have been known to hide themselves from sight when a gibbering sot passed the schoolhouse, and was hooted and scoffed at by thoughtless boys. Is it those who do their best to prevent the evils of drunkenness that are to answer for these things?

We have known dealers not addicted to drink. We have known others who would kindly but firmly refuse to partake even with their customers. In fact, very many dealers know too well the lesson taught by tippling, and save themselves by abstaining. This may be manliness in the estimation of some, but how would you picture a devilish act! Should you rule out of view the evil one, offering to a victim that which he knows will destroy him, and which he will have none of for himself?

We have known a dealer in liquor whose father sold whisky before him, and whose brothers and sisters went evil ways to their untimely graves, say, in all earnestness and truth, in

answer to the question, Where can I get some good whisky? "I have sold whisky since I was old enough, at wholesale and retail, and I am not yet sunk so low as to say to any man there is any *good* whisky. There is none. 'Twas never made good enough for man to drink as a beverage."

We have known an employer who has made use of the services of numbers of the most brilliant of the local writers of the past decade say, "No man ever took a drink of whisky that it did not in a degree impair his mind and aid in degrading his talents and in destroying his usefulness." He spoke not as an advocate of temperance, but simply as a business man, regarding the commodity (brains) which was of use to him in his business. Such testimony can not be swept aside by the howl of a "fanatic."

This subject is exhaustless. We have no space to give it a hearing, but return again to our query :

Why is it that those who desire the good of the masses are all on one side of this question? Why is it that only those who worship "self and money" are upon the other side? Let each man ask himself these questions, and let him answer himself from his inner consciousness, and then act according to the God-given light. Then the wail of the drunkard's wife, children, parents and friends, will be a thing of the past.

Temperance in the Family.

Eli Perkins.

My Uncle Consider is a temperate man. One day he came to me and said he, "Eli if you drink wine, you will walk in win—ding ways;—if you carry too much beer, the bier will soon carry you;—if you drink brandy punches you'll get landy punches, and if you always get the best of whisky, whisky will always get the best of you." (Applause).

But my Uncle William was not temperate like my Uncle Consider.

Far different !

He used to drink every once or twice in a while with people who invited him, and then he used to slide out and drink between drinks by himself. He used to drink with impunity — or with any body else who invited him. (Laughter).

But just before Uncle William died he made up his mind that he would reform, and he did reform — in the only way he could reform. That is he gave up the use of — water entirely. (Laughter.) He said he was afraid to use it. When they told him how much damage water had done — how it had engulfed ships, smashed lighthouses and drowned the whole human family in the deluge, he said he really was afraid to take any water in his. (Laughter).

One day when I expostulated with Uncle William about drinking so, how do you think he got out of it ; “Perhaps I ought not to drink so,” he said, “but don’t we read the parable in the Bible about turning water into wine? Now that’s all I do. I just turn water into my wine — and I don’t turn much water in either.” (Loud laughter).

My Uncle William used to do a great many queer strange things when he’d been drinking too much whiskey in his water. One day when h’d been drinking too much he insisted, against his wife’s wishes — against his wife’s advice — (O gentlemen you should never go against your wives’ advice. Our wives know more than we — they know more than we — and they are willing to admit it!) (loud laughter). As I was saying one day when Uncle William had been drinking too much, he insisted against his wife’s advice in smoking on a load of hay — coming home shortly afterwards without any eye-brows or whiskers and the iron of his wagon in a gunny bag. (Loud laughter).

Why, drinking made Uncle William so absent minded that, one night he came home from the lodge, got up and washed the face of the clock, and then got down and wound up the baby (laughter), and set it forward fifteen minutes. (Loud laughter).

Ingersoll on Rum.

"I am aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the liquor business. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery, until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime ; that alcohol is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All we have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, pauperism and destruction coming from alcohol ; of the little children tugging at the breasts of weeping, despairing, starving mothers begging for bread ; of the men of genius it has wrecked ; of the men struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing ; and when we think of the jails and almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the vile stuff called alcohol.

"Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, destroys conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, blights paternal hope, and brings premature age in sorrow and dishonor to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength, sickness, not health ; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all paupers. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, engenders consumption, and covers the land with idleness, misery and crime. It produces controversies, fosters quarrels, cherishes riots. It crowds our penitentiaries and furnishes victims for the scaffold.

"Alcohol is the blood of the gambler, the inspiration of the burglar, the stimulus of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It suggests the lie and counterances

the liar, condones the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, turns love to hate, scorns virtue and innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, and the child to sharpen the parricidal ax.

“Alcohol burns up men, consumes women, destroys life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perfidy, defiles the jury-box and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions and endangers the government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and reveling in havoc, it poisons felicity, destroys peace, ruins morals, wipes out national honor, curses the world, and laughs at the ruin it has wrought. It does that, and more—it murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil’s best friend, and God’s worst enemy.”

Talmadge on Temperance.

A man laughed at my father for his scrupulous temperance principles, and said: “I am more liberal than you. I always give my children the sugar in the glass after we have been taking a drink.”

If you want to know what rum does, let me sketch two houses in this street. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes home at nightfall and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal, gratulation, and sympathy, and laughter. Music in the parlor, fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well-clad household. Plenty of everything to make home happy.

House the second: Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff.

Wife's furs at the pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door-bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering step in the hall. Door opens. Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries, "Out ! out ! What are you doing here ?"

Did I call this house the second ? No ; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum embruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook its fist. Rum desolated the hearth. *Rum* changed that paradise into a hell.

I sketch two men that you know very well. The first graduated from one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers and sisters were present to see him graduate. They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He never looked so well. Everybody said, "What a noble brow ! What a fine eye ? What graceful manners ? What brilliant prospects !" All the world opens before him, and cries, "Hurrah, hurrah !"

Man the second : Lies in the station-house to-night. The doctor has just been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody and cut.

Who is this battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police, and carried in drunk, and foul, and bleeding ?

Did I call him the second ? He is man the *first* ! Rum transformed him. Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement day. Rum cut his lip. Rum dashed out his manhood. RUM, accursed RUM !

The Money Wasted in Drink.*Ed Perkins.*

“Britons” said President Cotten, “spend annually £140,000,000 or \$700,000,000 in drink, an average of \$19 for each Englishman.”

Germany has 11,800 breweries which turn out 846,000,000 gallons of beer.

America spends \$900,000,000 annually for rum and tobacco. The money wasted in drink in England, Germany and America would buy all the bread and meat eaten by the three nations. This awful burden compels twice the amount of labor in the world. This drink burden makes two-thirds of our sickness and three-fourths of our crime.

“Yes, but you don’t have to bear this burden if you don’t drink,” says the drunkard.

You are wrong, my friend; I paid \$425 taxes on my New York house last year. What was this tax used for? It was to govern a city where three-fourths of the arrests were made on account of drunkenness. I can govern myself, but I have to pay \$425 a year to be protected from the criminal classes, made criminals through rum.

John B. Gough’s Burst Bubble Lecture.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : Let me ask you to look with me, for a few moments, at the position of a man who is the slave of a bad habit.

There he stands, a poor, desolate, forlorn creature, trembling, yet defiant—a Pariah of society—an Ishmaelite, whose hand is against every man, and every man’s hand is against him.

The Pharisees of the world gather up the skirts of their self-righteous propriety, as they sweep superciliously by; the Sadducees stare coldly and contemptuously into his face; the Levites stop short at sight of him, cross the street and pass by

on the other side ; even the compassionate Samaritan has no eye of pity to glance on him, no hand of succor to extend.

There he stands, repelling and repelled—his shivering form wrapped in the shroud of his evil habit !

“ ’Tis his own fault ! ” cries the world. “ He has brought the ruin on himself ! Let him die ! ”

God’s face hidden—no mercy from man—there he stands alone in the world—alone ? And as he shivers and cowers at the street corner, let us bring before him a vision :—

Here, before me, stands a bright, fair-haired, beautiful boy, with the rosy cheek, and curling lock, and ruby lip, and round limb—the type, the picture of human health and beauty. That is Youth—that is his *past*.

Another figure shall stand before him ; the youth grown to the man, intellect flashing from his eye, his brow speaking of intellectual strength, as he claims for himself an influence over the hearts and feelings of his fellow-men. There he stands—a glorious being ! What is that ? That was his ideal.

Then gropes in a wretched thing, fetters on his limbs, his brow seamed, sensuality seated on his swollen lip, the image of God marred. What is that ? That is his *present* !

He shall see yet another vision : It is a wretched, emaciated creature ; you see his heart is all on fire, the worm that never dies has begun its fearful gnawings. What is that ! That—God help him—that is his *future* !

And yet, fearful as are the ravages of his fell destroyer—terrible as is the penalty his evil habit exacts—blighting, blasting, scorching, scathing, withering, wasting as it is, to everything bright and noble within him—still it has not destroyed all ! One sense remains, burning brightly and fiercely among the ruins. And oh, how he wishes it, too, could be numbed and deadened like the rest ! But no ; his *consciousness* still lives, and like a remorseless foe it clutches him in its grasp and rends him again !

The curse to the man who is going down step by step

is the consciousness of what *is*, and the remembrance of what *was* !

Oh ! the memory of the past !

All the bright dreams of his imagination are before him, yonder, separated from him by a continent of grief and disappointment, pain of body, and fever of spirit. Distant, clear, but cold is the moon, that shines on his waking agony, or on his desperate repose !

What has the man been doing who all his lifetime has been the slave to evil habit ? He has spent his life and fortune—sold his birthright ! And what has he obtained ? nothing, but the mere excitement of chasing after that which is not reality.

Talk about enjoyment in these pursuits ! There is none ! It is a mere sensation—fleeting and imaginary. No man ever received satisfaction enough in wicked pursuits to say, “Ah ! now I am happy.” It has gone from him—gone !

All the enjoyments that can be obtained in this world, apart from the enjoyments God has sanctioned, lead to destruction.

It is as if a man should start in a chase after a bubble, attracted by its bright and gorgeous hues.

It leads him, at first, through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purpled glory ; it leads him by sparkling fountains, with delicious music and the singing of birds ; it leads him through orchards hanging thick with golden fruit. He laughs and dances ! It is a merry chase !

By-and-by that excitement becomes intense—that intensity becomes a passion—that passion a disease !

Now his eye is fixed upon the bubble with fretful earnestness ; now he leaps with desperation and disappointment.

Now it leads him away from all that is bright and beautiful—from all the tender, clustering, hallowed associations of bygone days—up the steep, hot sides of a fearful volcano !

Now there is pain and anguish in the chase. He leaps and falls, and rises bruised, scorched and blistered ; but the excitement, the power of habit, has the mastery over him ; he forgets

all that is past, and in his terrible chase he leaps again—it is gone!

He curses, and bites his lips in agony, and shrieks almost the wild shriek of despair. Yet still he pursues the phantom that lures him on to destruction, and leaps again.—It is gone!

Knee-deep in the hot ashes, he staggers up with limbs torn and bruised, the last semblance of humanity scorched out of him. Still he struggles on, and leaps again.—It is gone! Again—it is gone!

Yet there is his prize. Glittering mockingly before him, there it is—he will have it!

The hot breath of the volcano is on his brow—its flame gleams in his eyes—his foot is on the crater's edge! Yet there it is—that horrible fascination—floating over him—he will have it!

With one last desperate effort, he makes a sudden spring. Aha! he has got it now—yes!—but he has leapt into the fiery chasm, and with a *burst bubble* in his hand, he goes before his God and Maker!

Every man possesses an evil habit who follows and is fascinated by an enjoyment God has not sanctioned. Heaven pity such a man! He barter away jewels worth all the kingdoms of this world, and gains for them—a *burst bubble*!

Ay, and when on that great day, for which all other days were made, his awful Judge—amid the final crash of doom—shall ask him, “What hast thou done that thou may'st inherit eternal life?” all he can show will be—the BURST BUBBLE!

Commodore Rolinpin's Experience.

My wife never saw me drunk but once, and it affected her so I could not have the heart to repeat it.

I will never forget that evening. I was pretty tight when I got home; but in less than fifteen minutes I was perfectly sober.

She had been sweeping, and was sitting in the front room with a broom in her hand.

As I entered the house, she smelled my breath, and it threw her into hysterics.

The broom began playing about, and she commenced dancing.

I endeavored to quiet her nerves, but it was no use. She was too badly frightened, and I started to leave, but somehow or other the broomstick came in contact with my head, and broke it—the broomstick—in two.

It was a new instrument that I had made her a present of the day we went to housekeeping, and I felt so sorry for her that I fell down on the floor unconscious.

When I came to, the neighbors had me stretched out on a sofa and were bathing my head with cold water.

My eyes were both black—they are naturally gray—and terribly swollen.

The accident to the broom came near proving fatal with me.

But I got well, and never said anything to her about it. I was so sorry for her I could not. But I have been very careful since not to frighten her.

I never travel for health, but have made some voyages for the purpose of enjoying sprees.

They are not healthy in our house.

Delirium Tremens.

A drunken man came out of John Morrissey's club-house in Saratoga, and leaning up against a lamp-post commenced to vomit. Bracing himself up, he opened his eyes and was horror-stricken at the sight that met his swimming gaze. There stood a dog suspiciously eying the contents. Too drunk to comprehend the situation, he soliloquized to himself:

“ Well (hic) I remember (hic) where I got the ch^êese (hic), and I know (hic) where I got the sauerkraut (hic), but blam'me

if I know (hic) where I got that dog (hic).” Then he doubled up and fell on the pavement. Some of his friends lifted him, put his battered hat on, and assisted him home; and then he remarked:

“Gentlemen (hic), where was I? (hic.)”

“Don’t you recollect?”

“No, sir (hic). The last (hic) thing I remember (hic) is, I was holding (hic) on to a gas lamp (hic); and the (hic) lamp-post fell down (hic).”

A Temperance Crusade Incident.

Eli Perkins.

During the famous whisky crusade which commenced in Hillsboro’, Ohio, the ladies all crowded around Charley Crothers’ saloon, one day, and commenced praying and singing. Charley welcomed them, offered them chairs, and seemed delighted to see them. He even joined in the singing. The praying and singing were kept up for several days, Charley never once losing his temper. The more they prayed and sang the happier Charley looked. One day a gentleman came to Charley and broke out:

“I say, Charley, ain’t you getting ’most tired of this praying and singing business?”

“What! me gettin’ tired? No, sir!” said Charley. “If I got tired of the little singing and praying they do in my saloon here, what the devil will I do when I go to heaven among the angels, where they pray and sing all the time?”

Then Charley winked and took a chew of cavendish.

Nasby on Temperance.

In days past I have seen some drunkenness and the effects thereof. I have seen the dead bodies of women murdered by drunken husbands; I have seen the best men in America go down to disgraceful graves; I have seen fortunes wrecked,

prospects blighted, and I have pursued a great many pages of statistics. There are crimes on the calendar not resulting from rum, but were rum eliminated, the catalogue would be so reduced as to make it hardly worth the compiling. Directly or indirectly, rum is chargeable with a good ninety per cent. of the woes that afflict our country.

Burdett's Temperance Lecture.

My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets \$200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will see that he never worries because Ingersoll gets \$200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because Francis Murphy is paid \$150 a week for temperance work, seems to think it is all right when a barkeeper takes in twice as much in a single day. The laborer is worthy his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as on the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your immortal soul worth less than the man who is trying his level best to go to congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Isn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and society as the bartender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able pay a high price for the bad? Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whisky; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "full hand" at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a state election costs more than a revival of religion.

You can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing, if you are mean enough to deadbeat your lodgings in that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you \$2 every time; 50 cents for the circus, and a penny for the little ones to put

into the missionary box ; \$1 for the theater, and a pair of old trousers, frayed at the ends, baggy at the knees, and utterly burst at the dome, for the Michigan sufferers ; the dancing lady gets \$600 a week, and the city missionary gets \$500 a year ; the horse race scoops in \$2,000 the first day, and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out \$40 in debt—why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering and scoffing because once in awhile you hear of a preacher getting a living or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out into the dark and feel ashamed of yourself, and if you don't feel above kicking a mean man, kick yourself. Precious little does religion and charity cost the world, my boy, and when the money it does get is flung into its face, like a bone to a dog, the donor is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not, and certainly should not be. grateful.

Alf Burnett's Drunken Soliloquy.

Let's see, where am I ? This is coal I'm lying on. How'd I get here ? Yes, I mind now ; was coming up street ; met wheel-barrow wot was drunk, coming t'other way. That wheel-barrow fell over me, or I fell over the wheel-barrow and *one* of us fell into the cellar, don't mind now which, I guess it must have been me. I'm a nice young man, yes I'm tight, tore, drunk, shot ! Well, I can't help it ; 'taint my fault. Wonder whose fault it is ? Is it Jones's fault ? No ! Is it my wife's fault ? WELL IT AIN'T ! Is it the wheel-barrow's fault ? No-o-o ? IT'S WHISKY'S FAULT ! WHISKY ! who's Whisky ? Has he got a large family ? Got many relations ? All poor, I reckon. I won't own him any more ; cut his acquaintance. I have had a notion of doing that for the last ten years ; always hated to, though, for fear of hurting his feelin's. I'll do it now, for I believe liquor is injurin' me ; it's spoiling my temper. Sometimes I gets mad and abuses Bets

and the brats. I used to call 'em Lizzie and the children ; that's a good while ago, though. *Then*, when I cum home, she used to put her arms around my neck and kiss me, and call me "dear William !" When I cum home now she takes her pipe out of her mouth, puts her hair out of her eyes, and looks at me and says, "Bill, you drunken brute, shut the door after you ! We're cold enough, havin' no fire 'thout lettin' the snow blow in that way." Yes, she's Bets and I'm Bill now ; I ain't a good bill neither ; I'm counterfeit ; won't pass —(a tavern without goin' in and getting a drink.) Don't know wot bank I'm on ; last Sunday was on the river bank, at the Corn Exchange, drunk ! I stay out pretty late—sometimes out all night, when Bets bars the doors with a bed-post ; fact is, I'm out pretty much all over—out of friends, out of pocket, out at elbows and knees, and out—rageously dirty. So Bets says, but she's no judge, for she's never clean herself. I wonder she don't wear good clothes ? Maybe she ain't got any ! Whose fault is that ? 'Taint mine ! It may be whisky's. Sometimes I'm in ; I'm in-toxicated now, and in somebody's coal cellar. I've got one good principle ; I never runs in debt, cause nobody won't trust me. One of my coat-tails is gone ; got tore off, I expect, when I fell down here. I'll have to get a new suit soon. A feller told me t'other day I'd make a sign for a paper-mill. If he hadn't been so big I'd licked him. I've had this shirt on nine days. I'd take it off, but I'm 'fraid I'd tear it. Guess I tore the window-shutter on my pants t'other night, when I sot on the wax in Ben Sniff's shoe-shop. I'll have to get it mended up or I'll catch cold. I ain't very stout neither, though I'm full in the face, as the boys say. "I'm fat as a match, and healthy as the small pox." My hat is standin' guard for a window pane that went out the other day at the invitation of a brick-bat. It's getting cold down here ; wonder how I'll get out ? I ain't able to climb. If I had a drink, think I could do it. Let's see, I ain't got three cents : wish I was in a tavern, I could sponge it then. When

anybody treats, and says, "Come, fellows!" I always think my name is fellows, and I've too good manners to refuse. I must leave this place, or I'll be arrested for burglary, and I ain't come to that yet! Anyhow it was the wheel-barrow did the harm, not me!

Burdette on the Swiller.

"Fact is," said Mr. Swiller, sitting down at the round table with his friend, "Fact is—two beers. Tony! there's just as much intemperance in eating as there is in drinking, and that's what puts me—by George, that's refreshing, isn't it? Cold as ice. Fill 'em up again, Tony—out of patience with these total-abstinence fanatics. A man can be temperate in his eating and he can be intemperate in his drinking, and I go—light a cigar?—in for temperance in all things. Now I like to—thank you, yes, I believe I will repeat—sit down with a friend and enjoy a glass of beer in a quiet way, just as we do now. Its cool, refreshing, mildly stimulant—have another with me—and does me good. I know when I have enough and—once more, Tony—when I have enough I know enough to quit. Now, do I look—hello, there's Johnson; sit down here with us, Johnson; three beers, Tony—I was just asking Blotter, here, if I looked like a victim of dyspepsia? I don't drink much water this weather; I believe its the worst—this time with me, fellows—thing a man can put into his system such weather as this. I believe beer is the best thing for any man, and I know it's the best thing for me. But I—don't hurry, have another before you go; here, Tony!—don't gorge myself with it. I don't sit around and get full every time I take a drink. I like to—three more, Tony—sit down quietly with a friend and enjoy a glass of beer and a bite of lunch, but I don't like to gorge myself. I don't eat myself into a—fill these up again—dyspepsia, either, and then claim to be a temperate man. Temperance in all things is my mozzier-mozzer-motto. Thatsh me! Now, I donk-donk-donkall, I donkall myself a drinking man

—once more wiz me fellows—I like to sit down quieshly wish a few frens and 'joy glash beer—just becaush dosh me good ; good. But I donteat myshelf to death—onesh more all 'rown'—like thesh temperals falatics—onesh in awhile I like glash of beer—jush in quiet way onsch in while, but you don' see—you don' see me gettin' full ev'ry time—” (Talks temperance in all things and undue indulgence in nothing over twelve more glasses, and succumbs to sweet repose).

Conscientious Objections.

“I have a conscientious objection to teetotalism,” said a man to John B. Gough.

“And what is your conscientious objection?” asked Mr. Gough.

“It is because teetotalism is not taught in the Bible. Noah got drunk, and our Savior made wine at the marriage of Cana in Galilee.”

“I know he did.”

“He made it because they wanted it.”

“So the Bible tells us.”

“He made it of water,” continued the man.

“Yes.”

“Well, he performed a miracle to make that wine.”

“Yes.”

“Then he honored and sanctified wine by performing a miracle to make it. Therefore,” said he, “I feel that, if I should give up the use of wine, I should be guilty of ingratitude and should be reproaching my Master.”

“Sir,” said I, “I can understand how you should feel so ; but is there nothing else you put by, which our Savior has honored?”

“No, I don't know that there is.”

“Do you eat barley bread?”

“No,” and then he laughed.

“And why?”

“Because I don’t like it.”

“Very well, sir,” said I. Our Savior sanctified barley bread just as much as he ever did wine. He fed five thousand people on barley loaves by a miracle. You put away barley bread from the low motive of not liking it. I ask you to put away wine from the higher motive of bearing the infirmity of your weaker brother, and so fulfilling the law of Christ.”

Bargaining With a Pump.

Some thirty years ago, an intemperate man was reformed by being refused one cherry. Penniless, he went to the public-house one morning, where he had squandered many a shilling, to get a drink “on tick.” The landlady refused to trust him. Seeing a plate of luscious ripe cherries on the bar, he asked for but one. “Save your money and buy your own cherries,” was her surly reply. “I will,” he said, and he did. His wounded pride forced him to reflect; reflection ensured amendment. From that morning he was reformed.

The following story tells of a flannel-weaver who also was induced by a surly answer to reflect and then to make a good bargain with a pump.

This man had saved a guinea for the purpose of having a whole week’s dissipation. He began on Monday, spending three shillings per day for seven days; on the morning of the eighth day he was burning with thirst, but his money was gone.

He went to the back door of the place where he had spent his guinea, to beg a pint on trust.

Judy, the landlady, was mopping the passage; he stood looking at Judy, with his cracked lips, parched tongue and bloodshot eyes, expecting her to ask him to take a drop; but she did not, and he requested her to trust him for only one pint.

With an indignant look of scorn and contempt she replied, "Trust thee ! thou dirty, idle vagabond ! Set a step in this house, and I will dash this mop in thy face !"

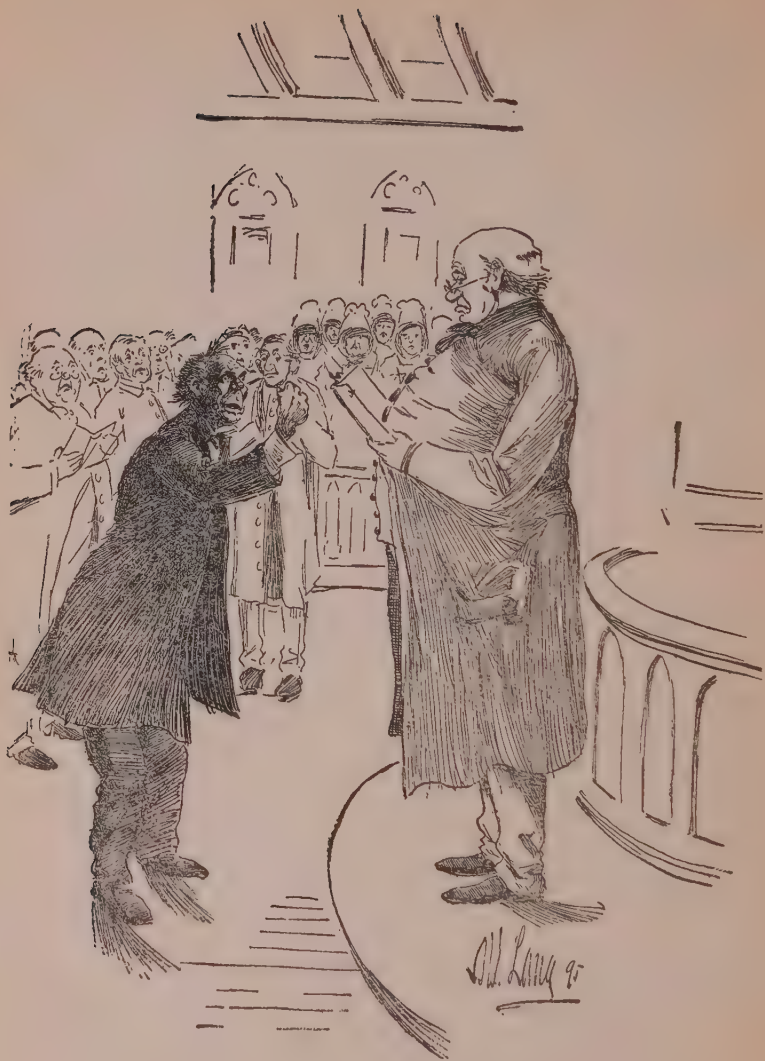
The poor wretch hung down his head in shame. He was leaning against a pump ; and after a little study began to talk to the pump,—

"Well, Pump," he said, "I have not spent a guinea with thee, Pump ; wilt thou trust me a drop ?"

He lifted up the handle, put his burning mouth to the spout, and drank his fill ; this done, he again said to the pump,—

"Thank thee, Pump ; and now, hear me, Pump. I will not enter a public-house again for the next seven years and, Pump, thou art a witness."

The bargain was kept, and this man afterwards became a respectable manufacturer, and often said it was a grand thing for him that Judy threatened to dash the mop in his face.



"It'll be a long time before ye sees yer father-in-law." (See page 487.)

IRISH WIT,

Bulls, Blunders and Smart Sayings.

“How is the pig, Pat?”

“Faith an’ he’s a great glutton.”

“How is that?”

“Be Jabbers he drank two pails full of milk, and when I put the little rascal in the pail he didn’t half fill it.”

America a large Country.

“How do you like America, Mr. Flannigan?” was asked of an Irishman who had returned to Cork.

“Ameriky, does ye say?”

“Yes. Is it a large country?”

“Indade it is now. Ameriky is a mighty sizable place. Ye might roll England through it, an’ it would hardly make a dint in the ground. There’s a fresh water ocean inside of it that ye might drown Ireland in, an’ save Father Mathew a wonderful soight of trouble. An’, as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner of their forests, an’ ye’d never be able to find it, except, it might be, by the smell of the whisky.”

Pat in a Quaker Meeting.

Pat was attending a Quaker meeting when a Quaker preacher read from the Psalms of David—

“I have married a wife——”

“The devil, ye have!” interrupted Pat.

After the sexton had quieted Pat the clergyman commenced again—

"I have married a wife. I have married a daughter of the Lord, and——

"Arra do ye hear that now? Oh the spalpeen!" exclaimed Pat. "Begorra, if ye have married a daughter of the Lord it will be a long time before ye sees yer father-in-law."

* *

"Why don't you go home?" asked a policeman of a drunken Irishman on Washington square.

"Ah, now, be aisy; I live in the square; isn't it going round and round, and when I see my own door come up, won't I pop into it in a jiffy."

* *

"Biddy," said Mulligan to his wife, "its a bad cowl'd you have. A drop of the craythur would do you no harrum."

"Oh, honey," replied Biddy, "I've taken the pledge; but you can mix me a drink and force me to swally it!"

* *

"Rooney, why do you allow the pig to sleep in the same room with you and your wife?" asked a traveler of an Irish peasant.

"An' why not, mon? Doesn't the room afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

He Had the Laugh First.

"What a foine thing it would be to take that bull by the horns and rub his nose in the dirt," said Pat, laughing, as he pointed to an enraged bull.

"It would be a foine joke on the bull," said his friend, while they both laughed.

"Begorry, I'll do that same thing!"

When Pat picked himself out of a briar bed, all tattered and torn, he held his handkerchief over his bleeding nose and gasped:

"Well, it is a moighty foine thing I had my laugh foorst."

A gentleman, traveling in Kansas some years ago, turned in at a country tavern for dinner. The room was garnished with a dirty wash-basin, a piece of soap the size of a lozenge, and a square yard of crash, dimly visible through epidermic deposits. Having slightly washed, the traveler eyed the rag doubtfully, and then asked the proprietor :

“Haven’t you, sir, about the premises, a this year’s towel?”

The Dream Story.

An Irishman and a Scotchman were lost on the prairie. When half starved they killed a single quail. The quail was not enough for two meals, so they decided to keep it till the next morning, and the one having the most pleasant dream was to have it.

“An’ what did ye dream?” asked Pat the next morning.

“O! I dreamed a beautiful dream,” said the Scotchman. “I dreamed that angels were drawing me up to heaven in a basket, and I was never before so happy.”

Upon the Scotchman concluding his dream, Pat exclaimed :

“Och, sure and be jabers, I saw ye going, and thought ye wouldn’t come back, so I got up and ate the quail myself.”

* *
*

“Pat, what’s the reason they didn’t put a hin up there instead of a rooster?” asked one Irishman of another, pointing to the weather vane on a barn.

“An’ sure,” replied Pat, “that’s aisy enough; don’t you see, it would be inconvanient to go for the eggs.”

* *
*

“How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?” was asked of the Irish hotel porter.

“I raly don’t know, sir; but what bothers me the most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix.”

James S. Burdette's Irishman's Panorama.

Ladies an' gintlemin : In the foreground over there ye's 'll obsarve Vinegar Hill, an' should yer be goin' by that way some day, yer moight be fatigued, an' if ye are yer'll foind at the fut of the hill a nate little cot kept by a man named McCarty, who, by the way, is as foine a lad as you'll mate in a day's march. I see by the hasp on the door that McCarty is out, or I'd take ye's in an' introduce ye's. A foine, ginerous, noble feller is this McCarty. Shure an' if he had but the wan peratie he'd give ye's the half of that, and phat's more, he'd thank ye for takin' it. (James, move the crank ! Larry, music on the bag-pipes) !

Ladies an' gintlemin : We've now arrived at a beautiful spot, situated about twenty miles this side o' Limerick. To the left over there yer'll see a hut, by the side of which is s'ated a lady and gintleman ; well, as I was goin' that way wan day, I heard the following conversation betwixt him an' her. She says to him : "James, it's a shame for yer to be tr'atin' me so ; d'ye moind the toime yer used to come to me father's castle a-beggin' ?" "Yer father's castle — *me* ? Well, thin ! ye could sthand on the outside of yer father's castle, an' stick yer arm down the chimney and pick praties out of the pot an' divil a partition betwixt you and the pigs but sthraw." (Move the crank, etc.).

Ladies an' gintlemin : We have now arrived at the beautiful and classical Lakes of Killarney. There's a curious legend connected wid dese lakes that I must relate to you. It is that every evenin' at four o'clock in the afternoon a beautiful swan is seen to make its appearance, an' while movin' transcendently and glidelessly along, ducks its head, skips under the water, an' you'll not see him till the next afternoon. (Turn the crank, etc.).

Ladies an' gintlemin : We have now arrived at another beautiful spot, situated about thirteen and a half miles this

side of Cork. This is a grate place, noted for sportsmin. Wanst, while sthoppin' over there at the Hotel de Finney, the following tilt of a conversation occurred betwixt Mr. Muldoo-ney, the waiter, and meself. I says to him, says I, "Mully, old boy, will you have the kindness to fetch me the mustard?" And he was a long time bringin' it, so I opportuned him for kapin me. An' says he to me, says he, "Mr. McCune" (that's me), "I notice that you take a great dale of mustard wid your mate." "I do, says I. Says he, "I notice you take a blame sight of mate wid your mustard." (Move the crank, etc.).

Ladies an' gintlemin: We now skhip acrost the broad Atlartic to a wonderful shpot in America, situated a few miles from Chinchinnatti, Ohoho, called the falls of Niagara. While lingerin' wan day I saw a young couple evidently very sweet on aich other. Av course I took no notice of phat they were sayin', but I couldn't help listenin' to the followin' extraordinary conversation. Says he to her, "Isn't it wonderful to see that tremindous amount of water comin' down over that terrible precipice?" "Yis, darlint," says she, "but wouldn't it be far more wonderful to see the same tremindous body of water a-goin' *up* that same precipice?" (Move the crank, etc.).

Will Carlton's Lightning Rod Agent.

If the weary world is willing, I've a little word to say,
Of a lightning-rod dispenser that dropped down on me one
day,
With a poem in his motions, with a sermon in his mien,
With hands as white as lilies, and a face uncommon clean.
No wrinkle had his vestments, and his linen glistened white,
And his new-constructed necktie was an interesting sight;
Which I almost wish his razor had made red that white-
skinned throat,

And the new-constructed necktie had composed the hang-
man's knot,
Ere he brought his sleek-trimmed carcass for my women
folks to see,
And his rip-saw tongue a-buzzin' for to gouge a gash in me.

But I couldn't help but like him — as I always think I must
The gold of my own doctrines in a fellow-heap of dust ;
When I fired my own opinions at this person round by round,
They drew an answering volley of a very similar sound.
I touched him on religion, and the hopes my heart had known ;
He said he'd had experiences quite similar of his own.
I told him of the doubtin's that made dark my early years ;
He had laid awake till morning with that same old breed of
fears.

I told him of the rough path I hoped to heaven to go ;
He was on that very ladder, only just a round below.
I told him of my visions of the sinfulness of gain ;
He had seen the self-same picters, though not quite so clear
and plain.

Our politics was different, and at first he galled and winced ;
But I arg'ed him so able, he was very soon convinced.
And 'twas getting toward the middle of a hungry summer day ;
There was dinner on the table, and I asked him would he
stay ?

And he sat him down among us, everlasting trim and neat,
And asked a short, crisp blessing almost good enough to eat ;
Then he fired up on the mercies of our Great Eternal Friend,
And gave the Lord Almighty a good first-class recommend ;
And for full an hour we listened to the sugar-coated scamp,
Talking like a blessed angel, eating like a blasted tramp.

My wife, she liked the stranger, smiling on him soft and
sweet ;
It always flatters women when their guests are on the eat.)

And he hinted that some ladies never lose their early charms,
And kissed her latest baby, and received it in his arms.
My sons and daughters liked him, for he had progressive
views,

And chewed the quid of fancy, and gave down the latest news.
And I couldn't help but like him, as I fear I always must
The gold of my own doctrines, in a fellow-heap of dust.
He was spreading desolation through a piece of apple-pie,
When he paused and looked upon us with a tear in his off eye,
And said, "Oh, happy family! your blessings make me sad;
You call to mind the dear ones that in happier days I had:
A wife as sweet as this one; a babe as bright and fair;
A little girl with ringlets, like that one over there.
I worshipped them too blindly! my eyes with love were dim!
God took them to His own heart, and now I worship Him.
But had I not neglected the means within my way,
Then they might still be living, and loving me to-day.

"One night there came a tempest; the thunder-peals were
dire;

The clouds that tramped above us were shooting bolts of fire;
In my own house, I lying, was thinking, to my blame,
How little I had guarded against those shafts of flame,
When, crash! through roof and ceiling the deadly lightning
cleft,

And killed my wife and children, and only I was left.

"Since that dread time I've wandered, and naught for life have
cared,

Save to save others' loved ones, whose lives have yet been
spared;

Since then it is my mission, where'er by sorrow tossed,
To sell to virtuous people good lightning-rods, at cost.
With sure and strong protection I'll clothe your buildings o'er,
'Twill cost you fifty dollars, (perhaps a trifle more);

What little else it comes to, at lowest price I'll put,
 (You signing this agreement to pay so much per foot.")

I signed it, while my family all approving stood about,
 And dropped a tear upon it, (but it didn't blot it out!)
 That very day with wagons came some men, both great and
 small;

They climbed upon my buildings just as if they owned 'em all;
 They hacked 'em, and they hewed 'em, much against my loud
 desires;

They trimmed 'em up with gewgaws, and they bound 'em
 down with wires;

They trimmed 'em and they wired 'em, and they trimmed and
 wired 'em still,

And every precious minute kept a-running up the bill.

My soft-spoken guest a-seeking, did I rave, and rush, and run;
 He was supping with a neighbor, just a three-mile further on.

"Do you think," I fiercely shouted, "that I want a mile o'
 wire

To save each separate hay-cock out o' heaven's consumin' fire?
 Do you think to keep my buildin's safe from some uncertain
 harm

I'm goin' to deed you over all the balance of my farm?"

He looked up quite astonished, with a face devoid of guile,
 And he pointed to the contract with a reassuring smile;

With mild and sad demeanor he listened to my plea,
 But he held me to that paper with a firmness sad to see;

And for that thunder-story, ere the rascal finally went,
 I paid two hundred dollars, if I paid a single cent.

And if any lightnin'-rodder wants a dinner dialogue
 With the restaurant departments of an enterprising dog,
 Let him set his mill a-runnin' just inside my outside gate,
 And I'll bet two hundred dollars that he won't have long to
 wait.

Frazing the Baste.

An Irishman, being annoyed by a howling dog in the night, jumped out of bed in his night shirt and run out into the snow after him. He caught the dog by the tail and held him on the snow.

"Holy Mother! Pat," said his wife, "what would ye be afther doin'?"

"Hush, darlint," he said. "Don't ye see? I'm tryin' to fraze the baste!"

* *
*

"Whose funeral is that?" was asked of an Irishman.

"Be gorrah, sir," said Pat with a most innocent look, "it's myself that can not say for sartain, but I'm after thinkin', it's the *man's in the coffin*."

Mosquito with a Lantern.

Two Irishmen had been fighting the mosquitoes in a New York tenement house. About two o'clock they finally got to sleep. While in a half-doze a lightning-bug came flying into the room.

"Jamie, Jamie, it's no use," exclaimed Pat. "Here's one of the creature sarchin' for us wid a lantern!"

No Sixpences in Ireland.

An Irishman asked a Long Island woman the price of a pair of fowls.

"A dollar," was the reply.

"And a dollar it is, my darlint? Why, in my country you might buy them for sixpence apiece."

"And why didn't you stay in that blessed cheap country?"

"Och, faith, and there was no *sixpence* there, to be sure!"

A Negative Testimony.

"And it is upon the oaths of them two witnesses yer honor is going to condimn me for theft?" asked Pat.

"Certainly," said the judge, "their testimony was ample to convince the jury of your guilt. Two witnesses saw you take the things."

"Oh, murther?" exclaimed Pat, "to condimn me on the oaths of two spalpeens who swear they saw me take the goods, whin I can bring forth a hundred who will swear they didn't see me do it."

Sunset Gun.

"What's that?" asked Pat, as they fired off the sunset gun at Fort Hamilton.

"Why, that's sunset."

"Sunset!" Pat exclaimed, with distended eyes, sunset Howly Moses! and does the sun go down in this country with sich a clap as that?

Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish patriot, once met a conceited literary friend, and exclaimed: "I saw a capital thing in your last pamphlet."

"Did you?" eagerly replied his delighted listener; "what was it?"

"A pound of butter."

Hard Work to Count Them.

"How many were there at the party, O'Flaherty?"

"How many would ye be after knowin'? Well there was the—two Crogans were one, myself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and—who was four? Let me see" (counting on his fingers). "The two Crogans was one, Mike Finn was two, myself was three, and bedad! there was four us, but I couldn't

tell the name of the other. Now, it's meself that has it. Mike Finn was one, the two Crogans was two, myself was three—and—by my soul, I think there was but three of us after ail."

* *

"Buy a trunk, Pat," said a dealer.

"And what for should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat.

"To put your clothes in," was the reply.

"And go naked?" exclaimed Pat; "not a bit iv it!"

Twinty Moils Apiece.

Two Irishmen were once walking toward New York, when they met a man and asked him how much farther they had got to travel, and were told that it was yet twenty miles to the great city.

"Faith, we'll not reach it the night," said one of them, evidently much dejected.

"Och, Pat, come on. Twinty moils! Shure thri's not much; only tin moils apiece. Come on."

A gentleman going up Sixth avenue, New York, met a laborer to whom he said: "Will you tell me if I am half way to Central Park?"

"Faith, an' I will," was the reply, "if you tell me where you started from."

* *

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?"

"Why, you see that my grandmother is dafe, and I am writing a loud letter to her."

* *

An Irish post-boy, having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, was asked if he was not very wet?"

"Arrah! I wouldn't care about being so *very wet*, if I wasn't so *very dry*, your honor."

An Irishman's Wit.

An Irishman, a Scotchman and an Englishman were found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hung.

"Now," said the Judge, "how would you like to be hung?"

"I will be hung to an ash tree," said the Englishman.

"And I will choose an oak," said the Scotchman.

"Well, Pat, what will you hang on?" asked the judge.

"If it plaze your honor, I'd rather be hung on a gooseberry bush."

"Oh," said the judge, "that's not big enough."

"Begorry thin," replied Pat, brightening up, "I'll wait till it grows."

* *
*

How much for the broad-faced chicken on the fence?" inquired an Irishman of a farmer.

"That's not a chicken—it's an owl," replied the farmer.

"I don't care how ould he is; I would like to buy him," said the Irishman.

* *
*

A German looked up at the sky and remarked :

"I guess a leedle it vill rain somedime pooty queek."

"Yees do, eh?" replied an Irishman : "What business have yees to purtend to know about Ameriken weather, ye furrin galoot !"

The Virgin Forest.

An Irish member of Parliament had been describing his travels in the far west and the " virgin forests " there.

"What is a virgin forest?" asked an auditor.

"Phwat is a vaargin forest is it ye want to know ! A vaargin forest, sorr, is one phwere the hand o' man has niver set fut, bedad !"

An Irishman, who lived in an attic, being asked what part of the house he occupied, answered : " If the house was turned *topsy turvy*, I'd be livin' on the first flure."

The Irishman in Court.

Pat O'Connor was arrested and brought before a New York judge upon the charge of assault and battery. He listened very attentively while the indictment was being read, and when that was ended, was asked if he demanded a trial.

Pat, putting his hand to his ear, and leaning forward in utter ignorance of what had been asked him, said :

" What's that ? "

The question was repeated, and his reply was : " The divil of a thrial I want. Ye needn't give yourself the throuble of thryin' me ; you may as well save the expense of that and put me down innocent. Contint am I to lave this wid my blessin' on ye ; indade, I'm anxious, for me boss is waitin' for me beyant. Oh, no, no ! the divil a thrial I want at all, at all ! "

When the laughter in the court-room subsided, the question was changed, and the prisoner was asked :

" Are you guilty or not guilty ? "

" What's that ? " he said, leaning forward again with his hand to his ear, as if he hadn't heard the question.

" Are you guilty or not guilty ? " said the judge.

" Arrah, now, your honor, how the divil can I tell till I hear the evidence ? "

As Innocent as a Suckin' Babe.

An Irishman being recently on trial for some offense, pleaded " not guilty ; " and, the jury being in the box, the state's solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the court, and said :

"Do I understand yer honor that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness forenenst me again?"

"It seems so," said the judge.

"Well thin, yer honor, I plade guilty, sure, and yer honor plaze, not because I *am* guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honor's suckin' babe at the brist, but jist on the account of saving Misther Furkisson's *soul*."

* *
*

Not long ago, in the court of appeals, an Irish lawyer, while arguing with earnestness his cause, stated a point which the court ruled out.

"Well," said the attorney, "if it plaze the coort, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is aqually as conclusive."

An Irishman's Plea.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk of the criminal court, to an Irish prisoner.

"An' sure," said Pat, "what are yees there for, but to foind that out?"

* *
*

Biddy (*to Pat, in charge about a difficulty*). "Never fear, Pat! Shure y've got an upright jidge to thry ye!"

Pat. "Ah, Biddy, darlin', the divil an upright jidge I want! 'Tis wan that'll *lane* a little!"

A "Waking Bull."

Patrick.—"Dennis, did you hear the thunder in the night?"

Dennis.—"No, Pat; did it really thunder?"

Patrick.—"Yes; it thundered as if hiven and earth would come together."

Dennis.—"Why the deuce, then, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape when it thunders!"

"Ah, Pat, I'm afraid you'll find the road you've going is rather a longer one than you think," said a gentleman to an Irishman who was staggering home from a circus.

"Sure, your honor," he replied, "it's not the length of the road I care about, it's the breadth of it that is destroying me."

He Was Not Bigoted.

"Come and have a dhrink, boys."

Pat came up and took a drink of whisky.

"How is this Pat?" asked a bystander. How can you drink whisky? Sure it was only yestherday ye towld me ye was a taytotler."

"Well," said Pat, evidently somewhat disconcerted, "you're right, Mister Kelly—it's quite right ye are—I am a taytotler, it's thrue, but I—I—I'm not a bigoted one!"

* *

"Mike how's your wife?"

"O, she's dead, thank your honor. How's your own?"

* *

Jimmy. "I was up at the menagerie yisterday after noon."

"I was there too," responded Mike.

"By me soul," said Jimmy, scratching his head, "I was lookin' for ye; which cage were you in?"

The Irish Philosopher.

Ladies and Gintlemen: I see so many foine lookin' people sittin' before me, that if you'll excuse me I'll be after takin' a seat meself. You don't know me, I'm thinking, as some of yees 'ud be noddin' to me afore this. I'm a walkin' pedestrian, a travelling philosopher. Terry O'Mulligan's me name. I'm from Dublin, where many philosophers before me was raised and bred. Oh, philosophy is a foine study! I don't know



"Which cage were you in?" (See page 500.)

anything about it, but its a foine study ! Before I *kim* over I attended an important meetin' of philosophers in Dublin, and the discussin' and talkin' you'd hear there about the world 'ud warm the very heart of Socrates or Aristotle himself. Well, there was a great many *imminent* and learned *min* there at the meetin', and I was there too, and while we was in the very thickest of a heated argument, one comes to me and says he, "Do you know what we're talkin' about?" "I do," says I, "but I don't understand yees." "Could ye explain the sun's motion around the earth?" says he. "I could," says I, "but I'd not know could you understand or not." "Well," says he, "we'll see," says he. Sur'n I didn't know anything how to get out of it then, so I piled in, "for," says I to myself, "never let on to any one that you don't know anything, but make them believe that you do know all about it." So says I to him, takin' up me shillalah this way (holding a very crooked stick perpendicular), "We'll take that for the straight line of the earth's equator"—how's that for gehography? (to the audience). Ah, that was straight till the other day I bent it in an argument. "Very good," says he. "Well," says I, "now the sun rises in the east" (placing the disengaged hand at the eastern end of of the stick). Well, he couldn't deny that. "And when he gets up he

Darts his rosy beams—Through the mornin' gleams."

Do you moind the poetry there? (to the audience with a smile). "And he keeps on risin' and risin' till he reaches his meriden." "What's that?" says he, "His dinner-toime," says I; "sure'n that's my Latin for dinner-toime, and when he gets his dinner

He sinks to rest—Behind the glorious hills of the west."

Oh, begorra, there's more poetry ! I fail it creepin' out all over me. "There," says I, well satisfied with myself; "will that do for ye?" "You havn't got done with him yet," says he. "Done with him," says I, kinder mad like; "what more do

you want me to do with him? Didn't I bring him from the east to the west? What more do you want?" "Oh," says he, "you'll have to bring him back again to the east to rise next mornin'." By Saint Patrick! and wasn't I near betraying me ignorance. Sure'n I thought there was a large family of suns, and they rise one after the other. But I gathered meself quick, and, says I to him, "well," says I, "I'm surprised you axed me that simple question. I thought any man 'ud know," says I, "when the sun sinks to rest in the west—when the sun—" says I. "You said that before," says he. "Well I want to press it stronger upon you," says I. "When the sun sinks to rest in the east—no—west, why he—why he waits till it grows dark, and then he goes *back in the noight toime!*"

Miss Malony on The Chinese Question.

The following is a fine instance of Irish dialect :

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke intirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands! To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry, to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listnin' than drawin' your remarks), an' it's mysel', with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive soon'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was a granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiterman which was brought out from Calitorny. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and, Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' looking off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid

their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacent and honest. Och ! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says, kind o' sheared :

"Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore ; and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—holy fathers ! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythin Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yellor it 'ud sicken you to see him ; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers and the front of his head shaved claner ner a copper biler, and a black tail a-hanging' down from behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och ! but I was upstairs afore you could turn about, a-givin' the missus warning' ; an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taitech 'em all in our power—the saints save us ! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blessed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or a smitch o' whiskers on him, and his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dying you'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, and he gr'nnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate !) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp you'd be surprisid, and ketchin' and copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him !

Is it ate wid him ? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen and he a-atin' wid drumsticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An'

didn't the crayer proffer to help me a wake ago some Toosday an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirit it through his teeth stret over the best linen tablecloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirty baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into the way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praties or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind, that haythen would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he could kape the shoes on him when he'd be payling anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' didn't he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythin! You're aware yerself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what should it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nor any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup' o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze, right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Oeh! the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud curdle

your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I, "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she; and so it went till she gave me such sass as I cudden't take from no lady, an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

MARY M. DODGE.

NEGRO WIT.

Anecdotes—Dialect and Fun.

"I take my tex dis morning," said a colored preacher, "frem dat po'tion ob de Scriptures whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to the Fessions."

Boilin' Eggs by de Watch.

"Look here, Sambo," said the hotelkeeper, "these eggs are boiled too hard. Now, take my watch, and boil them three minutes by it."

He gave the negro his splendid gold watch. In about five minutes the freedman returned with the eggs and watch on the same plate. The watch was wet.

"What have you been doing to my watch?" asked the hotelkeeper. "Why it's all wet!"

"Yes, sah," said the negro. "I biled de eggs by de watch. All right dis time, sah!"

Eli Perkins on the Richmond Darkey.

Richmond consists of 500 good houses, 17,000 negro huts and 400 tobacco factories. A Richmond man showed me the town. I didn't get tired looking at the 500 good houses, but the 400 tobacco factories wore me all out. At last, when I came to a large building, I would say:

"Another tobacco factory, sir?"

"Yes, this is a plug factory."

"Never mind," I said, "drive on; let the plug go."

Further on we came to a very large building and a very ancient building.

"Is that a tobacco factory, too?" I asked a darkey.

"No, sah; dat's a meetin' hous', sah. Dat's whar Patrick Henry delivered his great speech."

"When?" I asked, "when did Patrick speak?"

"Years and years ago, sah."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he's de man what said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

"Well, which did he get?"

"He got 'em bof, sah."

The Poultry Trade in Arkansas.

Opie P. Read.

"What other business do you follow besides preaching?" was asked of an old colored man.

"I speculates a little."

"How speculate?"

"Sells chickens."

"Where do you get the chickens?"

"My boys fetch 'em in."

"Where do they get them?"

"I doan know, sah. I'se allers so busy wid my preachin' dat I ain't got time to ax. I was gwine to inquire de udder day, but a 'vival come on an' tuck up all my time."

Alex Sweet.

We are indebted to Alex Sweet, who has made the *San Antonio Herald*, the *Galveston News*, and the *Galveston Herald* famous by his wit and humor for many of his very best negro stories. Many of Mr. Sweet's witticisms, as arranged by him, appear in this book in different places.

A Dutiful Daughter.

AND SWOOL.

"Look here, Matilda," said an Austin lady to the colored cook, "you sleep right close to the chicken house, and you must have heard those thieves stealing the chickens."

"Yes, ma'am, I heerd de chickens holler, and heerd de voices ob de men."

"Why didn't you go out, then?"

"Case, ma'am (bursting into tears), case, ma'am, I knowed my old fadder was out dar, and I wouldn't hab him know I'se los' confidence in him foh all de chickens in de world. If I had gone out dar and kitched him it would have broke his ole heart, and he would hab made me tote de chickens home foh him besides. He done tole me de day before dat he's gwine to pull dem chickens dat night."

He Knew the Nature of an Oath.

"Do you know what an oath is?" asked a Virginia judge of an old plantation darkey.

"Yes, sah; when a man swears to a lie he's got to stick to it."

* *

"What was you in jail for last summer, Sambo?"

"Fo' borrerin monney, sah!"

"But they don't put people in jail for borrowing money, do they?"

"Dey do in some cases, boss. Now in dis case I had to knock the man down free or fo' times before he would lend it to me."

He Wasn't Afraid.

An old darkey, during the last Millerite excitement, had boasted that "he wa'n't afraid ob de angel ob de Lord. No, sah!"

The darkey slept in a room finished off with a rough partition. One night, just as he was getting into bed, he was startled with a knocking on the partition, which made it jar.

"Who dar?"

"The angel of de Lord!"

"What ur want?"

"Want Sambo."

Out went the light, and under the bed-clothes went Sambo.

"No sich nigger here, sah! been dead des tree weeks."

An Accommodating Servant.

Alex Sweet.

"You will have a very easy time of it here, as we have no children to worry you," said an Austin lady to a colored woman she was about to hire.

"Don't restrict yerself, missus, on my account, bekase I'se fond of chilluns, I is."

Libel Suit Threatened.

Alex Sweet.

The Rev. Aminidab Bledso, of an Austin Blue Light Colored Tabernacle, was yesterday in consultation with his legal adviser as to the advisability of suing Deacon Gabe Snodgrass for \$50,000 damages done his character by the slanderous remarks of Snodgrass's boy, Abe Linkum. The facts are un-denied. Rev. Aminidab Bledso saw the boy in a crowd, and after patting him on the head, asked him if he knew his catechism, to which Abe Linkum responded that he did not.

"You don't seem to know much, anyhow," remarked the clergyman.

"I knows some dings, and udder dings I don't know."

"What does yer know?"

"I knows you don't keep no chickens, and dat dar am heaps ob chicken fedders in your back yard."

"Now tell us what yer don't know?"

"I don't know whose chickens dem fedders grewed on," responded Pea Blossom.

Negro Grammar.

Eli Perkins.

The funniest dialects are the negro, Irish, Dutch, Chinese and Yankee. The negro dialect has a grammar, and the present, imperfect and perfect tenses are built up as follows:

CONJUGATION OF THE VERB "I DUN." (COLORED).

Present.

I dun it.
 You dun it.
 He dun it.
 We uns dun it.
 You uns dun it.
 They uns dun it.

Imperfect.

I dun dun it.
 You dun dun it.
 He dun dun it.
 We or us dun dun it.
 You uns dun dun it.
 They uns dun dun it.

Perfect.

I gone dun dun it.
 You gone dun dun it.
 He gone dun dun it.
 We or us uns gone dun dun it.
 You uns gone dun dun it.
 They uns gone dun dun it.

Hon. W. S. Andrew's Negro Philosopher.

The Hon. W. S. Andrews often tells this negro story with a dialect which makes everybody enjoy it:

"An elderly colored man, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, was squatting with his bundle upon the hurricane-deck of one of the Western river steamers, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged



“ A dead white man ain’t much wid dese sojers, let alone a dead niggah.” (See page 512.)

in a state of profound meditation. His dress and appearance indicated familiarity with camp-life, and, it being soon after the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation found that he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned farther. His philosophy was so peculiar that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory will serve me : ”

“ Were you in the fight ? ”

“ I had a little taste of it, sah.”

“ Stood your ground, did you ? ”

“ No, sah, I runs.”

“ Run at the first fire, did you ? ”

“ Yes, sah, an’ would have run soonah had I knowed it was comin’.”

“ Why, that wasn’t very creditable to your courage.”

“ Dat isn’t in my line, sah ; cookin’s my profession.”

“ Well, but have you no regard for your reputation ? ”

“ Reputation’s nuffin to me by de side of life.”

“ Do you consider your life worth more than other people’s ? ”

“ It’s worth more to me, sah.”

“ But why should you act upon a different rule from other men ? ”

“ ‘Cause, sah, diff’rent men sets diff’rent value on derselves ; my life’s not in de market.”

“ But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country.”

“ What satisfaction would dat be to me, when de power of feelin’ was gone ? ”

“ Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you ? ”

“ Nuffin whatever, sah.”

“ If our soldiers were all like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance.”

“ Yes, sah ; der would have been no help for it. I wouldn’t put my life in de scales ’gainst any gubernment dat ever ex-

isted, for no gubermment could replace de loss to me. 'Spect dough dat de gubermment's safe if de're all like me."

"Do you think that any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"Maybe not, sah; a dead white man ain't much wid dese sojers, let alone a dead niggah; but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de p'int wid me."

Alex Sweet on Negro Honesty.

Jim Webster is one of the most upright negroes in Austin, and yet he is peculiar. Not long since he brought a large package of coffee to the store of a white neighbor, and said:

"I bought dis coffee at de store of Mr. Hotchkins, an' I jes knows he has cheated me outen more than a whole pound in de weight. I jes kin feel the lightness. Dar should be ten pounds, and I'se sho' dar's not more than eight pounds. He fixed his scale to cheat poor culled folks what hain't got no sense."

The white neighbor took the package, and, after weighing it carefully on his scales, said:

"You are mistaken, Jim. He has given you a pound and a half too much. There are eleven and a half pounds in the package instead of ten."

"Yer don't say so, boss. I was so sartin dat he was gibben me light weight dat, unbeknownst to him, jes to get eben, I lifted off de shelf a pair ob fine boots, wuff six dollars, to balance de account."

"Well, now you see that he hasn't cheated you, I suppose you will do what is right?"

"You bet I will, boss. I'se gwine right back ter dat store ter do what am right."

"Are you going to return the boots?"

"No, boss; I can't afford to make any such sacrifices as dat. I'se a poor nigger, if I is honest. I can't afford to make anybody a present of such a high-priced pair ob boots, but I'm

gwine to gib him back dat extra pound and a half of coffec. I admires liberality, I does, and from now on I'se gwine ter do all my tradin' with him, now dat he has worked hissself into my confidence. He sha'n't lose nuthin' by my honesty ef I kin help it."

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"Uncle Pete, why don't you get married?"

"Why, you see, sah, I got an old mudder, an' I hab to do for her, ye see, sah, an' if I don't buy her shoes an' stockin's she wouldn't get none. Now, ef I was to get married, I would hab to buy dem tings for my wife, an' dat would be taking de shoes an stockin's right out o' my mudder's mouf."

Appearances Deceiving.

"Sambo, whar you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?"

"How do you know I hab a watch?"

"Kase I seed the chain hang out ob your pocket in the front."

"Go 'way, nigger, s'pose you see a halter round my neck, you think dar is a hoss inside ob me?"

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"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey to his companion, "don't stan' on de railroad."

"Why, Joe?"

"Kase ef de cars see dat mouf ob yourn, dey will tink it am de depo' an' run rite in!"

Going in Cahoot.

Charlie and Henry Mason, of Frankfort, Ky., went out 'cooning with a darkey. I saw the darkey afterward and asked him what success he had had, and he said:

"Yer see, Marse Henry said we'se 'go in cahoot.' Well, we got fo' 'coons."

"How did you divide?"

"Well, Marse Henry he takes two, and Marse Charlie he takes two, an' —"

"What did you get?"

"Well, I don't know," scratching his head; then brightening up, "I reckons I gets the 'cahoot.'"

Stop dem Pussonalities.

"Julius, s'pose dere is six chickens in a coop, and de man sells three, how many is dere left?"

"What time of day was it?"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"A good deal. If it was arter dark dere would be none left — dat is if you happened to come along dat way."

"Look heah, nigga, stop dem pussonalities, or I'll shy a brick at dat head of yourn."

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"Do you think married people are happy, Uncle Jake?"

"Dat ar' 'pends altogedder how dey enjoy demselves."

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"Sambo, dis am a magnificent day for de race."

"What race, Pompey?"

"Why, de colored race, you stupid nigga."

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A negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to hit her on the head with an ax. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired: "Is you gwine to hit whar you look?"

"Yes."

"Den hold the cow yourself."

No Social Equality for Her.

"Ephreham, come hyar to yer mudder, boy. Whar you bin?"

"I'se been playing wid de white folkses chilun."

"You is, eh! See hyar, chile, you'll broke yer old mudder's heart, and brung her gray hairs in sorro' to the grave wid yer recklumness an' car-rings on wid evil assosayashuns. Hain't I raised yer up in de way that yer should ought to go?"

"Yessum."

"Habn't I reezened wid yer an' prayed wid yer, and deplored de good Lord to wrap yer in his buzzum?"

"Yessum."

"Habn't I taught yer to walk up in the broad and narrer path?"

"Yessum."

"An' isn't I yer nater'l detector an' gwadjeen fo' de law?"

"Yessum."

"Well, den, do yer s'pose I'se gwine to hab yer morals rectured by de white trash? No, sah! Yer git in de house, dis instep; an' if I ebber cotch your municatin' wid de white trash any mo', fo' God, nigga, I'll break yer black head wid a brick!"

"Yessum."

"My brudders," said a waggish darkey to a crowd, "in all afflictions, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy."

"Whar, whar?" shouted several of his audience.

"In de dictionary."

No Mississippi for him.

"I say, old man, don't you want to make some money?" asked an emigration agent of a Columbus (Ga.) darkey the other day.

“Dat’s jest what I’m searchin’ roun’ fer, boss. I hungry right now.”

“Well, in Mississippi the planters are paying mighty high prices for good work hands, and if you”—

“Hole on dar, boss. Jes’ wait. I’m a Middle Georgia nigger. I done been out dar. I’m a good wuk han’ too. I wuk myself out dur, and then I turn roun’ an’ wuk myself back again, an’ right here I’m gwine ter stay, if the Lord spars me. When I dies, I wants ter have a stomich spang full o’ bread and meat, an’ I wants ter be berried in a seminary whar I’m ’quainted with der folks.”

The Ongodliest Mule.

In Forsyth one day last week, a gentleman standing in the street, noticed a two-mule wagon drive up to one of the stores. There was nothing peculiar in this, but what particularly struck his attention was the fact that the driver—a colored man—had an exceedingly lengthy pair of reins, and was seated in the hindmost part of the wagon. When the team stopped, the negro cautiously fastened the lines to a standard and got out over the hind wheel, and made a circle of forty or fifty feet to get to the heads of the mules. This so excited the gentleman’s curiosity that he walked up and asked :

“Look here, uncle, you are not crazy, are you?”

“Does I look like a crazy nigger, Mars Tom?”

“Well, what in the name of common sense are you cutting up these antics for—walking almost twice around the wagon to get to your mules, and sitting on the ‘gate’ to drive?”

The negro looked at the gentleman a moment and then burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

“What the —— do you mean?”

“Mars Tom, don’t you know dat off mule dar? Dat’s Mars Tump Ponder’s roan mule.”

“Well, what the mischief is the matter with that mule?”

"Why, Mars Tom, dat mule is a sight—dat mule is. She's the ongodliest mule in cra'shun. She got some sense like white folks. No nigger can't come foolin' round her. Only last Chuesday she kick a bre's pin off a town merlatter's shirt buz-zum. Trufe, Mars Tom. An' de nigger don't know dat he ain't done gone an' los' it himself. Why, Mars Tom, when I goes to hitch up that mule, I has to put de harness on wid a pole, an' I has to get a new pole ebery time. Lemme play with powder an' Chrismus shooters, but don' gimme no roan mule! I can't stay wid Mars Tump arter this week. I'm too fon' of my fam'ly, an' don't b'long to no church nudder."

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A colored philosopher thus unburdened himself on one of woman's weaknesses: "Jim, de men don't make such fools of demselves about women as de women do about men. If women look at the moon they see a man in it. If they hear a mouse nibbling, it's a man; and dey all look under de bed de last thing at night to find a man. Why, I neber look under my bed to find a woman, does you?"

Jasper's Philosophy.

"Dey's some things I kin account for on philosophic principles," said the Rev. Mr. Jasper, of Richmond. "Now, dare's de telegraph."

"How do you account for that?" I asked.

"Wall, s'pose da was a dog, and dat dog's head was in Hoboken and his tail in Brooklyn."

"Go 'way, da ain't no such dog."

"Well, s'pose da was."

"Well, s'pose da was."

"Well, den, de telegram is jest like dat dog. If I pinch dat dog's tail in Brooklyn, what he do?"

"Dunno."

"Why, if I pinch dat dog's tail in Brooklyn, he go bark in Hoboken. Dat's the science of it."

"But how do you reconcile your sun-do-move theory, Mr. Jasper?" I asked.

"Bekase 'Lijah want a darn fool. Din' he told de sun to stan' still? Now ef de sun doan move—well god almighty what's de use ob talking."

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"Tom, where is that ten dollar counterfeit bill you had a while ago?"

"Well, Massa, I never was positive about dat ar bill. Some days I tink it war a bad bill; oder days I think it war a good bill; *so one o' dem days when I tinks it war a good bill I jes' dun gone and passed it.*"

A Colored Debating Society.

The "Colored Debating Society," of Mount Vernon, Ohio, had some very interesting meetings. The object of the argument on a particular evening was the settlement, at once and forever, of the question, "Which am de mightiest, de pen or de sword?"

Mr. Larkins said about as follows: "Mr. Chairman, what's de use ob a swoard unless you's gwyne to waar? Who's hyar dat's gwyne to waar? I isn't, Mr. Morehouse isn't, Mrs. Morehouse isn't, Mr. Newsome isn't; I'll bet no feller wot speaks on the swoard side is any ideer ob gwyne to waar. Den, what's de use ob de swoard? I don't tink dar's much show for argument in de matter."

Mr. Lewman said: "What's de use ob de pen 'less you knows how to write? How's dat? Dat's what I wants to know. Look at de chillun ob Isr'l, wasn't but one man in de whole crowd gwyne up from Egyp' to de Promis' Lan' cood write, an' he didn't write much. [A voice in the audience, "Who wrote de ten comman'ments, anyhow, you bet." Cheers from

the pen side.] Wrote 'em? Wrote 'em? Not much; guess not; not on stone, honey. Might p'raps cut 'em wid a chisel. Broke 'em all, anyhow, 'fore he got down de hill. Den when he cut a new set, de chillun ob Isr'l broke 'em all again. Say he did write 'em, what good was it? So his pen no 'count no-how. No, saar. De *swoard's* what fatched 'em into de Promis' Lan', saar. Why, saar, it's ridiculous. Tink, saar, ob David a-cuttin' off Goliah's head wid a *pen*, saar! De ideer's altogedder too 'posterous, saar. De *swoard*, saar, de *swoard* mus' win de argument, saar."

Dr. Crane said: "I tink Mr. Lewman a leetle too fas'. He's a-speakin' ob de times in de dim pas', when de mind ob man was crude, an' de han' ob man was in de ruff state, an' not tone down to de refinement ob cibilized times. Dey wasn't educated up to de use ob de pen. Deir han's was only fit for de ruff use ob de sword. Now, as de modern poet says, our swords rust in deir cubbards, an' peas, sweet peas, cover de lan'. An' what has wrot all dis change? *De pen*. Do I take a sword now to get me a peck ob sweet taters, a pair ob chickens, a pair ob shoes? No, saar. I jess take my pen an' write an order for 'em. Do I want money? I don't git it by de edge ob de sword; I writes a check. I want a suit ob clothes, for instance—a stroke ob de pen, de mighty pen, de clothes is on de way. I'se done."

Mr. Newsome said: "Wid all due 'spect to de learned gemman dat's jus' spoke, we mus' all agree dat for smoovin' tings off an' a-levelin' tings down, dere's notting equals de sword."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "I agrees entirely wid Mr. Newsome; an' in answer to what Dr. Crane says, I would jess ask what's de use ob drawin' a check unless you's got de money in de bank, or a-drawin de order on de store unless de store truss you? S'pose de store do truss, ain't it easier to sen' a boy as to write a order? If you got no boy handy, telegraf. No use for a pen—not a bit. Who ebber heard of Mr. Hill's pen? Nobody.

saar. But his sword, saar—de sword ob ole Bunker Hill, saar—is known to ebbery chile in de lan'. If it hadden been for de sword ob ole Bunker Hill, saar, whaar'd we niggers be to-night, saar? whaar, saar? Not hyar, saar. In Georgia, saar, or wuss, saar. No cullud man, saar, should ebber go back, saar, on de sword, saar."

Mr. Hunnicut's remarks seemed to carry a good deal of weight with the audience. After speeches by a number of others, the subject was handed over to the "committee," who carried it out and "sot on it." In due time they returned with the followin' decision :

"De committee decide dat de sword has de most pints an' de best backin', an' dat de pen is de most beneficial, an' dat de whole ting is about a stan'-off."

A Darkey Justice's Curious Decision.

Some time ago, Nathan Jones, a colored man in whose general character there was a lack of laudable ambition, was arraigned before a Little Rock justice and fined. Jones went down in the country, became a leader among the negroes, and was elected justice of the peace. The other day 'Squire Gilwig, before whom Jones had been arraigned, and whom the waves of politics had submerged, went down into Jones' neighborhood, drank bad whisky, and killed a man. He was arrested and taken before Justice Jones for examination.

"Prisoner at de bar," said the colored justice, "de las time I feasted dese judicial optics on yer fat face, I was in hock, an' yerse'f was de musical director ob de festive occasion. I recognized my lack of larnin', sah, an' went ter a night school. My frien's seein' in me de stuff outen what big men is made, put me on dis bench, while yer own frien's failin' ter see dem features in yerself, took yer offen de bench. Yer is charged wid killin' a man. De charge am pretty well sustained, an' blamed ef I see how yer's gwinter git outen dis fix."

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I am aware that I am seriously situated, I fined you heavily when you were drawn up before me, and now, especially as my crime is great, I do not expect mercy."

"Yas, sah, yas. Now, my mode ob precedement is a little different from dat put down in de statuary books. When a man what is guilty ob two crimes is arrested an' foteded afore me, I discharges him on de little crime, but holes him on de big one. Now, yerse'f is guilty ob two crimes, de littlest one of what is killing a man."

"I can't be charged with but one crime?" exclaimed the white man.

"I'll show yer in a minute. When I was afore you, arter I had paid my fine, what was it yer said?"

"I don't remember."

"See ef yer can't ricolleck."

"I believe I told you to keep your feet in the path of rectitude."

"Yas, dat's it; an' when I axed yer ter say dat word agin, yer turned away an' commenced talkin' wid a lawyer. Dat word struck me, an' I wanted it. Arter I was elected I needed it, but couldn't ricolleck it. On dis account justice wus cheated, an' I is certain dat de higher courts hab 'versed my decisions case I didn't hab dat word. Now, sah, I'll discharge yer fur killin' dat man."

"Thank you, Judge."

"But I'll put yer in jail an' see dat yer's hung fur keepin me outen dat word. Mr. Constable, put de han'cuffs on de larned gen'leman."

Changing His Name.

The other day a young African asked us if it was "agin de law" to change his name. We replied that if he had a good name, he had better keep it, as a good name was the one thing to be desired in this world.

"I'se got a putty fa'r name," he said, "w'at I'se had ober sence the war, but it won't do for dis chile any moah."

"Why, what's the matter with it?" we asked.

"Well, you see, boss, dar's a fool nigger come hyar from Chillicoffee, an' he's a-buzzin' around with my name, and no two niggers can circumbate in de same town unless one or de uder ob dem hab a different procognem."

"Perhaps you can prevail on him to adopt another name."

"No, sah; I offered him foah bits an' a rahsor to call hisself somethin' else 'sides Geowge Washin'ton Jones, but de yaller fool won't do it."

"Yellow, is he?"

"Yes, sah; an' dat's what makes me injurious about it. He says de Joneses was de fustest family of Firginny, an' dat he's condescended in a direct line from dem, an' consaquenchly darfoah walues de name moah exceedingly dan udderwise."

"So you propose to off with the old name and on with a new?"

"Somethin' like dat, I s'pose, boss. An' I wants to ax you de favor to sejest some disappropriate name dat'll do for a cullud pusson ob standin'. I don't soshate wid de common low-class niggers, and I wants a name out o' dere uncomprehension—w'at dey can't steal, you know."

"How'll Benedict Arnold do?"

"De Arnold am tonish, for suah, but dar's too many Benneys an' Dicks around. Try anudder one, boss."

"Well, Algernon Sartoris, how's that?"

"Dat's superlagant! Algerneyman Sartoris Arnold—dat'll do for the some ob de name. Please reach for anudder one, sah."

"Why, that's name enough. How much do you want, for goodness sake?"

"Boss, you must 'member dat I'se deekin in the church, an' 'prietor ob a house an' lot."

"Oh! yes; well—let's see—Bill Allen!"

"Dat's too common."

"Abraham Lincoln."

"Too ordinary, sah. Git up higher."

"Phil. Sheriden!"

"Higher yet, sah, if you please."

"Wm. Tecumseh Sher—"

"Stop, sah—dat's nuff—needn't feel no furdur. Wilyum Clerkumsey—dat sounds like ole Kaintuck—Wilyum Cherkumsey Algerneyman Sartoris Arnold. Yes, sah, dat'll do—no low-class nigger can get inside o' dat. You'se de solum witness, boss, dat dat's my name from hencefo'th on to all precedin' time. I'se obliged to you, sah."

As he walked majestically away, repeating the name over to himself, he was the proudest nigger in Brunswick. And yet Shakespeare says there's nothing in a name.

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A negro, who was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbor's fruit, being caught in a garden by moonlight, nonplused his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands, and piously exclaiming: "Good Lord! dis yere darkey can't go nowhere to pray any more without bein' 'sturbed."

Didn't Want to Know Him.

"Sam, do you know Jonah?" asked one negro of another on returning from the prayer meeting.

"Jonah! Who is he?"

"Why, Jonah dat swallowed the whale; don't you know him?"

"Why, darn his big-moufed soul, I doan want to know him. He's one of dem greedy Firginny niggers, he is! Why, dem Firginny niggers dey eat ebery ting dey get dere mouts on!"

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"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill mountains?" "No, sah, I've seen 'em *kill mice*."

You Looks Jes Like Him.

"Uncle Ben, how do I look ? " asked a proud old Virginian as he showed his new suit of clothes to his favorite servant.

" Why, you looks splendid, master, splendid. Why, you look as bold as a lion."

" What do you know about a lion ? You never saw one."

" Why, yes, I did, master ; I've often seed a lion, often."

" Where, Uncle Ben ? "

" Why, down on master Johnson's plantation, they've got a lion, and you seed him, too ; I know you has."

" Why, you old goose you, that is not a lion ; it is a jack-ass, and they have called him Lion."

" Well, I don't care about dat, I don't care for dat. You look just like him."

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An elderly darkey inquired of a policeman if he knew anything of his son Pete.

The policeman replied that there was a young darkey in the lock-up for breaking up a prayer-meeting with an ax-handle.

" Dat's him," exclaimed the overjoyed parent. " He told me he was gwine to 'muse hisself."

DUTCH WIT.

Quaint Anecdotes and Blunders.

Melville D. Landon, A.M.

All the dialects, the Dutch, the Irish and the negro dialects produce laughter, because they are instances of deformed language. All stammering stories will produce laughter, too, on account of the deformity of language.

The simplest incident, if told with a dialect, will produce laughter. For instance :

Two Germans met in San Francisco. After affectionate greeting, the following dialogue ensued :

"Fen you said you hev arrived?"

"Yesterday."

"You came dot Horn around?"

"No."

"Oh! I see; you came dot isthmus across?"

"No."

"Oh! den you come dot land over?"

"No."

"Den you hef not arrived?"

"Oh, yes, I hef arrived. I come dot Mexico through."

Dutch Blunders.

"Hans, you have frozen your nose."

"Nein, he froze hissself, Mr. Berkins."

"How did it happen, Hans?"

"I no understand dis ting. I haf carry dot nose forty year, unt he nefer freeze hissself before."

All lisping or stammering stories come under the heading of deformed language. For example :

A country fellow who lisped, having bought some pigs, asked a neighbor for the use of a pen for a few days. Said he :

"I have jutht been purchathin thome thwine—two thowth and pigth. I want to put them in your pen."

"Two thousand pigs!" exclaimed the neighbor; "why, my pen will hardly hold a dozen."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Bent; I don't thay two thouthand pigths, but two thowth and pigth."

"I hear you," said Mr. Bent—"two thousand pigs. Why, you must be crazy!"

"I tell you again," exclaimed the man, angrily, "I mean not two thouthand pigth, but two thowth and two pigth."

"Oh, that is what you mean, eh? Well, take the pen!"

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Chinese dialect, or "pigeon English," is always very amusing. For instance, the other day I met Wang Ho, and asked him why Americans always like to see wrestling and fighting.

Wang Ho looked up from his work-board very quizzically, and said :

"You wank know why Melica man likee fight? Him heap flaid of him wiffee. Melican velly fond stay out latee. Him wiffee get heap mad—taka a poka—say, 'Me givee him fit'—taka pitch ice wata—say, 'Me coole him off.' Bimeby Melican man come home, takee off him shoe, stealee upstay—say, 'Me foolee ole woman.' Alle same him wiffee open him eye—say, 'Ha! whe you be so latee? Wha time you thinkee him be?' Den Melican man him say, 'You betta leavee me lone—me velly bad man. Me see fightee allee night—Patsee Hogee—Jack Hallnee. Me heap sabe Sullivan—knock you out in a minute. Me sabe Muldoon—gives you fall—bleakee you neck. You let up; me velly tough man—muchee wosee man Sullivan.' Den him wiffee hitee Melican poka, wetee him ice wata, takee

him wipee de flo. Melican man yellee 'Mudda! fi! fi! pleeee!' Nexa day newspapa say heap muchee talkee high life. Velly bad on Melican man; him get divoce, allee same Jim Fay—givee him wiffee million dolla un ketchee nudda gallee."

"I Lofe an Honest Poy."

A. Miner Griswold.

The other day, our little boy went over to Jacob Abraham's clothing store to get a two-dollar bill changed. By some mistake, Abraham made a mistake in the change—paid him twenty-five cents too much.

"We sent little Frank back to return the extra quarter, which, by the way, had a hole in it. Entering the store and holding out the money, the boy said:

"You changed a two dollar bill for me, here's a quarter—"

"Shanged nodinks! I shanged no pills mit you!" exclaimed Jacob, thinking Frank wanted him to take the quarter with the hole in it back.

"Yes, you did, and here's a quarter—"

"Mein Gott, vas a liars! never in my life did I see sich a poy. I dells you you never shanged me mit any pills."

"Why, I was here not half an hour ago, and you gave me a quarter—"

"Gif you some quarters, gif you some quarters! Got in hamil, young feller, do you dink I pin gone grazzy mit my prains? I don't gif you some quarters. Now, make yourself seldom, ride away, pefore I put shoulders on your head," and he commenced to move out from behind the counter.

"O, you didn't give me the quarter, then! All right; all right, squire. I'm just a quarter ahead," and he started to go out.

"Now," said the German, putting himself in an attitude of admiration, "dot is vat I likes to see petter as nothings else. I lofe an honest poy, and I shoost been trying you, sonny. Yaw, it was me what makes shange mit ter pill, and I knows

it all der same, but I vas drying you. Du bees a goot poy, and I gif ycn a nice pig apples for your honesty," and pocketing the quarter, he led the boy back to the rear end of the store, and selecting an apple about the size of a marble, he presented it to the boy, and patting him on the head, said :

"Now, run along home, sonny, and tell your volks vat a nice p-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l old shentleman it vas who gif you dot nice apples."

Dutch English.

A German in Chicago who has not paid much attention to learning English, had a horse stolen from his barn the other night, whereupon he advertised as follows :

"Von nite, de oder day, ven I was bin awake in my shleep, I heare sometings vat I tinks vas not yust right in my barn, and I out shumps to bed and runs mit the barn out ; and ven I was dere coom I sees dat my pig gray iron mare he vas bin tide loose and run mit the staple off ; and whoefer will him back pring, I yust so much pay him as vas bin kushtomary."

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"Py Schiminy, how dot boy studies de languages !" is what a delighted elderly German said when his four year old son called him a blear-eyed son of a saw-horse.

Dutch Idea of Insurance.

Bill Nye.

A New York Dutchman insured his home in the Hanover Fire Insurance Company for \$4,000. The house, an inferior one, burned down, and the Dutchman went to President Wolcott to get his money.

"But," said Mr. Wolcott, "your house is not worth \$4,000. We will build you another and a better house," and the company did so.

The next week one of the agents of the New York Mutual



"Who vash dot?" (See page 529.)

Life, which boasts of \$97,000,000 of assets went to the Dutchman to insure his wife's life for \$5,000.

"What should I insure Katrena's life for?"

"Why, if you insure your wife's life for five thousand dollars," said the agent, "and she should die, you would have the sum to solace your heart."

"Dat be dam!" exclaimed the Dutchman. "You 'surance fellows ish all tiefs! If I insure my vife, and my vife dies, and I goes to de office to get my five thousand dollars, do I gits all de money? No, not quite. You will say to me, 'She wasn't worth five thousand dollars—she vas vorth about three thousand dollars. If you don't like de three thousand dollars ve will give you a bigger and better vife, a great pig vife vot weighs six hundred pounds!'"

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*

A perplexed Hebrew who had made a garment for a youth, and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fullness, which appeared when trying it on the young candidate, declared vociferously:

"Dot coat is goot. It ish no fault of de coat. De poy is too slim!"

Lewis Defends the Flies.

He had a fly screen under one arm and a bundle of sticky fly paper under the other as he entered a Michigan avenue saloon yesterday, and said:

"Why don't you keep 'em out?"

"Who vosh dat?" asked the saloonist.

"Why, the pesky flies. You've got 'em by the thousand here, and the fly season has only begun. Shall I put fly screens in the doors?"

"Vhat for?"

"To keep the flies out."

"Why should I keep der flies out? Flies like some chance

to go aroundt und see der city, der same ash beoples. If a fly ish kept oudt on der street all de time he might as vhell be a horse."

"Yes; but they are a great nuisance. I'll put you up a screen door there for \$3."

"Not any for me. If a fly vphants to come in here, und he behaves himself in a respectable manner, I have nothings to say. If he don't behave I bounce him oudt pooty queek, und don't he forget her!"

"Well, try this fly paper. Every sheet will catch 500 flies."

"Who vphants to catch 'em?"

"I do—you—everybody."

"I don't see it like dot. If I put dot fly paper on der counter somebody comes along und wipes his nose mit it, or somebody leans his elbow on her und vhalks off mit him. It would be shust like my boy Shake to come in und lick all der molasses off to play a shoke on his fadder."

"Say, I'll put down a sheet, and if it doesn't catch twenty flies in five minutes I'll say no more."

"If you catch twenty flies I have to pry 'em loose mit a stick und let 'em go, und dot vhas too much work. No, my friend; flies must have a shance to get along und take some comfort. I vhas poor once myself, und I know all about it."

"I'll give you seven sheets for ten cents."

"Oxactly, but I won't do it. It looks to me like shmall peesness for a big man like you to go around mit some confidence game to shwindle flies. A fly vhas born to be a fly, und to come into my beer saloon ash often ash he likes. When he comes I shall treat him like a shentleman. I gif him a fair show. I don't keep an ax to knock him on der headt, und I don't put some molasses all oafar a sheet of paper und coax him to come und be all stuck up mit his feet until he can't fly away. You can pass along. I'm no such person like dot."

A Lucid Direction.

"But now, Hans," said a Chicago butcher to a Dutch farmer, "how can I find the hog that I have bought?"

"You comes mit mine farm."

"But how shall I find your farm?"

"You shoost goes dot Clark sdhreet out and turns to de right till you comes to a fence mit a hole in it, den you turns up to de right for a while till you sees a house and a big hog in de yard. Dot's me."

"Don' I told You so?"

"Hallo!" they shouted, "there's Fritz. Bring him in!"

He was hauled up to the bar, all the time protesting.

"Boys," pleaded Fritz, "let me go. I was in a quick hurry. Old vooman sick like the tuyval. I was come mit der doctor, sooner as lightnin'!"

"Well, you can take some beer while you're here, and kill two birds with one stone," was the reply.

"Yas, I kill von chicken mit a couple of stones, und der old vooman die mitout der toctor; I don't forgot myself of it, eh?"

"Oh, she won't die. You don't get beer often, and you've got the old woman all the time. Fill 'em up again."

"Yaas, I got her all der time, but exposin she go ded, I don't got her any more somedimes. It's better to go mit ter toctor, seldom right away."

But he didn't go. As one glass after another was forced upon him by the reckless crowd, the object of his errand was floated further from his vision, until it was carried out of his mind altogether, and his voice, untinged with anxiety, joined in the drinking songs, and arose above all others.

Thus he was found by his son, late that night. The boy grasped him by the sleeve and said:

"Fader, come home."

Fritz turned, and at the sight of his boy a great fear arose in his mind, swept away the fumes of beer, and brought him to a sense of the situation. In an awe-struck tone he said :

"Yawcub, how you was come here? Vas somedings ter matter?"

"Yaw," replied the boy.

"Vell, shpoke up about it. Vas ter ole vooman—vas yer mudder—is she dade? I can sltand dem best. Don't keep your fader in expense, boy. Shpid it out. Vas ve a couple of orphanases, Yawcub?"

"Nein," answered the boy, "you vas anuder. A leedle baby coom mit ter house."

Fritz was overcome for a moment, but finally stammered out :

"Vos dot so? I expose it vas not so soon already. Veil—vell, in der middle of life, we don't know what's to turn next up. Men exposes. Fill up der glasses "

The boy ventured to ask the old man why he had not seen the doctor.

"Vy, did she want a doctor? Petter she tole me so. I get him pooty quick. Never mind. I safe more as ten dollar doctor bill on dat baby. Dot was a good shild. Fill up der glasses. Whooray for dat little buck baby! Ve von't go home till yesterday."

Fritz got home at last, and was in Chestnut Hill again in a couple of days after some medicine. The boys couldn't get him into the saloon this time; he said to them :

"You bet I tend to my peesness now."

Not For Joseph.

An honest Dutchman, in training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons.

On one of these occasions he asked him .

"Who vas it dot vould not shleep mit Botiver's vife?"

"Shoseph."

"Dot's a coot poy. Vel, vot vas de reason he vould not shleep mit her?"

"Don't know—shpose he vasn't shleeby."

Two Good Ways.

"Vell, Jake, how you use dot bug poison vot you sold me for a half-a-dollar a box?"

"You catch te pug, Yacop, and opens his mout und drops it in."

"Ish dot te vay?"

"Yah."

"Vell, I yoost cotch dem, tramp dem mit my foot, and kill dem dot vay."

"Oh, yah, dat's a goot vay too. Dot ish jest as good as de pug powder."

He Wanted His Helts Insured.

Gus Williams.

A thin, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health insurance company in New York, and inquired:

"Ish te man in vot inshures de people's helts?"

The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir."

"Vell, I wants mine helts inshured; vot you charge?"

"Different prices," answered the agent, "from three to ten shillings a year; pay ten dollars a year, and get ten dollars a week, in case of sickness."

"Vel," said Mynheer, "I wants ten dollars' vort."

The agent inquired his state of health.

"Vell, I ish sick all te time. I'se shust out te bed two, tree hours a tay, und te doctor says he can't do nothing more goot for me."

"If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health."

"You must tink I'se a big fool; vot! you tink I come pay you ten dollars for inshure my helt, *ven I vas vell.*"

* *

"Why so gloomy this morning, Jacob?"

"Ah, my poor lettlet Benjamin Levi—he is tead!"

"Dead? You surprise me. How did that happen?"

"Vell, you see, my lettlet Benjamin he vas at der synagogue to say his brayers, and a boy put his het at der door and gries, 'Job lot!' and lettlet Benjamin—he vas gilt in der grush."

Der Candidate.

Who shtands der streets and gorners around
Mit sefrel agzes to be ground,
Und shmiled, und bowed, und nefer frowned?
Der Candidate.

Who hold your hand ven you would start,
Und told you you was mighty shmart,
Und how he luv'd you mit his heart?
Der Candidate.

Eli Perkins' Dutchman.

A New York rough stepped into a Dutch candy and beer shop this morning, when this conversation took place:

"I say, Dutchy, you son of a gun, give us a mug of bee-a. D'y' hear?"

"Yah, yah—here it ish," answered the Dutchman, briskly handing up a foaming glassful.

"Waal, naow, giv' us 'nother mug, old Switzercase!"

The Cherry Street boy drank off the second glass, and started to go out, when the Dutchman shouted:

"Here, you pays me de monish! What for you run away?"

“‘I pays de monish!’ What do you take me for?’ I doan’t pay for anything. I’m a peeler—that’s the kind of a man I am.”

“You ish von tam, mean, low-lived Irish son of a gun—that’s de kind of a man I am!” exclaimed the Dutchman.

Will Vischee’s Dutch Story.

He is a second-hand clothier, and holds forth in South St. Joseph. It was the hour of ten in the morning when he reeled into an adjoining establishment, fell into a chair, weaved his hands into the tangled locks of his gray hair, and rocking back and forth, moaned out:

“Oh! dear, oh! dear, I ish ruined.”

“Vat is the matter, Jacob,” asked his sympathizing brother in the trade, bending over him.

“You remember dat coat vot I paid six bits for on yesterday?”

“Yes, I remember him.”

“Just now a man from the country comes in and asks me how much for dat. I tells him dree dollars; and would you believe it, Moses, he puts his hand right into his pocket and pays de full price without a word—” Here he lowered his voice to the lowest whisper—“so help me gracious, Moses, I pelieve he’d paid me five dollars, just the same.”

“Jacob, how you vas swindle yourself.”

“Dat vas vot makes me hate mine self so much as never vas.”

* *
*

An old Dutchman undertook to wallop his son, but Jake turned, and walloped him.

The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at his son’s superior manhood. He said:

“Vell, Jake is a schmart fellow. He can vip his own taddy.”

A Kansas City German got angry with a banker of that place for demanding a heavy discount, and when the banker asserted it was "business," replied :

' Pisiness? Pisiness? You sit here all day long and rob a man barefaced before his pack und calls dat pisiness! "—*K. C. Journal.*

* *
*

A Chicago German, who got excited over an account of an elopement of a married woman, exclaimed :

" If my vife runs away mit anoder man's vife, I vill shake him out of her preeches, if he be mine fodder, so help me gracious ! "

Didn't Want to Kill his Brother.

" Well, sir, I like your coat very much, but don't like the price," said a gentleman to an Atlanta clothing dealer.

" Well, mine frent, ze price is nothing so you like ze coat. We let you take 'em at fifteen dollars."

The customer still complains of the price, saying that fifteen dollars was too much. This was too heavy for the dealer, so, taking his customer to the extreme end of the store, and drawing him into a dark corner, he whispers in his ear, " Mine frent, I let you have zat coat for twelve dollars and a half? "

" Well, sir," said the customer, " I like your coat very much, and am satisfied with the price, yet I would like to know why this mysterious performance? "

" Vell, mine frent, you see dot leetle man dere? He was mine broder. He got ze heart disease, and so help me gracious, if he was to hear me tell you I take twelve dollars and a half for zat coat he drop dead mit his track."

* *
*

A Dutchman was about to make a journey to his fatherland, and wishing to say "good-bye" to a friend, extended his hand and said : " Vell, off I don't coom back, hullo."



"He drop dead mit his track." (See page 686.)

Dot Lambs Vot Mary Haf Got.

Mary haf got a leetle lambs already ;
 Dose vool vas vite like shnow ;
 Und every times dot Mary did vend oued,
 Dot lambs vent also oued vid Mary.

Dot lambs did follow Mary von day of der schoolhouse,
 Vich vas obbosition to der rules of der schoolmaster,
 Alzo, vich it dit caused dose schillen to schmile out loud
 Ven dey did saw dose lambs on der insides of der schoolhouse.

Und zo dot schoolmaster did kick dot lambs quick oued.
 Likewise, dot lambs dit loaf around on der outsides,
 Und did shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently about
 Until Mary did come also from dot schoolhouse oued.

Until den dot lambs did run right away quick to Mary,
 Und dit make his het on Mary's arms,
 Like he would said, " I dond vas schkared,
 Mary would keep from drubbles ena how."

" Vot vos der reason about it, of dot lambs und Mary ?"
 Dose schillen did ask it, dot schoolmaster ;
 " Vell doand you know it dot Mary lov dose lambs already ?"
 Dot schoolmaster did zaid.

MORAL.

Und zo, alzo, dot moral vas,
 Boued Mary's lambs' relations ;
 Of you lofe dese like she lofe dose,
 Dot lambs vas obligations.

Dutch Indifference.

" Sir," said a Yankee, " you promised to vote for my bill."
 " Vell," said the Dutch member, " vat if I did ?"
 " Well, sir, you voted against it."
 " Vell, vat if I did ?"
 " Well, sir, you lied !"
 " Vell, vat if I did ?"

The Dutch Witness.

During a recent trial before Justice Dougherty it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time that certain "2 quarters of beef, 2 hogs and 1 sheep" remained in an express wagon in front of plaintiff's store before they were taken away by the defendant. The witness under examination was a German, whose knowledge of the English language was very limited; but he testified in a very plain, straight-forward way to having weighed the meat, and to having afterward carried it out and put it into the aforesaid wagon.

Then the following ensued:

"State to the jury," said Lawyer E., "*how long* it was after you took the meat from the store and put it into the wagon before you took it away."

"Now, I shoost cand dell dat. I dinks 'bout dwelve feet. I not say nearer as dat."

"You don't understand me. *How long was it* from the time the meat left the store, and was put into the wagon, before it was taken away by the defendant?"

"Now, I know not what you ax dat for. Der vagon he vas back up mit der sidevalk, and dat's *shoost so long as it vas*. You dell me how long der sidevalk vas. Den feet? Dvelve feet? Den I dells you how long it vas."

"I don't want to find out how wide the sidewalk was, but I want to know" (speaking very slowly), *how — long — this — meat — was — in — the — wagon — before — it — was — taken away?*"

"Oh! Vell, now, I not sold any meat so. I all time weigh him; never measured meat, not yet. But I dinks 'bout dree feet." (Here the spectators and his honor and the jury smiled audibly). "I know not, shentlemens, how is dis. I dell you all I can, *so good as I know.*"

"Look here, I want to know *how long it was* before the meat was taken away after it was put into the wagon?"

"Now you try and get me in a scrape. *Dat meat vas shoost so long in der vagon as he vas in der shop.* Dat's all I told you. He don't got no longer in den dousan' year, not mooch."

"That will do," said the lawyer. — *N. O. Times.*

Dyin Vords of Isaac.

When Shicago vas a leedle villages, dhere lifed py dot Clark Sdhreet a shentlemans who got some names like Isaacs ; he geeb a cloting store, mit goots dot vit you yoost der same like dhey vas made. Isaacs vas a goot fellers, und makes goot pishness on his hause. Vell, thrade got besser as der time he vas come, und dose leedle shtore vas not so pig enuff like anudder shtore, und pooty gwick he locks out und leaves der pblace.

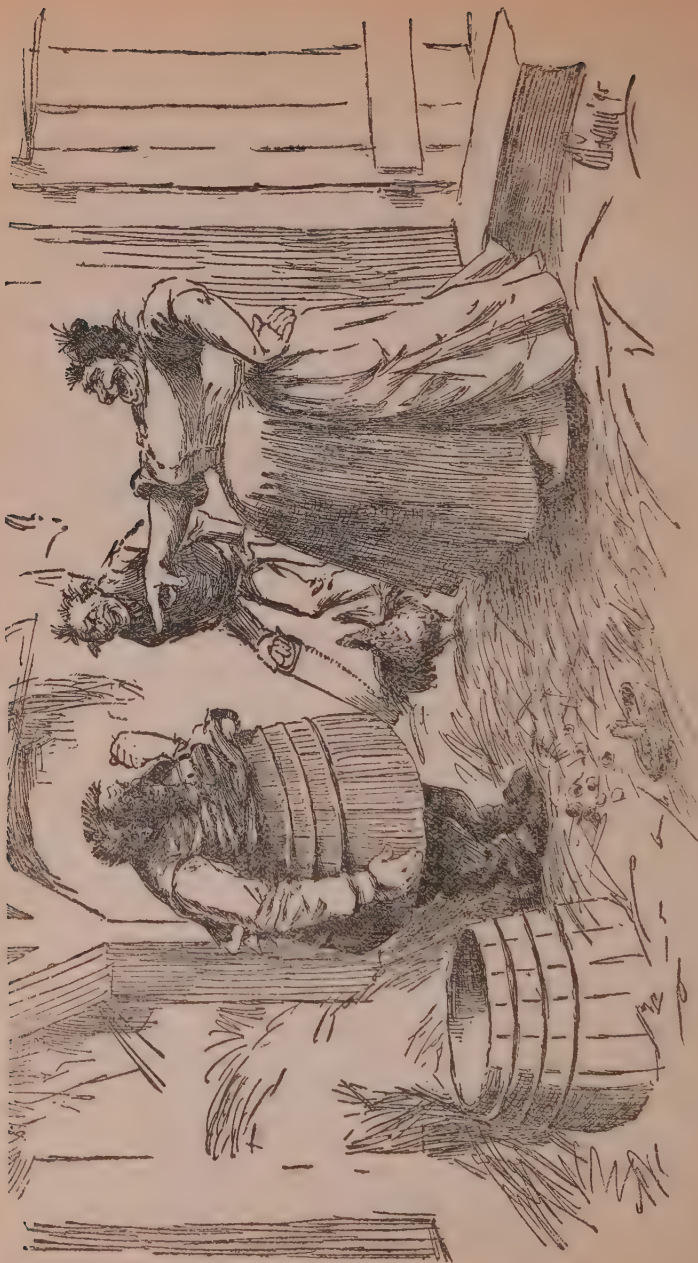
Now Yacob Schloffenhaimer vas a shmard feller, und he dinks of he dook der olt shtore he got good pishness und dose olt coostomers von Isaac out. Von tay dhere comes a shentlemans on his store, und Yacob quick say of der mans, "How you vas, mein freund ; you like to look of mine goots, aind it ?" "Nein," der mans say. "Vell, mein freund, it makes me notting troubles to show dot goots." "Nein: I dond vood buy sometings totay." "Yoost come mit me vonce, mein freund, und I show you sometings, und, so hellub me gracious, I dond ask you to buy dot goots." "Vell, I told you vat it vas, I dond vood look at some tings yoost now ; I keeps a livery shtable, und I likes to see mein old freund, Mister Isaacs, und I came von Kaintucky, out to see him vonce." "Mister Isaacs ? Vell, dot is pad ; I vas sorry von dot. I dells you, mein freund, Mr. Isaacs he vas died. He vas mein brudder, und he vas not mit us eny more. Yoost vhen he vas on his deat-ped, und vas dyin', he says of me, 'Yacob' (dot ish mine names), und I goes me ofer mit his pet-side, und he poods his hands of mine, und

he says of me, 'Yacob, ofer a man he shall come von Kaintucky out, mit ret hair, und mit plue eyes, Yacob, sell him dings cheab,' und he lay ofer und died his last."

How "Sockery" Set a Hen.

The following is given as a fine example of Dutch dialect :

I dell you all about vot dook blace mit me lasht summer ; you know—oder uf yu dond know, den I dells you—dot Katrina (dot is mine vrow) und me, ve keeps some shickens for a long dime ago, un von tay she sait to me, "Sockery" (dot is mein name), "vy dond you put some aigs unter dot olt plue hen shickens? I dink she vants to sate." "Vell," I sait, "maybe I guess I vill." So I bicked oud some uf de best aigs, und dook um oud do de parn fere de olt hen make her nesht in de side uf de haymow, pont fife six veet up. Now you see I nefer vas fery pig up und town, put I vas booty pig all the vay arount in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up dill I vent und got a parrel do stant on. Vell I klimet me on de parrel, und ven my hed rise up py de nesht, dot old hen she gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood ; und ven I todge pack, dot plasted olt parrel het preak, und I vent town kershlam. Py cholly, I didn't tink I kood go insite a parrel pefore ; put dere I vos, und I fit so dite dot I koodn't git me out efery vay. My fest vas bushed vay up unter my arm-holes. Ven I fount I vas dite shtuck, I holler, "Katrina! Katrina!" Und ven she koom und see me shtuck in de parrel up to my arm-holes, mit my face all plood und aigs, py cholly, she chust lait town on de hay, und laft, und laft, till I got so mat I sait, "Vat you lay dere und laf like a olt vool, eh? Vy dond you koom bull me oud?" Und den she set up und sait, "Oh, vipe off your chin, und bull your fest town." Den she lait pack und laft like she vood shblit herself more as efer. Mat as I vas, I tought to myself, Katrina, she shbeak English booty goot ; but I only sait, mit my greatest dignity, "Ka-



"Sockery, wait a little till I get a battarn of dot new oferskirt you haf on." (See page 541.)

trina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel?" Und she see dot I look booty red, und she sait, "Ov course I vill, Sockery." Den she lait me und de parrel town on our site, und I dook holt de door-sill, und Katrina she bull on de parrel; but de first bull she made I yelled "Donner und blitzen! shtop dat, by cholly; *dere is nails in de parrel!*" You see de nails bent down ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey shtick in me all de vey rount. Vell, to make a short shtory long, I told Katrina to go und dell naypor Hansman to pring a saw und saw me dis parrel off. Vell, he koom, und he like to shblit himself mit laf too; but he roll me ofer, und saw de parrel all de vay around off, und I git up mit half a parrel around my vaist. Den Katrina, she say, "Sockery, wait a little till I get a battarn of dot new oferskirt you haf on." But I didn't sait a vord. I shust got a nife, und vittle de hoops off, und shling dot confoutet oll parrel in de voot-pile.

Pimepy ven I koom in de house, Katrina, she sait, so soft like, "Sockery, dond yor goin' to but some aigs unter dot olt plue hen?" Den I sait, in my deepest voice, "Katrina, uf you efer say dot to me again I'll git a pill from you, so help me chiminy cracious!" und I dell you she didn't say dot any more. Vell, ven I shtep on a parrel now, I dond shtep on it—I git a pox.—*Poultry Monthly.*

Rube Hoffenstein's Courtship.

"Herman, do you still go around mit Rachel Goslinski?" said Hoffenstein.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk. I dakes her out somedimes ven I don't got nodding to do."

"Vell, you must keep on daking her oud, because she vas velty, you know, und you don't find dem often dese days. Ven I vas making love mit my wife, Leah Heidenheimer, I haf a great deal of drouble, but I nefer weakens. Old man Moses Heidenheimer's blace vas in de gountry about von mile from

Vickspurg, and I used to go oud dere to see Leah. Von day, vile I vos baying a visit to Leah, her leetle broder Levi gomes running in de house to his fader und says : 'Pa, de old prindle cow has proke de fence all down, und vas in de field mit de corn.'

"I dinks it vill make a good imbression on old Heidenheimer, und I says : 'Milder Heidenheimer, you sday in de house und I vill go und drive de cow away.' Leah she says : 'Mr. Hoftenstein, you petter had keep avey from de cow. She vill chase you all around.' 'Never mind, Miss Leah,' I says ; 'I never get sgared in anyding,' un ven I started out to de field, Old Moses Heidenheimer dells me to bust de cow vide oben mit a sdick, und I says I vill. Leetle Levi Heidenheimer comes along mit me, undil ve get to vere de cow vas.

"I dinks uf vat a man dells me vonce, und dat vas to look at a vild beast in de eye und frown und it vill run away. Herman, venever a man dells you dat, you dell him he vas a liar. I looked at de cow, und I frowns, but she don't do noddings. I gets a leetle closer, and I frowns some more, und vat you dink, de next minute de cow runs at me. Shust as I turns around myself to get out of de vay de cow hits me mit her head.

"My gr-racious, Herman, it vas derrible. I feels dat I vas disconnected from myself, und for a vile I dinks dat my head was in New Jersey and my legs vas in de Rocky Mountains. De cow hits me a couple uf dimes more mit her head, und I gets up and runs dwice faster den I efer did, und de cow comes right afder me. At last I gets to a bersimmon sapling vot vas no larger den my arm, und I vent up de sapling. Ven I gets up de sapling I looks around und sees leetle Levi Heidenheimer sitting on de fence swinging his sore foot around, und I dells him to get a sdick und make de cow go away. He asks me if I dinks he vas a lunadick, und den he svings his foot some more und vistles, und afder avile he dells me as long as I keeps my grip und de sapling don't preak, dare vas no danger.

“De vorst of it vas Jacob Heidinsfelder, who vas also in love mit Leah, comes along und sees de fix I vas in. I asks him to make de cow go away, und he says, ‘Vait, Rube, undil I go up to de house und get old man Heidenheimer.’ Vell, Herman, it vas an hour before I got down from vere I vas, und Leah und all uf dem laughed about it, but I shust keeps on making love mit her undil ve vas married. Regollect, Herman, vile you vas, gourting Rachel Goslinsky, dond’t get discouraged. A weak heart never wins noding.”—*New Orleans Times*.

Dot Schmall Leetle Baby.

Drue as I leev, most efery day
 I laugh me vild to saw der way
 My schmall young baby drie to play—
 Dot funny leetle baby.

Ven I look of dem leetle toes,
 Und see dot funny leetle nose
 Und hear der way dot rooster crows,
 I schmile like I vas grazy.

Sometimes der comes a leetle schquall,
 Dot's ven der vindy wind will crawl
 Right on his leetle schtomack schmall,
 Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so schveet,
 And gorrybarrie he must ead,
 Und I must chump shpry on my feet
 To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose und kicks my hair,
 Und grawls me ofer eferywhere,
 Und shlobbers me; but vot I care?
 Dot vos my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm
 Vos schquozin me so nice and warm—
 Oh! may dere never come some harm
 To dot schmall leetle baby

"Dot Leedle Loweeza."

Charles F. Adams.

How dear to dis heart vas mine grandshild, Loweeza,
 Dot shveet leedle taughter of Yawcob, mine son !
 I nefer vas tired to hug and to shqueeze her
 Vhen home I gets back, und der day's vork vas done,
 Vhen I vas avay, oh, I know dot she miss me,
 For vhen I come homevards she rushes bell-mell,
 Und poots oup dot shveet leedle mout' for to kiss me—
 Her "darlin oldt gampa" dot she lofe so vell.

Katrina, mine frau, she could not do mitoudt her,
 She vas sooch a gomfort to her day py day ;
 Dot shild she made efry von happy aboutt her.
 Like sunshine she drife all dher droubles avay ;
 She holdt der voel yarn vwhile Katrina she vind it.
 She pring her dot camfire bottle to shmell ;
 She fetch me mine pipe, too, vhen I don'd can find it,
 Dot plue-eyed Loweeza dot lofe me so vell.

How shveet vhen der toils off der veek vas all ofer,
 Und Sunday vas come mit its quiet and rest,
 To valk mit dot shild 'mong der daisies und clofer,
 Und look at der leedle birds building dhair nest !
 Her pright leedle eyes how dhey shparkle mit bleasure—
 Her laugh it rings oudt shust so clear as a bell ;
 I dink dhere vas nopody haf sooch a treasure
 As dot shmall Loweeza, dot lofe me so vell.

Vhen vinter vas come, mit its coldt shtormy wedder,
 Katrina und I've musd sit in der house
 Und talk off der bast, by de fireside togedder,
 Or play mit dot taughter of our Yawcob Strauss,
 Old age mit its wrinkles pegins to remind us
 Ye gannot shtay long mit our shildren to dwell ;
 Budt soon ve shall meet der poys left behind us,
 Und dot shveet Loweeza, dot lofe us so vell.

A Dutch Notice.

In a Dutch saloon on Cherry street is this notice :

.....
 :
 : TOOK NOTAIS !
 :
 : Mebbe you don't petter had loaf roundt here ven
 : you don't got some peasniss—ain't it.
 :
 :

“Yocop, how you vaz?” asked a Yankee of a Dutchman, at the same time imitating the broken Dutch.

“See here, Mr. Shones, ven some mans slaps me on the shoulder un says : “I vas glad to hear you vas so ‘vell,’ und den sticks behind my back his fingers to his nose, I haf my opinion of dot veller.”

Vas Bender Henshepecked ?

Von Boyle.

Any shentleman vot vill go round pehind your face, und talk in front of your back apout sometings, vas a svindler. I heard dot Brown says veek before next apout me I vas a henshepecked huspand. Dot vas a lie ! De proof of de eating vas in de puddings. I am married twenty year already, und I vas yet not pald-headed. I don’t vas oonder some pettygoats gofernements ; shtill I tinks it vas petter if a feller vill insult mit his wife und got her advices apout sometings or oder.

Dem American vomans don’t know sometings nefer apout his huspant’s peeness, und vhen dem hart times comes, und not so much money comes in de house, dot makes not some tifference mit her. Shtill she moost have vone of dot pull-pack-in-de-front hoop-skirt-pettygoats, mit ever kind trimmings. Pooty soon dot huspant gets pankerupted all to pieces. Dey send for de doctor ; und vhen de doctor comes de man dies. Den dot vomans vas opliged to marry mit anoder mans vot she don’t maype like mit four or six shildrens, on account of his first vife already, und possobably vone or two mudders-by-law—vone second-handed, und de oder a shtep-mudder-out-law. Den she says mit herself, “I efen vish dot I vas dead a little.”

Now if a Chermans goes dead, dot don’t make a pit of tifference. Nopody would hardly know it, except maype himself. His vife goes mit de peesness on shust like notings has happened to somepody.

American vomans and Cherman vomans vas a tifferent kind of peobles. For inshtinct, last year dot same feller, Mr. Brown,

goes mit me in de putcher peesness togeder. He was American man—so vas his wife. Vell, many time vhen efery peebles has got de panic pooty bad, dot vomans comes to her huspant und says she *moost* have money. Den she goes out riding mit a carriages.

Vonce on a time, Brown says to me, “Bender, I wouldn’t be henshpecked.” So he vent off und got himself tight—shust pecause his wife tells him, blease don’t do dot. Den he sits down on his pack mit de floor, und if I am not dere dot time he never vould got home.

Vell, dot night, me und my wife, ve had a little talk apout sometings; und de next tay I says to Brown, “Look here vonst! My wife she make sausages, und vorks in dot shtore; also my taughter she vorks py de shtore und makes head-skeeses; und your wife vas going out riding all de times mit de horses-car, und a patent-tied-pack cardinal shtriped shtockings. Now your wife moost go vork in de shtore und cut peeftshteaks, und make sauerkraut, or else ve divide not equally any more dot profits.”

Vell, Brown goes home und he tells his wife apout dot. Den she comes pooty quick mit Brown around, and ve had a misundershtanding apout sometings, in vich eferybody took a part, including my leetle dog Kaiser. Pooty soon up comes a policemans und arrests us for breeches of promise to keep de pieces, und assaulting de battery, or sometings. Den de firm of Bender & Brown vas proke up. I go apout my pessness, und Brown goes mit his peesness. My wife she helps in de shtore. His wife goes riding mit de horses-cars, und efery nights she vas py de theatre.

Vot’s de consequences? Along comes dot Centennial panic. Dot knocks Brown more higher as two kites, py Chimminy! My income vas shtill more as my outcome. But Brown, he goes ’round dot shtreet mit his hands out of his pockets, und he don’t got a cent to his back.

WOMEN'S WIT AND PATHOS.

Domestic Jokes and Anecdotes.

An Indiana man wagered ten dollars, that he could ride the fly-wheel in a saw-mill, and as his widow paid the bet she remarked :

"William was a kind husband, but he didn't know much about fly-wheels."

Eli Perkins' Young Housekeeper.

A young married lady went into Fulton Market the day before Christmas, and, stepping up to a poultry-dealer, asked the price of chickens."

"Twenty-four cents a pound," said the dealer.

"Tough and tender all the same price?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, here are six — all the same price."

"Could you pick out three very tough ones for stewing?" asked the lady.

"Certainly, madame," said the dealer, glad to get a chance to sell his tough poultry. "Here are three very tough ones ; just right for stewing. They would never boil to pieces."

"And the other three are too tender for stewing, are they?" asked the lady, half-regretfully. "I don't see any difference in them."

"O, I can tell the tough from the tender," said the butcher, pressing them with his hands. "I never make a mistake."

"Then," said the lady, "I'll take the three tender ones, I guess, for I'm looking for tender broilers. I'm a young house-

keeper, you know, and don't know much about marketing. You can sell those tough chickens to some smart old boarding-house keeper who knows how to market."

* *

"John Henry," said his wife, with stony severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon."

"Well, madam," replied the obdurate John, "you wouldn't have me stay in there all day, would you?"

The Woman's Idea of It.

Alex Sweet.

A Northern lady desirous of locating in San Antonio, endeavored to purchase a residence from one of our leading citizens, but thought the price too high.

"Too high!" yelled the owner, "too high, with three saloons at regular intervals on the road to church, a peach-orchard with a fence easy to get over close at hand, and there hasn't been a policeman seen in the neighborhood for the last five years! Why, madam, it doesn't look to me like you was trying to become one of us."

The next day the stranger looked at another house owned by a San Antonio woman.

"Do you want it, madam?" she asked.

"No, madam, the rent is too high.

"Well, look at the neighborhood," replied the woman. "You can borrow flat-irons next door, coffee and tea across the street, flour and sugar on the corner, and there's a big pile of wood, belonging to the school-house right across the alley!"

The Northern lady took the house.

Wife! Wife!

A man coming home one night rather late, a little more than "half-seas-over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of

silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end of the thread catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began to pull at the end ; and the little ball unwinding, he soon had several yards of thread in his hand, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, " Wife ! wife ! I say, wife, come here ! I am all unraveling."

* *

Eli Perkins.

" What will you sell this chicken for ? " asked a young housewife of a smart New York butcher.

" I'll sell it for a profit, mam," replied the smart butcher.

" O, I don't want to buy Prophets and Patriarchs. Nothing older than tender Priests take in our house," replied the woman.

How a Woman Does Business.

R. W. Criswell.

About one o'clock in the afternoon I went into the office of an evening paper, to leave an advertisement for my theatrical friend. A young woman was the sole occupant of the apartment before I entered. She was sitting behind the counter when I opened the door, and came forward to meet me, with a sort of " none-of-your-familiarity,-young-man " air. The following dialogue ensued :

I—" What will twenty lines cost, every day for a week ? "

She—" Twenty lines ? "

I—" Yes."

She—" For a week ? "

I—" Yes ; a whole week."

She—" Every day ? "

I—" Yes. Every minute and every hour in the day, and every day in the week."

She—" Twenty lines ? "

I—" Yes ; twenty lines, every minute and every hour in the day, and every day in the week."

She—"You mean twenty lines, six days, *every* day!"

I (excitedly)—"Yes."

She (calmly)—"But we don't print Sundays."

I (in a frenzy)—"I know it."

She (with exasperating coolness)—"To begin to-day. The paper's out to-day. Will to-morrow do?"

I (walking up and down the floor, trying not to swear)—"It ain't to go in till next week."

By this time she had got her pencil down on a piece of paper.

She—"Two dollars and a half."

I—"All right. Give me a bill."

She—"A what?"

I—"A bill—a William—a bill for the advertisement."

She—"O, you want to pay in advance?"

I—"No, I'm d——d if I do. I want a bill."

She (suddenly)—"Hold on a minute. I have made a mistake. Did you say twenty lines, six days, every day?"

I (in deadly fear of having to go over it all again)—"Yes, in heaven's name, yes!"

She—"O! That will be *eight* dollars and a half."

That settled it. I rushed out of the office, ran to my room, snatched my valise, and bolted for the New York train. If my friend's company don't do a good business this week, I suppose he will lay it all to me. Well, let him! I escaped with my life, and I won't murmur now, whatever betide.

A Woman's Letter.

This letter may be called a sample of pure, practical, womanly affection:

"My Dear husband,—I got here last night all safe and was met at the station by uncle and aunt. They were so glad I had come, but were sorry you were not along. I miss you so much. We had hot rolls for breakfast this morning and they

were so delicious. I want you to be so happy while I am here. Don't keep the meat upstairs, it will surely spoil. Do you miss me now? Oh! if you were only here, if but for an hour. Has Mrs. O'R——brought back your shirts? I hope the bosoms will suit you. You will find the milk tickets in the clock. I forgot to tell you about them when I came away. What did you do last evening? Were you lonesome without me? Don't forget to scald the milk every morning. And I wish you would see if I left the potatoes on the pantry. If I did they must be sour by this time. How are you getting along? Write me all about it. But I must close now. Oceans of love to you. Affectionately your wife.

P.S.—Don't set the teapot on the stove.

She Finds a Gentle Horse.

Eli Perkins.

My wife, having been run away with once, is always afraid the horse is going to run away with her again. Yesterday when Harrington, who runs the Maplewood Hall stables, brought up a span, he had to stand the usual questioning :

"Now, are they very gentle?"

"Oh, certainly—kind as kittens."

"Did they ever run away?"

"Never."

Harrington looked at the horses sadly, and said: "Madame, to be frank with you, I don't think they could."

"Well, have they ever been frightened?"

"No, never. Nothin' could frighten 'em," said Harrington.

"Has anything ever happened to them that would have frightened them if they had been skittish?" continued my wife earnestly.

"Well, yes, ma'am; su'thin' did happen thuther day that would have skeered 'em ef they'd been skittish."

"What, Harrington—what?"

"Why, I was drivin' along down the Woolsey hill; storm

came up, an' six streaks of lightnin' struck them horses right on the head, and —— ”

“ Did they run ? ”

“ No, ma'am ; they didn't move ; they jest stood still and pawed the ground for more lightnin'. They liked it. An' the next day,” continued Harrington, “ a city feller was drivin' this team, an' he let a railroad train go right through 'em.”

“ Did it kill them ? ”

“ No, but the city feller was all used up. But yo oughter a seen them horses. They acted so human like. Why, when they picked them out of the trees, they walked straight up to the city feller, took him by the seat of his pantaloons —— ”

“ Oh, my ! ”

“ Lifted him right back into the wagon again, and —— ”

“ My gracious me ! ”

“ And then they hitched themselves back onto the wagon and drove themselves home. Didn't they, Mr. Kettle ? ”

* *

A Green Bay woman, whose husband kicks her down stairs every night, says she likes to look over his old letters commencing with “ My dearest, darling, little angel, Minnie, Heaven alone knows the depths of my love for you.”

Du Tell.

To see how little the old New England grandmother thinks when you are reading to her. I read the following account to an old New Bedford woman from the *Boston Herald*. Holding the newspaper bottom side up I commenced :

“ Last night, yesterday morning, about one o'clock in the afternoon, before breakfast, a hungry boy, about forty years old, bought a big custard for a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumping over it, broke his right ankle off above his left knee, and fell into a dry mill pond and was drowned. About forty years after that, on the same day,

an old cat had nine turkey gobblers ; a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying pan, and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Boston, where a deaf and dumb man was talking to his Aunt Peter." Whereupon the old lady, taking a long breath, exclaimed :

" Du tell ! "

The Old New Bedford Woman.

Eli Perkins.

New Bedford, Massachusetts, is a quaint old town, inhabited mostly by people who have made their fortunes in the whale-fisheries. It is a very old-fashioned town. Many of the people are even to this day burning sperm-oil instead of petroleum. It is here that the Bostonians pick up old andirons, old iron chests, old Delft plates, and old three-legged chairs with such straight backs that no one can sit in them, and take them up under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument and label them " Art Furniture."

It was here in New Bedford that I met an old woman who had never used a coal-oil lamp. She didn't even know what petroleum was.

" You say they dig this new-fashioned kerosene oil out of the ground ? " she asked, as she pecked away with a pin at her whale-oil luminary.

" No, it runs out of the ground, and sometimes it spurts seventy-five feet into the air—a regular oil fountain," I said.

" And they are burning this oil out West, in New York and Pennsylvania ? " inquired the old lady, with a puzzled look

" Yes, burning it all over the world."

" In place of whale-oil ? "

" Why, whale-oil will be entirely superseded in a few years more." I said.

" And the people won't burn it ? "

" No ; petroleum will take its place."

" Oh, dear, it's too bad ! " mourned the old lady, as she wiped her spectacles with a red bandanna handkerchief.

"What is too bad?" I asked.

"Well, I'm thinking, when this new-fangled petroleum takes the place of whale-oil all over the world, what will the poor whales do for a livin'?"

* *
*

A Connecticut man who believes in self-improvement, suggested to his wife recently that they should argue some question frankly and freely every morning, and try to learn more of each other. The question for the first night happened to be, "Whether a woman could be expected to get along without a hat," and he took the affirmative; but when he was last seen, he had climbed up into the hay-loft and was pulling the ladder up after him.

* *
*

"You low, drunken fellow?" exclaimed a poor woman to her husband; "you are always in the saloons, getting drunk with hot punch, while I am at home with nothing to drink but cold water."

"Cold, you silly woman!" hiccoughed her husband; "why don't you warm it?"

Breakfast at Home.

"Well, Madame," says the head of the house, who has apparently got out of bed on the wrong side, "what have you got for breakfast this morning? Boiled eggs, eh? Seems to me you never have anything but boiled eggs. Boiled Erebus! And what else, madame, may I ask?"

"Mutton chops, my dear," says the wife timidly.

"Mutton chops!" echoes the husband, bursting into a peal of sardonic laughter. "Mutton chops! I could have guessed it. By the living jingo, madame, if I ever eat another meal inside of this house—" and jamming on his hat and slamming the door, the aggrieved man bounds down the stairs and betakes himself to the restaurant.

"What'll you have, sir?" says the waiter, politely, handing him the bill of fare.

"Ah!" says the guest, having glanced over it, "let me see! Bring me two boiled eggs and a mutton chop!"

* *

A man, who was sentenced to be hung, was visited by his wife, who said: "My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?"

"No," replied he.

"That's just like you," said she, "you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."

* *

"Yes, Job suffered some," said an Iowa farmer, "but he never knew what it was to have his team run away and kill his wife right in the best season, when hired gals want three dollars a week."

* *

"Yes, I want my daughter to study rhetoric," replied a Vermont mother, "for she can't fry pancakes now without smoking the house all up."

* *

"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Swiggs?"

"Why, the doctor says as how as if he lives till the mornin' he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he must give him up."

She Felt Lonesome.

The second night after her first husband died, she sat by the open chamber window, waiting and watching.

"What are you watching so intently out of the window!" asked a sympathetic neighbor.

"I've been waiting here," said the bereaved one, "for five hours for them cats to begin fighting in the back yard," and then she mused to herself:

"This thing of going to sleep without a quarrel of some kind is so new that I can't stand it ; Let me alone till they begin ; then I can doze off gently ! "

Saratoga Spring Fashions.

For the benefit of many young ladies who did not go to Saratoga, that beautiful spot

"Where the weary cease from troubling, and the wicked are at rest,"

I send the following account of the latest watering-place fashions :

"Shoes are worn high in the neck, flounced with point aquille lace, cut on the bias. High heels are common in Saratoga, especially in the hop room. Cotton hose are very much worn, some of them having as many as three holes in them.

"Bonnets — are worn high — none less than \$35. They are made high in the instep and cut *décolleté* in front, trimmed with the devilknowswhat. Low neck bonnets with paniers are no longer worn. The front of the bonnet is now invariably worn behind.

"Lovers — are once more in the fashion. They are worn on the left side for afternoon toilets, and directly in front for evening ball-room costume. A nice thing in lovers can be made of hair (parted in the middle), a sickly moustache, bosom pin, cane and sleeve buttons, dressed in checked cloth. Giant intellects are not fashionable in Saratoga this season. The broad, massive, thick skull is generally preferred. The old lover trimmed with brains, character, and intelligence are no longer worn.

"Dresses — are not worn long — none over two days. They are trimmed with Wooster street sauce, looped up with Westchester county lace, with monogram on 'em. Shake well and drink while hot. Inclose twenty-five cents for circular.

"ELI DE PERKINS, Modist."

Not Quite Harmonious.

They drove into town Monday behind a cross-eyed mule and a sprained horse. They looked contented, but one member of the party was the head of the house, for she handled the ribbons, and when they halted she hitched the team, while he stood demurely by and took the basket of eggs and her shopping satchel as she handed them out. They disposed of their produce at the grocery, and then entered a dry goods store.

She made a few trifling purchases of thread, pins, needles, and such things, and then called for two knots of yarn.

"That won't be enough, Mary," said the man, plucking at her dress.

"I guess I know what I'm buying," she retorted.

"But it a'n't more'n half what you've had afore," he persisted.

"Wal, that's none o' your business; these socks are goin' to be for me, and if I want 'em short you can have your'n come way up to your neck if you want to."

The old man bowed to the inevitable with a long sigh as his partner turned to the clerk and said :

"Two yards of cheap shirtin', if you please."

"That a'n't enough, Mary," said the old man, plucking at her dress again.

"Yes 'tis."

"No, it a'n't."

"Wall, it's all you'll git," she snapped.

"Put it up then, mister," said he, turning to the clerk
"put it up, and we won't have any."

"Who's doin' this buyin' I should like to know?" hissed the woman.

"You are, Mary, you are," he admitted; "but you can't palm off no short shirts on me."

"You act like a fool, John Spinner."

"Mebbe I do, Mary, but I'll be dumed to gosh if I'll ~~have~~ half a shirt—no, not if I go naked."

"Wall, I say two yards is enough to make any one two shirts," she snapped.

"Mebbe that's enough for you, Mary," he said, very quietly; "p'raps you can git along with a collar button and a neck band, but that a'n't me; and I don't propose to freeze my legs to save eight cents."

"Git what you want, then!" she shrieked, pushing him over the stool; "git ten yards, git a hull piece; git a dozen pieces if you want 'em, but remember that I'll make you sick for this."

"Four yards, if you please, mister—four yards," said he to the clerk; "and just remember," he continued, "if you hear 'em findin' me with my head busted, friz to death in a snow drift, just remember that you heard her say she'd make me sick."

And grasping the bundle, he followed his better half out the door.

An Extraordinary Woman.

Angry wife (time 2 A.M.)—Is that you, Charles?

Jolly husband—Zash me!

Angry wife—Here have I been standing at the head of the stairs these two hours. Oh! Charles, how *can* you?

Jolly husband (bracing up) Shtandin' on your head on t' shtairs! Jenny, I'm shprized! How *can* I? By Jove, I *can't*! Two hours, too! 'Strornary woman!

* *
*

A man in Michigan swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner would never have fooled it away in that reckless manner.

Fanny Fern's Tribulations.

Fanny Fern.

Well, I think I'll finish that story for the editor of the "Century." Let me see ; where did I leave off?—The setting sun was just gilding with his last ray—

"Ma, I want some bread and molasses !"

"Yes, dear,"—gilding with his last ray the church spire—

"Where's my Sunday pants?"

"Under the bed, dear,"—the church spire of Inverness, when a——

"There's nothing under the bed, dear, but your lace cap——"

"Perhaps they are in the coal-hod in the closet."—when a horseman was seen approaching—

"Ma'am, the *pertators* is out ; not one for dinner——"

"Take some turnips !"—approaching, covered with dust, and——

"Wife, the baby has swallowed a button !"

"*Reverse him*, dear ! Take him by the heels."—and waving in his hand a banner, on which was written——

"Ma ! I've torn my pantaloons !"

—"Liberty or death !" The inhabitants rush *en masse*——

"Wife ! *will* you leave off scribbling?"

"Don't be disagreeable, Smith ; I'm just getting inspired."—to the public square, where De Begnis, who had been secretly——

"Butcher wants to see you, ma'am."

—secretly informed of the traitors'——

"Forget *which* you said, ma'am, sausages or mutton chop."

—movements, gave orders to fire ! Not less than twenty——

"My gracious ! Smith, you haven't been *reversing* that child all this time ! He's as black as your coat ! And that boy of *yours* has torn up the first sheet of my manuscript. There ! It's no use for a married woman to cultivate her intellect. Smith, hand me those twins."

Everyday Domestic Scenes.

Stanley Huntly.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, feeling up the chimney, "have you seen my gold collar button?"

"I saw it the day I bought it," answered Mrs. Spoopendyke, cheerily, "and I thought it very pretty. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I've lost the measly thing," responded Mr. Spoopendyke, running the broom handle up into the cornice, and shaking it as if it were a carpet.

"You don't suppose it is up there, do you?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Where did you leave it?"

"Left it in my shirt. Where do you suppose I left it?—in the hash?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tossed over things in his wife's writing desk, and looked out of the window after it.

"Where did you leave your shirt?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where did I leave my shirt? Where do you suppose I left it? Where does a man generally leave his shirt, Mrs. Spoopendyke? Think I left it in the ferry-boat? Got an idea I left it at the prayer meeting, haven't you? Well, I didn't. I left it off, Mrs. Spoopendyke, that's where I left it. I left it off. Hear me?" And Mr. Spoopendyke pulled the winter clothing out of the cedar chest that hadn't been unlocked for a month.

"Where is the shirt now?" persisted Mrs. Spookendyke.

"Where do you suppose it is?" Where do you imagine it is. I'll tell you where it is, Mrs. Spoopendyke, it's gone to Bridgeport as a witness in a land suit. Idea! Ask a man where his shirt is! You know I haven't been out of the room since I took it off;" and Mr. Spoopendyke sailed down stairs and raked the fire out of the kitchen range, but did not find the button.

"Maybe you lost it on the way home," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, as her husband came up, hot and angry, and began to pull a stuffed canary to pieces to see if the button had got inside.

"Oh, yes, very likely! I stood up against a tree and lost

it. Then I hid it behind a fence so I wouldn't see it. That's the way it was. If I only had your head, Mrs. Spoopendyke, I'd turn it loose as a razor strop. I don't know anything sharper than you are;" and Mr. Spoopendyke clutched a handful of dust off the top of the wardrobe.

"It must have fallen out," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh! it must, eh? It must have fallen out? Well, I declare, I never thought of that. My impression was that it took a buggy and drove out, or a balloon and hoisted out;" and Mr. Spoopendyke crawled behind the bureau and commenced tearing up the carpet.

"And if it fell out it must be somewhere near where he left his shirt. Now, he always throws his shirt on the lounge, and the button is under that."

A moment's search soon established the infallibility of Mrs. Spoopendyke's logic.

"Oh, yes! Found it, didn't you?" panted Mr. Spoopendyke, as he bumped his head against the bureau and finally climbed to a perpendicular. "Perhaps you'll fix my shirts so it won't fall out any more, and maybe you'll have sense enough to mend that lounge, now that it has caused so much trouble. If you only tended to the house as I do to my business, there'd never be any difficulty about losing a collar button."

"It wasn't my fault—" began Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Wasn't eh? Have you found that coal bill you've been looking for since last March?"

"Yes."

"Have, eh? Now where did you put it? Where did you find it?"

"In your overcoat pocket."

The Only Woman in Camp.

I shall never forget when the first woman came to our camp. We had been mining in Dead Man's Gulch for twenty-two months, and during that time not a single woman had been seen

about the camp. We had all left wives and mothers and sisters at home, and their precious letters, received once a week, were the only reminders we had of sweethearts and mothers.

The woman was a widow who had been captured by the Indians from an immigrant train, and then recaptured by the hunters. She was about 40 years of age, had taken the situation coolly, and instead of making an effort to restore herself to the train and to her relatives with whom she was journeying, had asked to be set down in our camp until she could make up her mind what course to pursue. This was the way the leader of the hunters turned her over to our care :

"Say, you diggers after silver, here's a woman who wants to stop here fur a spell till she gits rested! She's eddecated, and she sings like a south wind blowing over prairie flowers."

And this was the way we received her :

"Ahem — yes — ahem — jess so — yes — hats off, boys — no swearing — glad to see ye — hope yer well — ahem — exactly!"

There were thirty of us standing around there, mouths open, hats off, knees wobbling, and more coming up from the diggings every minute, and something in the situation made the widow grin as she looked us over. I file my claims as follows:

1. I assisted her off the horse.
2. I said I hoped she was well.
3. I remarked that it was a melodious afternoon.
4. She accepted my arm as we walked to camp, and then accepted my shanty as her headquarters.

If a tidal wave six feet high had come rolling up the valley it wouldn't have produced half the flutter occasioned by the presence of the Widow Fleming. There were eighty or ninety of us, rough, brawny and more or less wicked, some married, some divorced and some old bachelors, and to have a dumpy little black-eyed widow with a pretty mouth, and a voice as sweet as sixty-cent molasses, pop in upon us at three o'clock in the afternoon, was enough to stop work and send the query up and down the lines :

“Well, isn't this the next thing to the judgment day?”

Several curious things happened right away. Col. Taylor who had never been known to wash his face or comb his hair, started out in search of a clean shirt and pocket-comb, and offered up as high as \$15 without being able to secure them. He then made a bee-line for the creek, washed the only shirt he was ever known to have, combed his hair with a stick, and in half an hour was back in camp and waiting an introduction to the widow.

Bill Goodhen, the ugliest-looking man in camp, offered \$5 for a piece of looking-glass two inches square, and not being able to find one he went and washed his feet as the next best thing.

There was a general washing up and combing and scrubbing and hunting out clean shirts and neckties, and the old man Payson, who had been sick in bed for a week, got up and began to chew tobacco and call for his clothes, and he observed:

“Gentlemen, who knows but this widder heard that I had \$60 saved up and she has come here to ask for my hand in marriage?”

Over a dozen of our band let up a notch or two on swearing, except when on the other side of the camp.

Well, it was curious what a change that widow wrought in our camp, in our way of living and upon the manners of the men. Each one made an effort to clean and slick up, and in most cases with marked success. Before her advent we could count on two or three quarrels per day. After her coming such a thing was never known. Indeed, one day when Peter White so far forgot himself as to insult Charles O'Gay, Charles took him aside and whispered:

“Peter, I kin turn ye wrong side out in six ticks of a clock, but I'm not the sort of a gentleman to kick up a row and upset a lady's nerves. I'll lay it up agin ye, and after she leaves camp I'll wollop ye or die trying.”

And the widow, she sewed on buttons and mended rent gar-

ments for the whole of us, and she taught this one how to cook, and that one how to patch and darn, and before we knew it she was a good mother and an idol. A queen could not have commanded deeper respect, nor an angel greater reverence.

She was with us about six weeks, and then went away with friends who came for her. Each man was taken by the hand and given a good-bye word, and as she was lost to sight down the trail the awful silence among our crowd was broken by the thundering report of the Judge blowing his nose, followed by the husky observation :

“Well I swan! Hanged if I’ve felt so much like crying in about forty-seven years!”

Stanley Huntly on the New Baby.

“Well, well, well,” said Mr. Spoopendyke, with a grin that involved his whole head, and an effort at a tip-toe tread that shook the whole house. “And so it’s a girl, my dear.”

Mrs. Spoopendyke smiled faintly, and Mr. Spoopendyke picked up his heiress.

“It’s the image of you,” she said, regarding with some trepidation Mr. Spoopendyke’s method of handling the infant.

“I don’t see how you make that out,” said Mr. Spoopendyke, gravely. “I don’t know when my nose looked like the thumb part of a boiled lobster claw. Do I understand you that my eyes bear any resemblance to the head of a screw?”

“I mean the general features,” murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke.

“The general features seem to be all mouth,” retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, examining his acquisition. “If our general features are at all alike, my visage must remind you of an earthquake. Hi! kitchee! kitchee! What makes her fold up her legs like that?”

"She can't help it," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They'll straighten out in time."

"No time like the present," quoted Mr. Spoopendyke, and he took his daughter's feet and commenced pulling her limbs. "I don't want any bandy-legged first in this family while I'm at the head of it."

Naturally the baby began to cry, and Mr. Spoopendyke essayed to soothe it.

"Hi! kitchee! kitchee! kitchee-ee!" he chirruped. "Great Scott! what a cavern! Any idea how much this mouth weighs? Hi? kitchee! kitch-e-e! You'll have to get that mouth roofed in before cold weather. What's the matter with her, anyway?"

"Perhaps you hurt her. Let me take her, please," pleaded helpless Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"She's doing well enough. Hi! you! Hold up! Haven't you anything to catch this mouth in? It's spilling all over the neighborhood. Hi! Topsy, Genevieve, Cleopatra, dry up! I'm going to have trouble breaking this young one's temper, I can see that. Here! bend the other way once!" and Mr. Spoopendyke tried to straighten up his offspring without avail.

"Let her come to me, do, please," moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke, and Mr. Spoopendyke was forced to hand her over.

"Well, that's quite a baby," said he, nursing his knee and eyeing the infant. "What're those bumps over its eyes for? What preponderance of intelligence do they represent?"

"You musn't talk so," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She's the handsomest child you ever saw."

"Well, she's got to stop biting her nails before she goes any further with this procession. Here, take your hands out of your mouth, can't you. Why don't you put her hands down?"

"Why, all babies do that," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You can't stop that."

"I'm going to try," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "and I don't want to be interfered with in bringing this child up. Here

you Maud S. Bonesetter, put your hands in your pockets! Don't let me see any more nail chewing, or you and I'll get mixed up in an argument. She gets that from your family, Mrs. Spoopendyke."

"Say, dear, don't you want to go and order some things?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke."

"No," rejoined her husband; "I want to see this youngster. Where's her chin? Do babies always have their upper jaw set right on their shoulders? Kitchee! kitchee! Her scalp comes clear to the bridge of her nose. I don't believe she's quite right. Where's her forehead? Great Moses! Her head is all on the back part! Say, that baby's got to be pressed. That's no shape!"

"Get away!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, indignantly. "She's a perfect angel. There's nothing in the world the matter with her."

"Of course you know," growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't want anything more than a fog-horn and a misspent appropriation to be an orphan asylum. If I had your faith and the colic I'd make a living as a foundling's home! She'll be old enough to spank in a week, won't she?"

"No, she won't!" said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She'll never be old enough for that."

"I'll bet she will," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke; "if she isn't, she'll get it before she matures up to that period. That's all. Let me take her. Here, let's have her."

But Mrs. Spoopendyke flatly refused.

"Keep your dod-gasted baby then!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "If you know more about babies than I do, then keep her. The way you coddle her one would think she was a new paste for the complexion. If you had one more brain and a handle, you'd make a fair rattle-box! Fit you up with a broken sofa and a grease spot, and you'd do for a second-hand nursery."

And Mr. Spoopendyke started off to find his friend Speckle-wottle.

The Woman Barberess.

Eli Perkins.

Three times I walked by, and finally I formed a courageous resolution, and, hanging my head as a member of the Young Men's Christian Association does when he goes into the Mabile or Harry Hill's, I plunged in. I trembled from head to foot as soon as I entered the door. I couldn't look the pretty barberess in the face. I couldn't summon up courage enough to speak to her. In fact, I had nothing to say. So I stood and looked very sheepish.

"Have a shave, sir?" said the pretty barberess, advancing with a razor in one hand, and with the other pointing to the chair.

"Yes, shave!" I gasped, and flung myself into a chair.

"Why, you've just been shaved!" she said, drawing her silky palm across my face.

"Have I?" I said, and then recollecting, I stammered, "Ah, yes, shaved this morning early. I always shave twice a day."

"Shave close?" asked the pretty girl.

"Yes, the closer the better."

"Hair cut, too?"

"Yes, everything!"

And then she commenced. With a little camel's hair brush she painted my face with white soapsuds. Then she put her little fingers plump against my face and rubbed it all over. She stood behind me and put her arms around my neck. I saw her in the glass in front. I never felt so in my life. "What would my wife say to this?" I thought. "Still everybody in Detroit does it, and why not I?" So I shut my eyes and let her go on. After rubbing her velvet fingers over my cheeks and chin until the beard was softened, she took out a razor, honed it, and placing one arm clear around my head, and her hand against my face to steady it, commenced the downward movement of the blade. Once or twice I tried to

look the pretty barberess in the face, but I couldn't. So I sat and took it with my eyes shut. I don't think I enjoyed it. And still I let her go on. She shaved me, drew her silky hand all over my face to see if it was closely shaven, and then combed my hair.

"Shall I wax your mustache, sir?"

"Yes, wax away!"

Then she leaned over me until I could hear her breathe and feel her heart beat, placed her little fingers under my mustache, and waxed the ends. Now, I never wear my mustache waxed, but I couldn't ask her to stop.

"There! does it suit?" she said as she dusted off my neck and removed the apron.

"Yes, its just right—lovely!" I said, "too sweet for anything!" and then strode down to the depot to find the train just gone, and that this Detroit barberess had caused me to miss a lecture engagement and a hundred dollar fee.

CHILDREN'S WIT AND BLUNDERS.

Wisdom, Wit and Pathos.

Ethel, when she was four years old, used to like very much to go to church, and especially enjoys the singing. One day, the choir sang, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," and after she got home, the little one was heard singing, very seriously, "Rock the babies, kept for me."

* *
*

One day, Ethel came home from school, very proud.

"Oh, papa!" she said, "I got up head today in spelling."

"What was the word, Ethel?"

"Why, tax — t-a-x. The girls didn't know any better than to spell it t-a-c-k-s."

A little while afterward, she said :

"I guess I'll stay home and play tomorrow. I'll be foot, and I can't get any footer."

* *
*

A lady, passing along the street one frosty morning, saw a little fellow scattering salt upon the pavement, for the purpose of melting the ice.

"Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "that's real benevolence."

"Oh, no, ma'am," he replied. "It aint benevolence — it's salt."

Eli's Baby Story.

"Lillie, did you say your prayers last night?" asked a fashionable mother of her sweet little girl who remained home while the mother went to the charity-ball.

"Yes, mamma, I said 'em all alone."

"But who did you say them to, Lillie, when your nurse was out with me?"

"Well, mamma, when I went to bed I looked around the house for somebody to say my prayers to, and there wasn't nobody in the house to say 'em to, and so I said 'em to God."

Our Grandmother.

When Ethel tumbled down and broke a basket of eggs, the children all cried:

"Oh, Ethel, won't you catch it when your mother sees those broken eggs. Won't you, though!"

"No, I won't catch it, either," said Ethel. "I won't catch it at all. I'z dot a dranmother!"

Woman's Shrewdness.

Opie Reed.

"Madam, I am looking for a stray horse," said a man, stopping at an Arkansas house and leaning his chin on the top rail of the fence. "Have you seen anything of him?"

"How long has he been gone?" asked the woman, leaning against the door-facing, and regarding the man with that look of curiosity which, in the country, so plainly speaks of the scarcity of strangers.

"Been gone about two days."

"What sort of a horse was he?"

"Roan, with white fetlocks."

"How old was he?"

"About ten years."

"Good work-nag I reckon?"

"First-rate."

"Are you certain that he has white fetlocks?"

"Certainly. Have you seen anything of him?"

"No; I 'aint seen him."

"Have you heard any one speak of seeing him?"

"Yes; since you mention it, I think I have. I heard a man talk about seeing a roan horse with white fetlocks."

"That's my horse. Do you know the man's name?"

"No."

"Where do you suppose I can find him?"

"You can find him out there at the stable."

The stranger went to the stable, looked around, "halloed," and returned to the fence.

"He's not there."

"Not now."

"Didn't you know he wasn't there before I went?"

"Yes; I knew he wasn't there before you went."

"Then what did you send me there for?"

"To see him. I knowed he'd be thar agin you arriv'."

"I'll be blamed if I understand you."

"Now, look here, stranger, you can't make me tell a lie. You axed me if I'd seed the horse, an' I sed 'no.' You axed me if I'd heerd anybody speak of the horse, an' I said 'yes.' You axed me whar you would find the man, an' I told you. You went thar, an'—

"But who was the man?"

"Yourself, stranger." And she turned away to rock a "dug-out" cradle, while the stranger, shoving down a panel of fence in his anger, turned away and "sauntered" down the road.

Three Distinguished Females.

Two young ladies of Terre Haute were returning from California. The parlor car was crowded with passengers. At a small station a woman in showy attire entered and demanded a whole section. It was not to be had, and the conductor, brakeman, porter and cook, who seemed to be impressed with the new passenger's importance, were all painfully exercised to know where to put her. The cause of all this commotion was very blonde, very large, very richly clothed, and very swell.

When it seemed impossible to get her a whole section, or even half a one, she turned to the young ladies and said: "Will you consent to take the upper berth of your section and let me have the lower?"

"Sorry we can't oblige you," replied one of the pink-checked fairies, "but really, we prefer to keep the lower berth ourselves."

Then the big blonde straightened herself up, threw ineffable contempt and importance into her pale eyes, and said: "Perhaps you don't know who I am?"

"No; we don't," replied the Terre Haute girl, in a tone of serene indifference.

"I will tell you," said the woman of silk and jewels: "I am Mrs. Col. Dunlevy Wickersham." (Dunlevy Wickersham is known all along that end of the road as a bonanza man; bushels of money, so much that he needs nothing more.)

"Are you, indeed?" replied the Hoosier maiden, "Perhaps you don't know who I am?"

Mme. Bonanza's face said that she didn't, and also that she had some curiosity.

"Well, I am Mrs. Gen. Grant."

"And I," said her companion, who had hitherto kept silent, "am Queen Victoria."

The Child's Idea of God.

A tiny little fellow living in Albany, N. Y., but away out on the borders of the city, where circuses did not come or processions, and who had never seen a soldier in full rig, was sent to the door by his mother, who heard the bell ring. It was Colonel Charles Spencer in full regimentals, as it was the day of the inauguration of the governor.

"Tell your mother, little man," said the colonel, "to please come to the door a moment; I want to speak to her."

Charlie went up stairs and appeared before his mother, with the most awe-struck face.

"Mamma, some one at the door wants to see you."

"Who is it, my son?"

"O, I don't know, mamma, but I des its Dod."

Bad Effects from Card Playing.

Eli Perkins.

Ethel's mother was reading her Sabbath school lesson to her when she came to the verse——

"But when they next saw Joseph they found him in a position of great authority and power, and ——"

"Joseph was King, wasn't he, mamma?" interrupted Ethel.

"No, Ethel, he was not King, but he was very high—next to the King."

"O, I know, mamma, he was Jack—Jack high!"

Alas, Ethel had seen too much card playing.

* *

"Now, Willie, do have a little courage. When I have a powder to take I don't like it any more than you do; but I make up my mind that I will take it, and I do."

"And when I have a powder to take," replied Willie, "I make up my mind that I won't take it, and I don't."

* *

A little four-year old frequently went to the meadow with her father when he showed visitors his superior cattle, of which he was proud. One day, she wished to show a visitor her chickens, of which she, too, was proud. While they were standing by the coop she said:

"I wish I had more of them, 'cause they are so very booful. But I've only got five head of hens. You can count them for yourself."

* *

"Why, Sammy," said a fond mother to her little son the other day, "I didn't know that your teacher whipped you last Friday."

"I guess," he replied, "if you'd been in my trousers you'd know'd it."

Childish Simplicity.

"Ethel, you've gotten your dolly all soiled," said her aunt.
 "Indeed, Ethel, dolly is quite ugly."

"How can you call my beau'ful dolly ugly?" said Ethel, the tears coming to her eyes. "Poor dolly!" she continued as she tenderly kissed the image she loved so well. "Poor dolly. Perhaps auntie finks 'ou hasn't dot any feelins, but 'ou has. 'Ou isn't an old rubber dolly; 'ou's made of pure sawdust!"

A New Business.

"What does your Pa do now, Mary? Is he in the clothing business?" asked one little girl of another.

"No, Pa was in the clothing business, but it didn't pay very well, and Ma says he has gone into bankruptcy."

"What kind of business is the bankruptcy business?"

"O, I don't know exactly, Ethel, but I 'spects it's something awful nice. Pa used to work awful hard, and used to go around in his old clothes; but since he has gone into bankruptcy he dresses up every day and doesn't do anything but walk around just like a perfect gentleman."

Excuse for being Good.

Eli Perkins.

Ethel used to play a good deal in the Sabbath school class. One day she had been very quiet. She sat up prim and behaved herself so nicely, that after the recitation was over the teacher remarked:—

"Ethel, my dear, you were a very good little girl today."

"Yes 'm. I couldn't help being dood. I dot a tif neck!"

* *
*

"What are wages here?" asked a laborer of a boy.

"I don't know, sir."

"What does your father get on Saturday night?"

"Get!" said the boy, "why he gets as tight as a brick."

What Frightened Her.

Little Ethel remarked to her mamma on going to bed :

“ I am not afraid of the dark.”

“ No, of course you are not,” replied her mamma.

“ I was a little afraid once, when I went into the pantry to get a tart.”

“ What were you afraid of?”

“ I was afraid I couldn't find the tarts.”

* *

A little boy, after watching the burning of the school-house until the novelty of the thing had ceased, started down the street, saying.

“ I am glad the old thing is burned down : I didn't have my jogfry lesson, nohow !”

* *

Little Freddy was riding on the cars with his mother and dropped one of the peanuts he was eating on the floor. After he had finished the others he began to climb down to get the one on the floor, but his mother stopped him, saying that he could not have it. Freddy sat still in silence for several minutes. But he could endure it no longer, and soon a pitiful little voice piped out :

“ Mother, can't I get down on the floor and look at that peanut?”

Children's Cares.

“ Oh, dear !” said little Ethel, “ I have so many cares. Nothing but trouble all the time.”

“ What has happened now, Ethel ?” asked her sympathetic play-fellow.

“ Why, yesterday a little baby sister arrived, and papa is on a journey. Mamma came very near being gone too. I don't know what I should have done if mamma hadn't been home to take care of it !”

His Lip Slipped.

Eli Perkins.

Mrs. Hamilton Kerr's little girl, Cookoo, went to Delmonico's dancing class, and one day little Freddy Smith kissed her.

"Oh, Cookoo, I'm ashamed to think you should let a little boy kiss you!" said her mother.

"Well, mamma, I couldn't help it," said Cookoo.

"You couldn't help it?"

"No, mamma. You see Freddy and I were dancing the polka. Freddy had to stand up close to me, and all at once his *lip slipped* and the kiss happened.

Sweet Simplicity.

Eli Perkins.

A little Saratoga girl toddled up to a venerable "mother in Israel" who was leaning over engaged in reading, and, smoothing her little hand cautiously over the old lady's beautiful silver hair, she said:

"Why, ou has dot such funny hair—ou has." Then, pausing a moment, she looked up and inquired, "What made it so white?"

"Oh, the frosts of many winters turned it white, my little girl," replied the old lady.

"Didn't it hurt ou?" asked the little thing, in childish amazement. It was the first time she had ever seen gray hair.

Children's Logic.

Eli Perkins.

"Now, ma, I have one more father than no little girl, haven't I?" asked little Ethel in Saratoga.

"Yes, pet."

"Well, no little girl has three fathers; and if I have one more father than no little girl, then I must have four fathers."

"Alas! we've all got forefathers," said my Uncle Consider, "but little Ethel went a step further than us all in her logic."

When my Uncle Consider asked Ethel if fashionable young ladies laced tight so as to show young fellows how much squeezing they could stand and not hurt 'em, she answered—

“Why, no; it's to show young gentlemen how economical they are—how little *waste* they can get along with.”

Ethel's Choice.

Eli Perkins.

A good christian father was trying to convey to his little five-year-old daughter the idea that she was soon to have a new brother or sister. A new little baby was coming to the house.

“Now, Ethel,” he said, “which would you rather have, a little brother or a little sister?”

“Can mamma have either one?”

“Yes, Ethel.”

“Then, papa, if it don't make any difference to mamma, I'd rather have a little yellow dog!”

* *

“What makes me love my pretty, delicate, little blue-eyed boy,” said the fond father, as he and the pastor entered the library, “is that sometimes the tears run down the wrinkles in my cheeks as I feel fine points touching me to the core, and wonder if God will let him stay with me very, very—” here the fond father sat down on a pin and said: “Mariar, where is that boy? Where is he? If I had him I'd make him feel fine points, if I would, by gosh!”

* *

Ethel, being asked by Sunday-school teacher, “What did the Israelites do after they crossed the red sea?” answered, “I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves.”

Wilkin's Baby Story.

A little six year old Whitehall boy was watching the sunbeams as they shot through a window and danced diagonally across the room.

"Mamma," said he, "what are those streaks?"

"Those, my son," she replied, "are sunbeams from heaven."

"Oh, I know what they are for, mamma," said the little fellow, who had been sliding down beams in the barn-loft, "they are what God slides the babies down on, when he sends 'em to folks."

A Boston Girl.

The following shows at how early an age people born at the "Hub" take on their self-consciousness :

Not many days since, in Chicago, a young lady of ten summers was engaged watering the plants on the lawn. A Chicago lady stopped at the garden gate, and the following dialogue occurred :

"Sissy, is Mrs. Wood at home?"

"Did you address me, madam?" (severely).

"Yes; I asked is Mrs. Wood at home."

"No, madam, Mrs. Wood is my aunt, and Mrs. Wood is not at home."

"Will you tell her Mrs. Mason called?"

"Certainly, madam," (graciously).

"You won't forget the name?"

"Certainly not, madam. I am not much acquainted here, but I shall remember the name; I am a Boston girl." And she serenely continued to water the flowers.

Why, Abby, Why?

"Mother," cried little Abby, running into the sitting-room, "I want a little walnut bedstead like Jennie Day's. I hate pine furniture."

The mother went on with her mending, and did not speak.

"Say, mother, can I have one?"

"No, my dear child, you cannot."

"Why, mother? Say why," repeated the child pettishly.

Still there was no answer.

"I know the reason ; it is because we are poor !" said the little girl with a frown. "I hate to be poor and not have pretty things like Jennie's. Why are we so poor, mother? say why?"

"We are not poor, Abby," said the mother. "We have all the comforts of life."

"Then why"——

"Wait a moment till I ask 'Why?'" said the good woman. "Why, when Jesus, who has all power in heaven and earth, was cradled in a manger, and in manhood had nowhere to lay his head, should you, an ungrateful child, have that sunny little room with a soft bed, and all those pretty little things about you? Why? say why, my dear child."

Little Abby thought a moment of the manger of Christ's infancy, and the homelessness of his manhood ; then she dropped her head and blushed with shame.

She went up to her own little room. The sun was shining through the white curtains, her pillow looked pure as snow, and the room itself seemed like one in a fairy palace. She whispered to herself, "This isn't much like a manger. Why has God given me such a home and such kind parents to care for me? I will try to be thankful and good, and not envy rich children any more."

* *

"Will the boy who threw that pepper on the stove please come up here and get the present of a nice book?" said the school teacher, but the boy never moved.

He was a far-seeing boy.

* *

A little boy, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said :

"Go 'way from the stove ; the weather is not cold."

The little fellow, looking up at his stern parent, demurely replied :

"I ain't heating the weather ; I'm warming my hands."

Of Course Not.

W. Perkins.

"Here, boys," exclaimed a kind old grandma, "I wouldn't slide down those banisters. I wouldn't do it."

"You wouldn't do it, grandma? Why, you couldn't!" exclaimed little Tommy.

* *
*

"Dan," said a young four-year old, "give me a sixpence to buy a monkey?"

"We have got one monkey in the house now," replied the elder brother.

"Who is it, Dan?" asked the little fellow.

"You," was the reply.

"Then give me sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts."

The Same Story By Another Writer.

To show how two writers handle the same subject, I append this:

"Edward, what do I hear—that you have disobeyed your grandmother who told you just now not to jump down these steps?"

"Grandma didn't tell us not to, papa; she only came to the door and said: 'I wouldn't jump down those steps, boys'; and I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her!"

Bound To Tell.

At a dinner party the little son of the host and hostess was allowed to come down to dessert. Having had what his mother considered a sufficiency of fruit, he was told he must not have any more, when, to the surprise of every one of the guests, he exclaimed:

"If you don't give me some more, I'll tell!"

A fresh supply was at once given him, and as soon as it was

finished he repeated his threat ; whereupon he was suddenly and swiftly removed from the room, but he had just time to console the company by exclaiming :

" My new trousers are made out of ma's old bedroom curtain." — *Boston Herald*.

Ignorant Teachers.

When Ethel was five years old she went to school for the first time.

" How do you like your teacher, Ethel ? " asked her mamma.

" Why, mamma, I don't think the teacher knows very much."

" Why not, my dear ? "

" Why, she keeps asking questions all the time. She asked where the Mississippi river was."

The Smell Accounted For.

" What makes such a bad smell about the postoffice ? " asked one gentleman of another.

" I know, pa," interrupted little Johnny.

" What, my son ? "

" Why, it's the dead letters."

* *

While Dr. Mary Walker was lecturing lately in one of our rural towns, it is said that a youth cried out :

" Are you the Mary that had a little lamb ? "

" No," was the reply, " but your mother had a little jack-ass."

* *

" Mother, can I go out and have my photograph taken ? "

" No, I guess it isn't worth while."

" Well, then, you might let me go and have a tooth pulled out : I never go anywhere."

Touching Grandma's Heart.

Eli Perkins.

"Gran'ma," said a sweet boy of nine years, "how old are you?"

"About sixty-six," said the grandmother, fondly smoothing his yellow hair.

"You'll die soon, won't you, gran'ma?"

"Yes, dear, I expect to."

"And when I die, gran'ma, can I be buried side of you?"

"Yes, dear," said she, as her heart warmed towards the little one, whom she folded closer in her arms.

"Gran'ma," softly whispered the little rogue, "gim'me 10 cents."

Beecher's Tommy Taft.

On the first day of March it was, that Tommy Taft had been unquietly sleeping in the forenoon, to make up for a disturbed night. The little noisy clock—that regarded itself as the essence of a Yankee, and ticked with immense alacrity and struck in the most bustling and emphatic manner—this industrious and moral clock began striking whir-r-r one; whir-r-r two; whir-r-r three (Tommy jerked his head a little as if something vexed him in his sleep); whir-r-r four; whir-r-r five; whir-r-r six; ("Keep still, will ye? Let me alone, old woman! Confound your medicine!"); whir-r-r seven; whir-r-r eight; ("God in heaven! as sure as I live," said Tommy, rubbing his eyes as if to make sure they saw aright); whir-r-r nine; whir-r-r ten! Then holding out his arms with the simplicity of a child, his face fairly glowing with joy, and looking now really noble, he cried: "Barton—my boy Barton—I knew you wouldn't let the old man die and not help him! I knew it! I knew it!"

After the first surprise of joy subsided, Tommy pushed Barton from the edge of his bed. "Stand up, boy; turn round:

There he is! Now I'm all right. Got my pilot aboard; sealed orders; ready to sail the minnit the hawser's let go."

After a few words about his return from the West, his health and prospects, the old man returned to the subject that seemed to lie nearest his heart. "They've all had a hand at me, Barton. There's twenty firms in this town that is willin' to give a feller sailin' orders, when they see he's out'ard bound. But I am an old salt—I know my owners!" said Tommy, with an affectionate wink at Barton. "Ah, my boy, you're back again; it's all right now. Don' you let me go wrong. I want you to tell me just where you're goin', and I'll bear right up for that port. You know, Barton, I never cheated you when you was a boy. I took care of ye, and never told you a lie in my life, and never got you in a scrape. You won't cheat an old man now, will ye?"

It was all that Barton could do to maintain his self-possession. Tears and smiles kept company on his face. "My dear old Tommy, we won't part company. We're both bound to the same land. God will, I fervently hope, for Christ's sake, forgive all our sins, and make us meet for everlasting life."

"Amen!" roared out the old man. "Go on. You *really* believe in it? Come here, Barton, sit down on the edge of the bed, look me in the face, and no flummery. Do you really believe that there's another world?"

"I do, Tommy, I believe it in my very soul."

"That's enough. I believe it, too, jest as sartain as if a shipmate had told me about an island I'd never seen, but he had. Now, Barton, give me the bearin's of 't. D'ye believe that there's a Lord that helps a poor feller to it?"

"I do. Christ loves me and you, and all of us. He saves all who trust in Him."

"He don't stand on particulars, then? He won't rip up all a teller's old faults, will He? Or how's that? Don't you ease up on me, Barton, just to please me, but tell me the hardest on 't. I believe every word you say."

Barton's own soul had traveled on the very road on which Tommy was now walking, and remembering his own experience, he repeated to Tommy these words: "'Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not His anger forever, because He delighteth in mercy. He will turn again; He will have compassion upon us; He will subdue our iniquities; and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depth of the sea.'"—Micah vii, 18, 19.

"Now that's to the p'int, Barton. The Lord will tumble a feller's sins overboard like rubbish, or bilge-water and the like, when a ship is in the middle of the ocean? Well, it would puzzle a feller to find 'em ag'in after that. Is that all? I'm to report to Him?"

"Yes, Tommy; you are to report to God."

"Barton, would ye jest as lief do me a little favor as not?"

"What is it, Taft?"

"Would ye mind sayin' a little prayer for me? It makes no difference, of course; but jest a line of introduction in a foreign port sometimes helps a feller amazingly."

Barton knelt by the bedside and prayed. Without reflecting at the moment on Uncle Tommy's particular wants, Barton was following in prayer the line of his own feelings, when suddenly he felt Tommy's finger gently poking his head. "I say, Barton, ain't you steerin' a p'int or two off the course? I don't seem to follow you." A few earnest, simple petitions followed, which Taft seemed to relish. "Lord, forgive Tommy Taft's sins!" ("Now you've hit it," said the old man, softly.) "Prepare him for Thy kingdom." ("Yes, and Barton, too!") "May he feel Thy love, and trust his soul in Thy sacred keeping." ("Ah, ha! that's it; you're in the right spot now.") "Give him peace while he lives." ("No matter about that; the doctor'll give me opium for that! Go on!") "And at his death save his soul in Thy kingdom, for Christ's sake. Amen."

"Amen. But didn't you coil it away rather too quick? Now, Barton, my boy, you've done a good thing. I've been waitin' for you all winter, and you didn't come a minit too soon. I'm tired now, but I want to say one thing. Barton, when I'm gone, you won't let the old woman suffer? She's had a pretty hard time of it with me. I knew you would. One thing more, Barton," said the old man, his voice sinking almost to a whisper, as if speaking a secret from the bottom of his soul. "Barton, you know I never had much money. I never laid up any—couldn't. Now, you won't let me come on to the town for a funeral, will ye? I should hate to be buried in a pine coffin, at town expense, and have folks laugh that didn't dare open their heads to me when I was round town!"

Barton could not forbear smiling as the old man, growing visibly feebler every hour, went on revealing traits which his sturdy pride had covered when he was in health.

"And, Barton, I wish you'd let the children come when I am buried. They'll come, if you'll jest let 'em know. Always trust the children. And"—(pain here checked his utterance for a moment)—"let's see, what was I saying? Oh, the children. I don't want nothin' said. But if you'd jest as lief let the children sing one of their hymns, I should relish it."

The color came suddenly to his cheek, and left as suddenly. He pressed his hand upon his heart, and leaned his head further over on his pillow, as if to wait till the pang passed. It seemed long. Barton rose and leaned over him. The old man opened his eyes, and with a look of ineffable longing, whispered :

"Kiss me."

A faint smile dwelt about his mouth; his face relaxed and seemed to express happiness in its rugged features. But the old man was not there. Without sound of wings or footfall, he had departed on his last journey.

Children Half Price.*Eli Perkins.*

One day I took a crowd of children in Saratoga down to see Ben the educated pig. Among them was little Johnny Wall, who has always been troubled because he had no little sisters to play with. When he asked his mother to get him a little sister, she always put him off with:

"Yes, Johnny, when children get cheap I'll buy you a little sister. You must wait."

"So today when Mr. Jarvis read these letters on Educated Ben's tent —

Children half price—15 cents.

little Johnny jumped straight up and down, clapped his hands, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Untle Eli? now mamma can buy a itty sister for me, for itty children ain't only half price now — only 15 cents."

* *

"Now, children," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still, so that you can hear a pin drop." In a moment all was silent, when a little boy cried out: "Let it drop!"

* *

"I thought you could make good photographs!" exclaimed a fond mother as she looked at Johnny's picture.

"I can, madame," answered the photographer.

"But this makes my boy look like an idiot."

"Well, I have to, to preserve the likeness. You wouldn't spoil the likeness, would you? You want people to say it's your boy, don't you?"

Ambitious Children.

When Johnny came back, his mother showed him a picture of a jackass with long ears in a picture-book, when this colloquy occurred:

"Does ou see itty dackass, mamma, stan'in' all loney in ze picsur?" asked the little three-year old.

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, mamma, Nursey been tellin' Donney all about itty dackass. He ha-n't any mamma to make him dood, an' no kind nursey 't all. Poor itty dackass hasn't dot no Bidzet to dess him c'ean an' nice, an' he hasn't any overtoat yike Donney's 't all. Oo solly, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, I am very sorry. Poor itty dackass! Dot nobody 't all to turl his hair pritty, has he, Donney? an' he hasn't dot no soos or tockies on his foots. Dot to yun all day in 'e dirt. Tan't ever be put to seepy in his itty beddy 't all, 'n—"

"O mamma!" interrupted Johnny.

"What, baby?"

"I wiss I was a itty dackass."

* *

"Why were you late this morning, sir?" said the teacher rather sharply.

"Well, sir, you see I heard that a little fellow next door to us was goin' to have a dressin' down with a bed-cord, and so I waited to hear him howl."

* *

A remarkable game of cards was played in the basement of a house on Washington street yesterday. The boy of the house had just turned up a diamond and was waiting for the other boy to lead, when the old man appeared at the head of the stairs, ordered the other boy up, turned up his own boy, discarded some of his apparel, and swung a club. The old man played it alone, and made every point, although the neighbor's boy cut.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

* *

"Johnnie," said mamma to her little son, "didn't I tell you not to eat that candy until after dinner?"

"Johnnie, who lisps: "I ain't eating the candy, I'm only thucking the juithe."

A Retentive Memory.

A girl and a boy, each about seven years old, were seated amid their grown relatives, and talking of things which had occurred at the remotest period of their recollection. The little girl remembered when she had a doll that could cry. The boy here spoke up and said he recollected worse than that.

"How worse?" said half-a-dozen voices in a breath.

"Why, I recollect four weeks afore I was born, and I cried all the time for fear I'd be a gal."

* *

"Bob Brown, did you say that my father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog?"

"No; I never said any such thing. I never said that your father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog. All I said was, that Billy's little yellow dog had more sense than your father; that's all I ever said."

"Well, it's well you didn't say the other, I can tell you!"

* *

"What has a cat that no other animal has?" asked Ethel of a proud naturalist who had been reading an article on "natural selection."

"Why a cat has nothing that no other animal has. It were impossible."

"Yes they has, sir!"

"What, my child?"

"Why, they has kittens."

Children's Compositions.

One day (writes Eli Perkins), little Ethel wrote a composition on pins. It ran thus:

Composition on Pins.

Pins is a very useful thing. Pins haz saved the lives of hundreds and hundreds of people, and ——

"Why, Ethel!" I interrupted, "how have pins ever saved people's lives?"

"Why, by their not swallowing them, papa."

My mother used to show me a composition which I wrote at the age of seven. It ran thus:

Composition on Eels.

A eel is a fish with his tail all the way up to his ears. Never fool with powder, Eli Perkins.

Not Fit to be Kissed.

"What ails papa, mother?" said a sweet little girl,
Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl,
"I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee,
But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me!"

"But, mama"—her eyes opened wide as she spoke—
"Do you like those kisses of 'bacco and smoke?
They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls
I don't think them nice," as she tossed her bright curls.

"Don't nobody's papa have moufs nice and clean?
With kisses like yours, mama—that's what I mean;
I want to kiss papa, I love him so well,
But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell

"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco, and spit,
And the kisses ain't good and sweet, not a bit,"
And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust
As she gave out her verdict, so earnest and just.

"Yes, yes, little darling! your wisdom has seen
That kisses for daughters and wives should be clean;
For kisses lose something of nectar and bliss,
From mouths that are tainted and unfit for a kiss."

* *
*

"What can I do for you, Ethel, to induce you to go to bed now?" asked a mamma of her five-year old girl.

"You can let me sit up a little longer," was the innocent response.

Don't Check the Boys.

Little Frankie F. was astride the sofa-cushion, and was making his steed apparently take a 2:40 pace, with kicks and slashes of his whip, and yelling at the top of his lungs. His poor mother bore it awhile, and then said, sternly :

"Frankie! stop making a noise! Drive your horse if you want to, but be still."

It was very quiet for awhile, and Frankie's mother looked around to see her boy sitting astride the sofa-cushion, but the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Why, Frankie, what is the matter?" Frankie sobbed out:

"I can't make him go, mamma, unless I holler to him. It's all inside of me, and if it don't come out, I shall burst!"

* *
*

"Well, I swan, Billy," said an old farmer to an undersized nephew who was visiting him, "when you take off that 'ere plug hat and spit two or three times, there ain't much left of you, is there?"

* *
*

A boy who discovered a cucumber growing on the vines, ran excitedly into the house exclaiming :

"Mamma, mamma, we've got a pickle on our squash!"

Childish Simplicity.

Two little girls, one eight years old, the other six, sleep in the same chamber. In the morning the oldest one says :

"O, I have had such a nice dream!"

"What was it?"

"I was in a large pastry-cook shop, and I ate as many cakes, strawberry-tarts and bonbons as I wanted."

"Was I with you?" asked the little one.

"No." And the little one began to sob.

The Bad Milwaukee Boy.*George Peck.*

"But what ails your pa's teeth?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy. "The hired girl was over here to get some corn meal for gruel, and she said your pa was gumming it, since he lost his teeth."

"O, about the teeth. That was too bad. You see my chum has got a dog that is old, and his teeth have all come out in front, and this morning I borried pa's teeth before he got up, to see if we couldn't fix them in the dog's mouth, so he could eat better. Pa says it is an evidence of a kind heart for a boy to be good to dumb animals, but its a darn mean dog that will go back on a friend. We tied the teeth in the dog's mouth with a string that went around his upper jaw, and another around his under jaw, and you'd a dide to see how funny he looked when he laffed. He looked just like pa when he tries to smile so as to get me to come up to him so he can lick me. The dog pawed his mouth a spell to get the teeth out, and then we gave him a bone with some meat on, and he began to gnaw the bone, and the teeth came off the plate, and he thought it was pieces of the bone, and he swallowed the teeth. My chum noticed it first, and he said we had got to get in our work pretty quick to save the plates, and I think we were in luck to save them. I held the dog, and my chum, who was better acquainted with him, untied the strings and got the gold plates out, but there were only two teeth left, and the dog was happy. He woggled his tail for more teeth, but we hadn't any more. I am going to give him ma's teeth some day. My chum says when a dog gets an appetite for anything you have got to keep giving it to him, or he goes back on you. But I think my chum played dirt on me. We sold the gold plates to a jewelry man, and my chum kept the money. I think, as long as I furnished the goods, he ought to have given me something besides the experience, don't you? After this I don't have any more partners, you bet."

All this time the boy was marking on a piece of paper, and soon after he went out the grocery man noticed a crowd outside, and on going out he found a sign hanging up which read, "*Wormy Figs for Parties.*"

* *

When Ethel was a little girl with eyes brimful of loveliness, and face rippling with fun and mischief, she heard her mama say a "bee alighted on her cheek."

"Why, mama," she said softly, "the bee took it for a flower—it is so tweet."

Mark Twain on the First San Francisco Baby.

Once I dined in San Francisco with the family of a pioneer, and talked with his daughter, a young lady whose first experience in San Francisco was an adventure, though she herself did not remember it, as she was only two or three years old at the time. Her father said that, after landing from the ship, they were walking up the street, a servant leading the party with the little girl in her arms. And presently a huge miner, bearded, belted, spurred, and bristling with deadly weapons—just down from a long campaign in the mountains, evidently—barred the way, stopped the servant, and stood gazing, with a face all alive with gratification and astonishment. Then he said, reverently :

"Well, if it ain't a child!" And then he snatched a little leather sack out of his pocket and said to the servant :

"There's a hundred and fifty dollars in dust, there, and I'll give it to you to let me kiss the child!"

That anecdote is *true*.—*Mark Twain*.

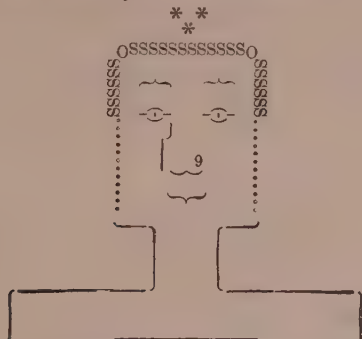
Johnnie's Arithmetic.

"Johnnie, if I should give you one cat and Mr. Smith should give you another, how many would you have?"

"Well, I'd try to have six."

Sympathy.

“Only fancy, mamma,” said Maud, “Uncle Jack took us to a picture gallery in Bond street, and there was a picture of a lot of early Christians, poor dears, who’d been thrown to a lot of lions and tigers, who were devouring them!” Ethel (with more sympathy), “Yes, and mamma dear, there was one poor starving tiger that *hadn’t got* a Christian.”



LITTLE ETHEL'S PICTURE OF HER PAPA.

Stay Out of Danger.

Eli Perkins.

"Father," said Johnnie, who was sawing wood, "they say fish bite first-rate now."

"Who have they bitten lately, Johnnie?"

"I mean they bite the hooks."

“ Well, you just stay right here, my son, sawing the wood, and don’t go near the river, and they won’t bite you.”

How the Baby Grew.

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk, gained twenty pounds in one week?"

“Nonsense! Impossible!” exclaimed Uncle John; and then he asked: “Whose baby was it?”

"The elephant's," said the little girl.

Playing Cars.

Little two-year old Etta often amuses herself by placing the chairs in a row and calling them a train of cars.

One evening, while thus engaged, I called, and unthinkingly occupied one of the "cars." Miss Etta, not wishing to have her play disturbed, stepped up and said :

"Mister Pertins, dis is a train of tars."

"Oh !" said I, "then I'll be a passenger and take a ride, Miss Etta."

Little Etta was not at all satisfied. After hesitating a moment, she said : "Where do 'ou want to dit off, Mister Pertins ?"

"I'll get off at Bloomington," I replied.

"Well, Mister Pertins," said Etta, demurely, "dis is de place."

Mark Twain's Bad Little Boy.

Once there was a bad little boy whose name was Jim—though if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday school books. It was strange, but still it was true that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother either—a sick mother who was pious and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world might be harsh and cold towards him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday books are named James, and have sick mothers, who teach them to say "Now, I lay me down," etc., and sing them to sleep with sweet, plaintive voices, and then kiss them good night and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim, and there wasn't anything the matter with his mother—no consumption, nor anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious ; moreover, she

was not anxious on Jim's account. She said if he were to break his neck it wouldn't be much loss. She always spanked Jim to sleep, and she never kissed him good night ; on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this bad little boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, to that his mother would never know the difference ; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go to who gobble up their good kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes.

No ; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books ; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way ; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed "that the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out ; and when she did find it out, he denied knowing anything about it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious—everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple-tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh, no ; he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right ; and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a brick when he came to tear him. It was very strange—nothing like it ever happened in those wild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in

them of men with swallow-tailed coats and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms, and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday school books.

Once he stole the teacher's pen-knife, and, when he was afraid it would be found out and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with Sunday school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired, improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst, and strike an attitude and say, "Spare this noble boy—there stands the cowering culprit! I was passing the school-door at recess, and unseen myself, I saw the theft committed!" And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No; it would have happened that way in the books, but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old claim of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got thrashed, and Jim was glad of it because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milk-sops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest thing that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday, and didn't get drowned, and

that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look, and look, all through the Sunday school books from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh no; you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday, infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life—that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink *aqua fortis*. He stole his father's gun and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry, and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No; she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no; he came home as drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernalist wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the Legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

Mark Twain's Good Little Boy.

Once there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivens. He always obeyed his parents, no matter how absurd and unreasonable their demands were ; and he always learned his book, and never was late at Sabbath-school. He would not play hokey, even when his sober judgment told him it was the most profitable thing he could do. None of the other boys could ever make that boy out, he acted so strangely. He wouldn't lie, no matter how convenient it was. He just said it was wrong to lie, and that was sufficient for him. And he was so honest that he was simply ridiculous. The curious ways that that Jacob had surpassed everything. He wouldn't play marbles on Sunday, he wouldn't rob birds' nests, he wouldn't give hot pennies to organ-grinders' monkeys ; he didn't seem to take any interest in any kind of rational amusement. So the other boys used to try to reason it out and come to an understanding of him, but they couldn't arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. As I said before, they could only figure out a sort of vague idea that he was "afflicted," and so they took him under their protection, and never allowed any harm to come to him.

This good little boy read all the Sunday-school books ; they were his greatest delight. This was the whole secret of it. He believed in the good little boys they put in the Sunday-school books ; he had every confidence in them. He longed to come across one of them alive, once ; but he never did. They all died before his time, maybe. Whenever he read about a particularly good one he turned over quickly to the end to see what became of him, because he wanted to travel thousands of miles and gaze on him ; but it wasn't any use ; that good little boy always died in the last chapter, and there

was a picture of the funeral, with all his relations and the Sunday-school children standing around the grave in pantaloons that were too short, and bonnets that were too large, and everybody crying into handkerchiefs that had as much as a yard and a half of stuff in them. He was always headed off in this way. He never could see one of those good little boys on account of his always dying in the last chapter.

Jacob had a noble ambition to be put in a Sunday-school book. He wanted to be put in with pictures representing him gloriously declining to lie to his mother, and her weeping for joy about it; and pictures representing him standing on the doorstep giving a penny to a poor beggar-woman with six children, and telling her to spend it freely, but not to be extravagant, because extravagance is a sin; and pictures of him magnanimously refusing to tell on the bad boy who always lay in wait for him around the corner as he came from school, and welted him over the head with a lath, and then chased him home, saying, "Hi! hi!" as he proceeded. That was the ambition of young Jacob Blivens. He wished to be put in a Sunday-school book. It made him feel a little uncomfortable sometimes when he reflected that the good little boys always died. He loved to live, you know, and this was the most unpleasant feature about being a Sunday-school book boy. He knew it was not healthy to be good. He knew it was more fatal than consumption to be so supernaturally good as the boys in the books were; he knew that none of them had ever been able to stand it long, and it pained him to think that if they put him in a book he wouldn't ever see it, or even if they did get the book out before he died it wouldn't be popular without any picture of his funeral in the back part of it. It couldn't be much of a Sunday-school book that couldn't tell about the advice he gave to the community when he was dying. So at last, of course, he had to make up his mind to do the best he could under the circumstances—to live right, and

hang on as long as he could, and have his dying speech all ready when his time came.

But somehow nothing ever went right with this good little boy ; nothing ever turned out with him the way it turned out with the good little boys in the books. They always had a good time, and the bad boys had the broken legs, but in his case there was a screw loose somewhere, and it all happened just the other way. When he found Jim Blake stealing apples, and went under the tree to read to him about the bad little boy who fell out of a neighbor's apple-tree and broke his arm, Jim fell out of the tree too, but he fell on *him*, and broke *his* arm, and Jim wasn't hurt at all. Jacob couldn't understand that. There wasn't anything in the books like it.

And once, when some bad boys pushed a blind man over in the mud, and Jacob ran to help him up and receive his blessing, the blind man did not give him any blessing at all, but whacked him over the head with his stick and said he would like to catch him shoving *him* again, and then pretending to help him up. This was not in accordance with any of the books. Jacob looked them all over to see.

One thing that Jacob wanted to do was to find a lame dog that hadn't any place to stay and was hungry and persecuted, and bring him home and pet him and have that dog's imperishable gratitude. And at last he found one and was happy ; and he brought him home and fed him, but when he was going to pet him the dog flew at him and tore all the clothes off him except those that were in front, and made a spectacle of him that was astonishing. He examined authorities, but he could not understand the matter. It was of the same breed of dogs that was in the books, but it acted very differently. Whatever this boy did he got into trouble. The very things the boys in the books got rewarded for turned out to be about the most unprofitable things he could invest in.

Once, when he was on his way to Sunday-school, he saw some bad boys starting off pleasuring in a sail-boat. He was

filled with consternation, because he knew from reading that boys who went sailing on Sunday invariably got drowned. So he ran out on a raft to warn them, but a log turned with him and slid him into the river. A man got him out pretty soon, and the doctor pumped the water out of him, and gave him a fresh start with his bellows, but he caught cold and lay sick abed nine weeks. But the most unaccountable thing about it was that the bad boys in the boat had a good time all day, and then reached home alive and well in the most surprising manner, Jacob Blivens said there was nothing like these things in the books. He was perfectly dumfounded.

When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying anyhow. He knew that so far his experience wouldn't do to go in a book, but he hadn't yet reached the allotted term of life for good little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet if he could hold on till his time was fully up. If everything else failed he had his dying speech to fall back on.

He examined his authorities, and found that it was now time for him to go to sea as a cabin-boy. He called on a ship captain and made his application, and when the captain asked for his recommendations he proudly drew out a tract and pointed to the words, "To Jacob Blivens, from his affectionate teacher." But the captain was a coarse, vulgar man, and he said, "Oh, that be blowed! *that* wasn't any proof that he knew how to wash dishes or handle a slush-bucket, and he guessed he didn't want him." This was altogether the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to Jacob in all his life. A compliment from a teacher, on a tract, had never failed to move the tenderest emotions of ship captains, and open the way to all offices of honour and profit in their gift—it never had in any book that ever *he* had read. He could hardly believe his senses.

The boy always had a hard time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities with him. At last, one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he

found a lot of them in the old iron foundry fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs, which they had tied together in long procession, and were going to ornament with empty nitro-glycerine cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans (for he never minded grease when duty was before him), and he took hold of the foremost dog by the collar, and turned his reproving eye upon wicked Tom Jones. But just at that moment Alderman McWelter, full of wrath, stepped in. All the bad boys ran away, but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocence and began one of those stately little Sunday-school-book speeches which always commence with "Oh, sir!" in dead opposition to the fact that no boy, good or bad, ever starts a remark with "Oh, sir." But the alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear and turned him around, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hand; and in an instant that good little boy shot out through the roof and soared away towards the sun, with the fragments of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail of a kite. And there was 't a sign of that alderman or that old iron foundry left on the face of the earth; and, as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble fixing it up, unless he made it to the birds; because, although the bulk of him came down all right in a tree-top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apportioned around among four townships, and so they had to hold five inquests on him to find out whether he was dead or not, or how it occurred. You never saw a boy scattered so.

Thus perished the good little boy who did the best he could, but didn't come out according to the books. Every boy who ever did as he did prospered except him. His case is truly remarkable. It will probably never be accounted for.

* *
*

"Willie, I'm going to Heaven," she wrote, "and you will never see me again;" which was very rough on Willie.

A Very Bad Boy.

In 1883, George Peck wrote a series of Bad-Boy papers which had a phenomenal sale throughout America. They were pure humor with now and then a touch of exaggeration which blossomed into wit. They were written to the average man. A specimen is appended:

HOW HIS FATHER KILLED HIM.

"Naw," said the groceryman, as he charged the cheese to the boy's father, and picked up his cigar stub, which he had left on the counter, and which the boy had rubbed on the kerosene barrel. "No, sir, that whistle would scare any dog that heard it. Say, what was your pa running after the doctor in his shirt-sleeves for last Sunday morning? He looked scared. Was your ma sick again?"

"O, no, ma is healthy enough now she has got a new fur-lined cloak. She played consumption on pa, and coughed so she liked to raise her lights and liver, and made pa believe she couldn't live, and got the doctor to prescribe a fur-lined circular, and pa went and got one, and ma improved awfully. Her cough is all gone, and she can walk ten miles. I was the one that was sick. You see, I wanted to get pa into the church again, and get him to stop drinking, so I got a boy to write a letter to him, in a female hand, and sign the name of a choir singer pa was mashed on, and tell him she was yearning for him to come back to the church, and that the church seemed a blank without his smiling face and benevolent heart, and to please come back for her sake.

"Pa got the letter Saturday night, and he seemed tickled, but I guess he dreamed about it all night, and Sunday morning he was mad and took me by the ear and said I couldn't come no 'Daisy' business on him a second time. He said he knew I wrote the letter, and for me to go up in the store-room and prepare for the almightyest licking a boy ever had, and he

went down stairs and broke up an apple barrel and got a stave to whip me with. Well, I had to think mighty quick, but I was enough for him. I got a dried bladder in my room, one that me and my chum got to a slotterhouse, and I blowed it partly up, so it would be sort of flat like, and I put it down inside the back part of my pants, right about where pa hits when he punishes me. I knowed when the barrel stave hit the bladder it would explode. Well, pa he came up and found me crying.

“I can cry just as easy as you can turn on the water at a faucet, and pa took off his coat and looked sorry. I was afraid he would give up whipping me when he see me cry, and I wanted to go on with the bladder experiment, so I looked kind of hard, as if I was defying him to do his worst, and then he took me by the neck and laid me across a trunk. I didn't dare struggle much for fear the bladder would lose itself, and pa said, ‘Now Henmery, I am going to break you out of this damfoolishness, or I will break your back,’ and he spit on his hands and brough the barrel stave down on my best pants. Well, you'd a dide if you had heard the explosion. It almost knocked me off the trunk. It sounded like firing a fire-cracker away down cellar in a barrel, and pa looked scared. I rolled off the trunk on the floor, and put some flour on my face to make me look pale, and then I kind of kicked my legs like a fellow who is dying on the stage, after being stabbed with a piece of lath, and groaned and said: ‘Pa, you have killed me, but I forgive you’; and then I rolled around and frothed at the mouth to make foam. Well, pa was all broke up. He said: ‘Great God, what have I done? I have broke his spinal column. O, my poor boy, do not die!’ I kept chewing the soap and foaming at the mouth, and I drew my legs up and kicked them out, and clutched my hair, and rolled my eyes, then kicked pa in the stummick as he bent over me, and knocked his breath out of him, and then my limbs began to get rigid, and I said: ‘Too late, pa. I die at

the hand of an assassin. Go for a doctor.' Pa threwed his coat over me, and started downstairs on a run, saying, "I have murdered my brave boy," and he told ma to go upstairs and stay with me, 'cause I had fallen off a trunk and ruptured a blood-vessel, and he went after the doctor.

"When he went out of the front door I sat up and lit a cigaret, and ma came up and I told her all about how I fooled pa, and if she would take on and cry when pa got back I would get him to go to church again and swear off drinking, and she luffed and said she would. So when pa and the doctor got back, ma was sitting on a velocipede I used to ride, which was in the storeroom, and she had her apron over her face, and she more than bellowed. Pa he was pale, and he told the doctor that he was just a playing with me with a little piece of board, and he heard something crack, and he guessed my spine got broke rolling off the trunk. The doctor wanted to feel where my spine was broke, but I opened my eyes and had a vacant sort of stare, like a woman who leads a dog by a string, and I told the doctor there was no use setting my spine, as it was broke in several places, and I wouldn't let him feel of the dried bladder.

"I told pa that I was going to die, and I wanted him to promise me two things on my dying bed. He cried and said he would, and I told him to promise me he would quit drinking and attend church regular, and he said he would never drink another drop and would go to church every Sunday. I made him get down on his knees beside me and swear it, and the doctor witnessed it, and ma said she was so glad, and ma called the doctor out into the hall and told him the joke, and the doctor came in the room and told pa that he was afraid pa's presence would excite the patient, and for pa to put on his coat and go out and walk around a block or go to church, and ma and he would remove me to another room, and do all that was possible to make my last hours pleasant. Pa he cried, and said he would put on his plug hat and go to church, and he

kissed me, and got flour on his nose, and I came near laughing right out to see the white flour on his red nose, when I thought how the people in church would laugh at pa. But he went out feeling mighty bad, and then I got out and pulled the busted bladder out of my pants, and ma and the doctor they laughed awful. When pa got back from church and asked for me, ma said that I was gone down town. She said the doctor found my spine was only uncoupled and he coupled it together, and I was all right. Pa said it was 'almighty strange, 'cause I heard the spine break when I hit him with the barrel stave.' Pa was nervous all the afternoon, and ma thinks he suspects we played it on him. Say, you don't think there is any harm in playing it on an old man a little, do you, for a good cause, do you?"

That Freckle-Faced Girl.

The freckle-faced little girl was sent to Sabbath-school last Sunday to counteract the effect of her remarks to the parson and show that the family was not quite as wicked as she had made it appear. The teacher told the class about Jonah, and offered to answer any questions the children wanted to ask about the surprising adventures of the man who was thrown overboard for luck and swallowed for a sprat. The little girl stopped making faces at the boy with large ears in the next class and wanted to know if the whale in the story was in the Common Council. The lady smiled at the question, and taking special pride in her peculiar knack of "drawing out" children and analyzing the operations of their immature minds, she inquired the reason of the question.

"I didn't know," said the freckled-faced girl. "Your husband is in the Common Council 'n my pa says he's got a nap'tite like the whale what ate up Mr. Jones. Pa says he seen a bill for a lunch over to Parker's 'n it said your husband ate twenty dollar's worth at one sitting, besides a box of cigars

'n wine 'nuff to float the debt he was piling on folks what was more honest 'n not so blamed hungry 'tween meals. Pa said 'twas 'sprisin' what appetites some whales 'n most politishuns did have. Then Uncle Dick—he's been out west 'n ev'rywhere, 'n says he's a bad man f'm some place I forgot—he said 'twas a curious fact which he'd noticed that the whale couldn't swaller a smelt whole till he got in the Bible, 'n your husband couldn't eat nothin' but a sandwich for lunch till he got in the city guv'ment, 'n then he'd take a whole hotel 'n a cigar store thrown in at one sulph 'n swaller his conscience on top o' that to settle his stomach. Then pa said another time he guessed he was a whale hisself for swallerin' all your husband said 'bout 'conomy before 'lection, 'n then Uncle Dick, he laughed 'n said that was what come of the damdimnick rats takin' in all the Jonah's the either side flung overboard, 'n he guessed the whale was getting a little seasick. Then pa said he 'sposed he oughter knowed better than to vote for a man what used to be 'sociated with Republicans, 'n Uncle Dick said that was so, cause Republicans always turned out men wich hadn't got no principles, only stomachs. Aint this the same whale Uncle Dick said?"

"Well, it's high time your mother sent you to Sabbath school," replied the teacher severely. "The influences around you at home are perfectly awful for a child of your age and naturally wicked disposition. Where do you suppose you will go to if you learn to talk such scandal about your neighbors?"

"I dunno. Over to Miss Sliderback's, I guess, Ma says that's where you'n Miss Magruder go to talk about the neighbors, 'n I 'spose I can go, too, when I get big 'nuff. I'd rather go to dancing school though, 'n ma says I can when pa gets the money Deacon Sliderback cheated him out of that time they swapped horses."

The teacher told the freckled-faced girl to stop talking and learn two verses, and the little heathen hid her face behind a book and whispered to the next little girl, whose father is the

superintendent, "Say, don't your pa talk through his nose funny? My pa says if your pa would stay at home from prayer meetin' to mix a little more sugar with the sand he sells for fourteen cents a pound, p'raps he might not need a fire-proof coffin when he dies."

Then she devoted herself to making faces at the boy with large ears and giggled at the way the teacher twisted her mouth trying to sing a hymn.

Little Ethel's Cross-Examination.

Ethel's mother was taking her over to Brooklyn to visit Edna Mapleson. They both sat in the rear cabin of the Fulton ferry-boat. A few seats away was a man with a wooden leg. As the boat started the child turned to the mother in search of a little information.

"Mamma," she began, "how does the boat move?"

"By steam, my dear."

"And how do they get the steam?"

"A man below makes it, dear."

"And suppose the man forgot to make enough steam to take us all the way across?"

"Well, I suppose the wind would blow us across, then."

"But suppose there was not enough wind?"

"O, don't bother me any more, dear. I am sure I don't know what we should do then."

"But, mamma—"

At this instant the inquisition came to a sudden stop. With unerring instinct Ethel's eye had lighted upon the man with the wooden leg. That eye at once became fixed, dilating with concentrated interest. The child crawled down from her seat, upon which she had been kneeling, in order to afford that eye better facilities for observation. The object of scrutiny squirmed uneasily in his seat. Her mother, probably surmising what might be coming and presumably acting in the

light of previous experience, sought to create a diversion by successively calling attention to a little French poodle at the other end of the cabin, to a passing tug-boat, and to a "little man up there on the big bridge." It was all of no use. Turning to her mother, little Ethel exclaimed in a portentous whisper:

"Oh, ma! Look at that man."

"Hush, my dear. You must not be rude."

"But, ma" (in a very audible whisper) "do look at his leg."

"Be quiet, Ethel, I tell you," frantically urged the matron in agitated tones. "The poor man has lost his leg. It's very rude to notice it."

"What's that one made of?"

"Hush! of wood, my dear. Look at that pretty little boy over there. See how good he is."

"Did you ever have a leg like that, ma?"

"No, my dear. Look over there at that—"

"Will pa, or Uncle John, or I ever have one, ma?"

"No, dear."

"Could he kick a ball with that leg?"

"Hush, do!"

"But ma—"

"At this juncture the man with the wooden leg sought in turn to create a diversion. He drew from his pocket a pretty little bon-bon box and offered the child some sweetmeats. The child accepted them with some hesitation and mistrust. An instant later the boat reached the slip. Ethel's mother rose and smiling graciously, said: "Thank the gentleman, Ethel, and say good-by."

Ethel advanced, her eyes still firmly fixed upon the object of interest. She held out the tips of her little fingers.

"Good by," she said, "in a voice full of emotion; "good-by, you poor, poor man."

Then her mother seized the child by the hand and hurrying through the boat, gained the bridge.

How Johnny Broke the News.

"Oh! ma, ma," shrieked Johnny, rushing into his mother's room, "a man down the street knocked pa out with an umbrella and broke three ribs. He—"

"What! Three ribs? What will become of us. Oh, my son, your poor father will die. Here, John, run down to Dr. Blank's and tell him to come up immediately with bandages. Mary, tell James to bring the carriage immediately. Dear George, three ribs broken, how he must suffer. It's awful—Well, good bye, Johnnie, I'm off to Papa!"

* * * * *

"Why, George!" she exclaimed, as she saw her husband smoking a cigar with his feet protruding out of the office window. "I thought you were hurt?"

"Hurt? My, no. A crank hit me with his umbrella, but fortunately I got it away from him before he did much damage. See, there it is. Three ribs broken, and —"

The end.

Johnny's Story.

After telling little Johnny several stories, I asked him to tell one to me.

"Wal untle Eli," said Johnny, "I'll tell 'ou a nice long tory 'bout a itty baby and a wudpecker.

"Once a man wich lived in the woods was cuttin down trees, and he had so many babys that his wife cudent mind em all to home, so he tuke the baby with him and laid it on a stump wile he chopped. The baby was red-heded, and wudpeckers is red-heded too. Pretty soon the baby it begin to cri, and there was a wudpecker setting on a limb, and it thought to itself: 'Poor itty baby, what has become of your ole mudder, you must be offie hungry. I'll see if I can't do something for you;' and when the man came to the baby for to toss it up anyway, 'Gitchy, gitchy, gitchy,' he sees the wudpecker drop a long

red worm in the baby's mouth and flv back to the limb. Then the man he pulled out the worm, wiah was a chokin the baby, and he lookt up at the wudpecker and said :

“ ‘My good feller, if you keep a boardin' house wot is your terms?’ ”

* *
*

“Are you lost, my little fellow?” asked a gentleman of a four-year-old one day.

“No,” he sobbed in reply, “b-but m-my mother is.”

* *
*

A benevolent and kind-hearted old gentleman, seeing a sooty urchin weeping bitterly at the corner of the street, asked him the cause of his distress :

“Master has been using me shamefully,” sobbed the little fellow, “he has been letting Bill Hudson go up the chimney, next door, when it was my turn ! He said it was too high, and too dangerous for me, but I'll go up a chimney with Bill Hudson any day in the year ; that's what I will ! ”

The Kind of Little Boys who go to Heaven.

The teacher had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of heaven, and he finally asked :

“What kind of little boys go to heaven?”

A lively four-year-old boy, with kicking boots, held up his hand.

“Well, you may answer,” said the teacher.

“Dead ones ! ” the little fellow shouted, at the extent of his lungs.

* *
*

Little George knelt down and prayed : O, Lord, bless the baby and make him so he can't cry. Bless brother Bill and make him as good a boy as I am. Good bye, Lord, I'm going to the circus in the morning. Amen.” Then, as if he had forgotten something, Tommy hollered out, “O, Lord, don't forget Bill ! ”

Baby is Dead!

"Baby is dead!" Three little words passing along the line; copied somewhere and soon forgotten. But after all was quiet again I leaned my head upon my hand and fell into a deep reverie of all that those words may mean.

Somewhere—a dainty form, still and cold, unclasped by mother's arms tonight. Eyes that yesterday were bright and blue as skies of June, dropped tonight beneath white lids that no voice can ever raise again.

Two soft hands, whose rose-leaf fingers were wont to wander lovingly around mother's neck and face, loosely holding white buds, quietly folded in confined rest.

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland brook falls, gay as trill of forest bird, tonight unresponsive to kiss or call of love.

A silent home—the patter of baby feet forever hushed—a cradle bed unpressed. Little shoes half worn—dainty garments—shoulder knots of blue to match those eyes of yesterday, folded with aching heart away.

A tiny mound, snow-covered, in some quiet graveyard.

A mother's groping touch, in uneasy slumber, for the fair head that shall never again rest upon her bosom. The low sob, the bitter tear, as broken dreams awake to sad reality. The hopes of future years wrecked, like fair ships that suddenly go down in sight of land.

The watching of other babies, dimpled, laughing, strong, and this one gone! The present agony of grief, the future emptiness of heart, all held in those three little words, "Baby is dead!"

Indeed, it is well that we can copy and soon forget the words so freighted with woe to those who receive and send them. And yet it cannot harm us now and then to give a tender thought to those whom our careless pen stroke is preparing such a weight of grief.

Grandpa's Experience With His Pet.

Grandpa loved the baby. The baby is three years old, with the prettiest big blue eyes, the plumpest, reddest cheeks, the dearest, dimpled mouth, and the cunningest ways in the world. Baby has sturdy little legs and restless, strong little arms, and is an example of perpetual motion. Baby's grandpa accompanied him on various walks over on the West Side, but grandpa's ambition was to take baby down to the store, where the boys could see what a phenomenal child he is, and what cunning ways he has. Yesterday morning grandpa dressed baby up, and when he started away with grandpa he looked, with his wavy golden hair, bright eyes, and little brown cloak, like one of Kate Greenaway's creations imbued with life. When the passengers in the car smiled at baby and remarked how sweet he was, grandpa was happy and chuckled as he thought of the enjoyment of having baby with him at the store. Once at the store baby was the centre of an admiring crowd of grandpa's business companions. Baby was shy at first, and one fat fist was pushed into the little mouth, while baby's eyes were cast upon the floor. Pretty soon, though, baby regained his usual spirits and started on a tour of investigation. His first venture was to pull over a lot of ledgers and account-books that had been undergoing an investigation, and on top of this pile he poured the contents of a big bottle of violet ink. Pursuing his investigations further, baby found himself in the office where the brightly-varnished safe, with its impossible landscapes, at once attracted attention. The heavy door was closed, and baby, by standing on a chair, could just reach the combination knob, the brightness of which had caught his eye. He played with the pretty knob, turning it round and round ever so many times, and laughing to himself. But the man who came to open the safe, and who was in a dreadful hurry, didn't laugh, for the lock had been worked for years on a part of the combination and baby had destroyed it completely, and

three hours were required to find the combination again. Out in a back room baby found a hammer and some tacks, and filled some new desks full of pretty tin tacks. Then following the promptings of his busy little mind he pulled a piece of string to see what was on the other end of it. There was a mantel ornament belonging to one of the boys on the other end, and when the baby pulled the ornament tipped over and was shattered. Baby was frightened at the muss he had made, and hid himself in a box that stood on end near the door, and that had been used to hold soft coal during the winter. Grandpa found him there, but in what a plight! His little face and hands, and his beautiful white dress were begrimed with the nasty coal-dust. Grandpa brushed him off and washed his face and hands, and made him somewhat presentable, after which he sat him down in a big chair and told him to sit still. Baby sat still about a minute and then slid down out of the chair, and wandered away into the back room, where he suddenly spied a little dog curled up asleep on the top of a box. Baby stood on his toes, got a good grip on doggy's tail, and pulled. The dog woke up. And the next minute baby's little legs were working for dear life as he fled toward grandpa's quarters. Grandpa met him, kicked the dog, quieted baby, tried to patch up the places in baby's dress where the dog's teeth had made ragged rents, and began to club himself for bringing baby down town. Finally baby capped the climax by upsetting on himself a can of lard oil, and Grandpa quit work for the rest of the day, wrapped the baby in thick brown paper, tied a string around him and took him home. It will be some time before grandpa will take his pet down town with him again. Baby had a good time, though.

Once More the Boy is Ahead.

Among the guests of a New York hotel was a maiden lady from the rural districts. The landlord noticed that about 9

o'clock every night she would come down stairs, get a pitcher of ice-water and return to her room.

"One night," he said, "I made bold to speak to her, and asked why she did not ring the bell for a hall boy to bring the ice-water to her."

"But there is no bell in my room."

"No bell in your room, madam! Pray, let me show you," and with that I took the pitcher of ice-water in my hand and escorted her to her apartment. Then I pointed out to her the knob of the electric-bell. She gazed at it with a sort of horror, and then exclaimed:

"Dear me! Is that a bell? Why the hall-boy told me that was the fire-alarm signal, and that I must never touch it, except in case of fire?"

"And that is how the hall-boy saved himself the trouble of going for ice-water."

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